Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 5, 1964 35 CENTS

THE TOKYO OLYMPICS



A POWERFUL U.S. TEAM



FORD

From details as small as a new reversible key to a completely new series of luxury models, the 1965 Fords are so filled with genuine news, you have to see them for yourself. Here are some examples:

- Luxury never available in this price range before: the new Ford Galaxie 500 LTD (2-door and 4-door hardtop models) has richly panelled interiors, upholsteries as costly as the most expensive cars, elegantly finished details. There's even a new, optional Safety-Convenience panel (a switch that locks all doors automatically, lights to remind you when fuel is low, doors are ajar, seat belts unfastened, plus an emergency outside flasher system). In addition, the 4-door LTD has Thunderbird's Silent-Flo Ventilation system
- Brand-new body for all Fords, strongest we've ever made. New frame and suspensions virtually eliminate noise and road shock.
- More knee, leg and shoulder room up front, more trunk room holds four 2-suiters upright
- New 240 cubic inch Big Six gives better mileage, more punch, V-8 smoothness.

MUSTANG

A new fastback 2 + 2 looks remarkably like a $5,000 sports import—but it lists for literally thousands of dollars less.

- Luxury features standard in every Mustang: bucket seats, padded dash, floor shift, all-vinyl interior, full carpeting, full wheel covers, front armrests, much more.
- Designed to be designed by you, with luxury and performance options that include power brakes and steering, air conditioning, front disc brakes, high-performance V-8, vinyl-covered roof, power convertible top . . . more.

This is just part of what's new at your Ford Dealer's for 1965. There's a lot more.

A completely new Fairlane: far better looking and a far better value than ever. A new Falcon that delivers up to 15% better fuel economy with a more powerful Six and 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic transmission. See all the '65's from Ford

Best year yet to go Ford
Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

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A
new fastback
joins the
Mustang Stable


TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG 2+2
Look into
Total Performance
for 1965...
best year yet
to go Ford!
FORD
1965

Visit the Eastman Kodak Pavilion at the New York World's Fair



it's vital for good looks that last

Here's a winner of a sweater. Handsome... and it stays that way. Trim shape... and it keeps it, even through machine washing. Thank Kodel. It's vital. Sweater in a blend of Shetland wool, Kodel polyester and mohair. New saddle-shoulder. Range of autumn colors. Made to sell for about $15. S, M, L, XL. At fine stores. By **ROBERT BRUCE**

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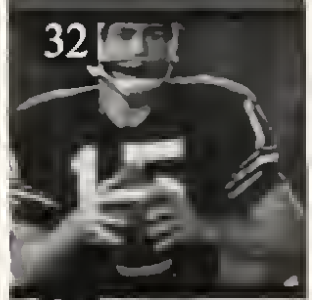
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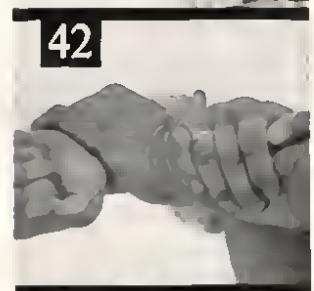
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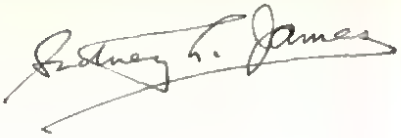
POWERFUL DICK BUTKUS is the best of a superb corps of linebackers playing college football this fall. Dan Jenkins reports on the Illinois center and the big race in the Big Ten.

DOWN TO THE WIRE goes the National League pennant race in the tightest last-week situation baseball has seen in nearly 25 years. William Leggett reports on the final frenzy.

ON MONTANA'S PLAINS, hunting pronghorn antelope is a memorable if exhausting experience, but the chance of bagging one of these highly prized big-game animals is very good.

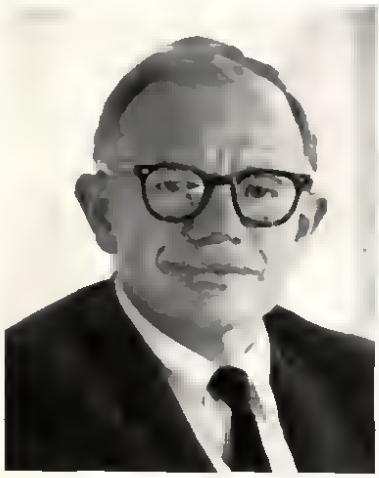
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TOKYO

In 1956, during the Melbourne Olympics, the late John Lardner found occasion to refer whimsically to "those two vigorous postwar powers—Japan and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED." Eight years and two Olympiads later the two vigorous postwar powers come together again—Japan as host country for the Olympic Games, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as a practiced old hand at covering this quadrennial sports extravaganza. Travel stickers on our luggage include Cortina d'Ampezzo (1956), Melbourne (1956), Squaw Valley (1960), Rome (1960), Innsbruck (1964). Now we add Tokyo. In that huge, sprawling city—largest in the world—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Olympic task force this week starts its coverage of the 1964 Games. Among the troops here are Senior Editor Jack Olsen, who came by way of Great Britain, where he paused to write a story on soccer that will appear in next week's issue; Associate Editor John Underwood, whose special responsibility is track and field; Associate Editor Gwilym Brown; Writer-Reporter Herman Weiskopf; Photographers Jerry Cooke and Richard Meek; Artist Robert Handville; and numerous others. All are under the guidance and direction of Senior Editor Andrew Crichton.



ANDY CRICHTON: ONE WHO WILL RUN IN TOKYO

Crichton is singularly well-equipped for his demanding assignment. He has a loud and rather imperious voice, a handy thing when you are dealing with highly talented and strongly opinionated individuals, which his troops are. He has extraordinary energy; he thinks five hours of sleep a night is a rest cure. He is on familiar terms with the Far East; he has been to Japan, and in the mid-1940s he was a soldier and later a student in pre-Communist China, where he learned to speak Mandarin with a fair degree of fluency. He is a Harvard man, a most loyal one; once, when his wife noticed a hulking Yale athlete with a thick mat of hair growing on his shoulders and across his back and asked, innocently, "Is that a Yale man?" Crichton answered, imperturbably, "They're all like that, my dear." He is a writer and editor of long standing, one of an accomplished family; his father was Kyle Crichton, a pillar of the old *Collier's*, and his brother Bob is a best-selling author.

Beyond all this—beyond leadership, energy, experience, education, background—Crichton has one other qualification that makes him, we think, almost unique among sports editors. He is himself an athlete. Not was, is. At 41 he runs daily—five, six, nine, 10 miles. As vain as any good athlete, he keeps track of his times for various distances. He has run a mile—which is almost a sprint for him—in 4:55, two miles in 10:50, three miles in 17:20. Not Olympic times, by any means, but not bad for an aged trotter. Crichton intends to continue his running in Tokyo purely to keep in training, he says, though we suspect that when the marathon goes off he will be watching wistfully, wondering if—just if—he ought not to try it himself. You might watch for him on your television screen.

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FILENE'S & BLOOMINGDALE'S

PRESENT

"LONDON, W. 1"

No square mile in all the world today so shapes the character of a well-dressed man's apparel as does that square mile in the very heart of London labeled by Her Majesty's Post Office "London, W.1." Now two great American stores, Bloomingdale's and Filene's, have carefully shopped this area to bring the best of the style and elegance of W.1 to Boston and New York City.



W.1 is the London best known to Americans, the home of Grosvenor Square and the U. S. Embassy, of Claridge's, the Connaught, Park Lane and the Hilton, the early curtain, Whitstable oysters at Scott's, Dover sole at Wheeler's, steak and ale at The Guinea.

As in midtown Manhattan and downtown Boston, the dress of W.1 businessmen is no longer starchily prescribed as it still is in the banking houses of The City of London. The Englishmen who work in the West End are the first to accept a fashion for curly-brim fedoras, monk-strap shoes or covert town coats. Makers of these fashions, the most distinguished of British menswear firms, have made the W.1 area of Savile Row, Regent Street, Bond Street and Piccadilly the men's fashion capital of the world. From this area come not only the most stylish clothes for town, but the best, most ruggedly individual country clothes as well.

Many of the best dressed men of our day have gone to London to shop for their clothes. This fall, the masculine flair of British styling is the most important men's fashion news on the American scene, and the boundaries of London, W.1 are extended clear across the Atlantic as two distinguished stores, Filene's of Boston and Bloomingdale's of New York, import the look of London, W.1 in its entirety. It is characterized by more shape and tailoring to jackets, suits and topcoats made of fabrics from Britain, classic in their patterns, distinguished for their quality; by absolutely correct accessories, casually put together; by the eased flare of sports clothes that are worn comfortably at any sporting occasion.

The particulars of the look, available head to toe at Bloomingdale's and Filene's, are delineated on this and the next eight pages.

A look that W.1 men favor for English country weekends is that of the tweed suit, (far left) with such sporty details as welted seams, waist suppression, and a high center vent. This one, fashioned by Daks of rich British tweed, will be just as at home this fall at the Harvard-Yale game as in Scotland at the Highland Games. Among the British details note the single sleeve button, the slightly built up shoulder, the slightly wider lapels. The trousers have the distinctive Daks waistband. The suit is called the Rutland Country Suit, and it is $125 at Bloomingdale's and Filene's.

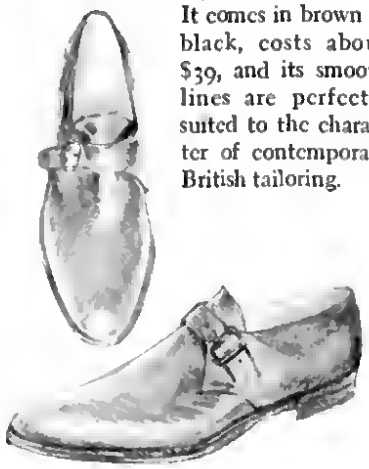
The W.1 man, whether he commutes about the globe from London, New York, or Boston, finds the all-wool gaberdine topcoat (near left) an indispensable part of his wardrobe. Aquascutum, the superb coat maker from Regent Street, calls it "The Field," and it fits perfectly over country clothes. But because of the classic simplicity of its line, it also is correct for town—any town. That is why it is *the* coat for the man who travels. And of course it is showerproof—the very name Aquascutum comes from the Latin words *aqua scutum*, meaning "water shield." The Field costs $85.

LONDON W.1 AT BLOOMINGDALE'S—NEW YORK CITY AND FILENE'S—BOSTON



The shaped Daks sport jacket, body conforming to the waist, with a 10-inch center vent and slanted pockets, is drawn directly from the lines of a hacking jacket. It is called the Mowbray, after Melton Mowbray, famed fox hunting area of England. Made of rich, handwoven tweeds, this W.1 jacket is properly worn, as here, with Daks trousers of a 12-ounce cavalry twill. The trousers have the famous Daks self-supporting waistband, the slanting pockets, the pleatless front, and a slim taper. The jacket is about $95, the trousers $38 at **Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston.**

The monk-strap shoe has been a favorite with British service officers for many years. It is a style that W.1 businessmen have adopted for civilian wear. No shoe takes to a high polish so well, and the lack of stitching across the vamp makes it an unusually comfortable walking shoe. The Church monk-strap, fully leatherlined, is a classic piece of workmanship. Like all Church shoes, it is made with 365 hand operations—one for every day of the year. It comes in brown or black, costs about $39, and its smooth lines are perfectly suited to the character of contemporary British tailoring.



Rodex makes this elegant coat, and its name, the Mayfair, comes from the most fashionable district of W.1. The name fits it well for in addition to its fly front and to-the-knee length, it is tailored of London gray barleycorn tweed. The Mayfair is slightly shaped to the body, and it has the semi-fitted look of W.1 tailoring. It is $135 at Bloomingdale's and Filene's.



The soft, warm hand of brushed mohair has long been an English country squire's favorite for sweaters. Originally the mohair was carded with dried thistles. Now Jaeger achieves the same soft texture with a blend of 50% brushed mohair and 50% wool in a pullover of red, blue or gold. It is $25.



The turtleneck pullover, first worn by Englishmen for warmth in unheated country houses, is now taken up for field sports and by golfers and college men to wear beneath sweaters, jackets or shirts. This particularly fine turtleneck, by Cooper and Roe, Ltd., England's famous maker of cotton knit shirts, has lastex reinforcing in the neck and sleeves, and comes in black, white, maroon and hunter green. It costs $4.





The cable-stitched waistcoat by Jaeger has cutaway points like a huntsman's riding coat. The Londoner wears it under new hacking sport jackets or over sport shirts, as will you. It comes in heather green, gold, slate blue and charcoal and costs about $11.

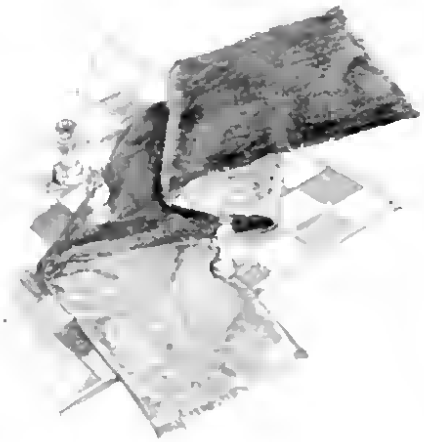
LONDON W.1

AT FILENE'S–BOSTON AND BLOOMINGDALE'S–NEW YORK CITY

As all of the menswear items on these pages indicate, the well-dressed London, W.1 man is well dressed because all of the elements of his wardrobe are suitable to the occasion for which they are worn. He knows that everything he wears, from hat to shoe, must go well with everything else. The fact that there is this harmony in fine British apparel, that when a shoe shape changes a hat maker knows about it, is no accident. It is due to a consortium of makers of this apparel called the British Menswear Guild. Not only do they work together for the style you see illustrated here, but they also work to sell it abroad to men with W.1 taste. That is why they are also known as "experts in export." In 1964, the British Menswear Guild members listed below will export more than $30,000,000 worth of fine "London Line" apparel: Aquascutum Ltd; Richard Atkinson & Co. Ltd.; Chester Barrie Ltd.; Bonsoir Ltd.; Braemar Knitwear Ltd.; D. Byford & Co. Ltd.; Christy & Co. Ltd.; Church & Co. Ltd.; Clark, Son & Morland Ltd.; Michelsons Ltd.; Rodex Ltd.; S. Simpson (Daks) Ltd.; John Smedley Ltd.

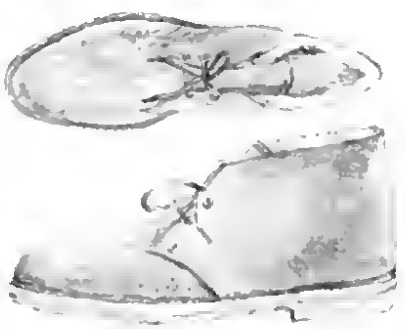


The particularly notable thing about the Christys' of London Calen fedora is that it can be crushed in a pocket, an attaché case, or into the glove compartment of a Bentley, then snapped back to its original shape when needed. With all of this, nothing is sacrificed in style. The soft crown, narrow brim, silk band, the fine fur felt, all have the relaxed W.1 air. The Galen comes in black, Parliament gray and Lanark green and is $18.



The J. Comfort Company has a name Dickensian in nature, for it fits its product so well. It makes the most comfortable scarfs in England. One side is of silk foulard, printed in the rich, jewel-like colors found in foulard ties. The other is of soft wool in solid colors which harmonize with the dominant color of the silk side. The solids are charcoal gray, black, olive, wine, navy or camel. The silk goes best with town coats, the wool with tweeds and rainwear. The double-faced Comfort scarves are 50 inches long and cost $12.

The famous footwear firm of Clarks made its popular Desert Boots for Montgomery's desert troops in World War II. Clarks adapted the design from shoes worn by the Boers as protection against the thorny veld. The London W.1 man wears them now to shoot in Scotland or to watch a local Rugby match. The rough suede shoes now come with warm fleecy sheepskin linings that make them the perfect stadium boots for watching Eastern football. They come in sand or olive suede and cost $17.



At this year's British Open at St. Andrews and along the pro tour in the U.S., the cashmere cardigan has been the golfer's favorite sweater. The style most frequently worn is this one with the comfortable ease of full-fashioned fit and saddle shoulder. Braemar Knitwear, Ltd. combines two colors in Marl twists of gray, gold or beige. The cardigan is $45.



Stephens Brothers Ltd., inspired by the fact that bold stripes are a strong W.1 fashion, take the stripes of the RAF, the Royal Navy and the Brigade of Guards – all red, white and blue colorings – and make them into fine broadcloth dress shirts. They are $10.

LONDON W.1

AT BLOOMINGDALE'S–NEW YORK CITY AND FILENE'S–BOSTON

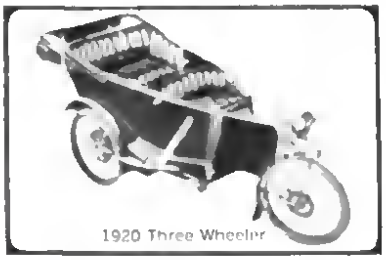


An Englishman's sweater is as indispensable to him as his club or pub, and generations of Englishmen have worn Pringle of Scotland sweaters. Every Pringle is full-fashioned which means that the knitter has dropped or added stitches so that the sweater will conform to the shape of the body, insuring greater comfort and a better fit. Even so, this V-neck pullover, of 2-ply Scotsdoon lambswool, is only $14 and comes in slate blue, navy, black, natural or burgundy. There is also a 5 button Scotsdoon lambswool cardigan for $19. Both are at **Filene's, Boston; Bloomingdale's, New York.**

Tradition in modern dress



In its first season of active competition, the DATSUN SPL-310 1500 has proved its stamina and performance against some time-honored opponents.


1920 Three Wheeler

This, of course, was furthest from our minds in 1931, when the first DATSUN was made. Obviously, in the Japan of the Thirties you had to be a sport to own a motorcar. By then, the DATSUN ancestry could be traced back twenty-two years.

The Nissan Motor Co., Ltd., has consistently been the major producer of passenger cars and commercial vehicles in Asia. It is only befitting the times, that in these years of international trade and sports competition, DATSUN shows its winning ways. 193 DATSUN Cars will serve as official cars to the XVIII Olympiad, Tokyo, Japan

The DATSUN SPL 310 1500 Sports car in complete touring form $2465. The DATSUN Four Ten four door sedan $1696. The DATSUN Four Ten four door station wagon $1896.
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Kentucky's
light bourbon
in the
broad-shouldered
bottle.



Find out why.

You can't take shortcuts when you make a light Kentucky bourbon. Start with 133 years of distilling experience. Then: ☐ Use one-quarter inch char in every barrel ☐ Only #1 Government-inspected grains ☐ Only charcoal-filtered water ☐ Distill it twice ☐ Age away one gallon in every five to insure smoothness. That's how Bellows does it. You can tell with a sip.
Uncommonly fine flavor... unexpected lightness. **Bellows Club Bourbon.**

POINT OF FACT

A fast quiz on the summer Olympic Games for fans with an eye on Tokyo and maybe another eye on history

? *Have the Olympic Games been celebrated every four years since their revival in 1896?*

• No. An unofficial Olympics was celebrated in 1906, and there were no Olympics in the war years of 1916, 1940 and 1944.

? *Who was responsible for the revival of the Games in 1896?*

• Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a Frenchman who staged a one-man campaign to revive the Olympics and directed the first Games in Athens (1896).

? *Are the medals awarded first-place finishers in the Olympics really gold?*

• No. The first- and second-place medals are both silver. The first-place medals are gilded with six grams of gold.

? *The Russians have won the most medals in recent Olympic Games, but the U.S. still holds a commanding lead in total medals won since the modern Games were started. How many has the U.S. won, and which country is second in total medals?*

• The U.S. has won 1,078 medals, including 469 gold, 328 silver and 281 bronze. Britain is next, with a total of 445 medals.

? *The U.S. has won the gold medal for basketball in each of the five Olympics in which the sport was played. Has any country completely dominated any other event—team or individual—which has been on the Olympic program at least five times?*

• Yes. The U.S. won the standing high jump, an event no longer on the program, all five times it was contested. Ray Ewry won four gold medals in this event and four more in another old event, the standing broad jump, between 1900 and 1908.

? *Why do the Russians, despite their recent successes, stand only sixth in overall medals won?*

• Russia did not participate in the Olympics between 1912 and 1952. Before 1912 they won four silver and three bronze medals. Since 1952 they have taken 102 gold, 88 silver and 80 bronze medals.

? *The U.S. has been the summer Olympics host twice. Where and when were the Games held in this country?*

8th OSAKA *International* FESTIVAL JAPAN 1965 April—May

Artists

Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks cond. Rafael Kubelik
Apr. 12, 13, 14, 15

Opera da Camera di Milano
Apr. 19, 20, 22, 23

Comédie Française
Apr. 28, 30 May 1, 2

Noh Play
Apr. 25

soprano
Victoria de los Angeles
Apr. 24, 27

piano
Claudio Arrau
Apr. 25, 26

guitar and lute
Julian Bream
Apr. 16, 17

OSAKA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY

New Asahi Bldg., 222, Nakanoshima, Kita-ku, Osaka, Japan

• In St. Louis in 1904 and Los Angeles in 1932

? *Has any city been the site of two Olympic games?*

• Yes. Paris in 1900 and 1924, London in 1908 and 1948. Stockholm was the site of the Games in 1912 and shared in the 1956 Olympics with Melbourne by hosting the equestrian events.

? *How many different sports will appear on this year's Olympic program?*

• Twenty, including eight which will be contested by both men and women.

? *Are there any new sports being introduced in Tokyo this month?*

• Yes. Volleyball for men and women and Judo for men.

? *Twenty-two sports were approved by the International Olympic Committee for competition in Tokyo. Which of these sports have been omitted from the program?*

• Archery and field handball.

? *Why is it proper to say that the Olympic games are "celebrated"?*

• Because the original games, played as early as 776 B.C. in Greece, were part of a religious ritual celebrated in honor of Zeus.

? *In 1960 new Olympic records were set in all but five men's track and field events. What five events were these, and when were the records set?*

• Only the records set in 1956 for the 5,000-meter run, the 20,000-meter walk, the 110-meter hurdles, the 400-meter relay and the javelin throw survived the 1960 Olympics.

? *In 1956 the U.S. won eight running events. How many did the U.S. team win in 1960?*

• Four. The U.S. was unable to duplicate its 1956 victories in the 100- and 200-meter dashes, the 800-meter run and the 400-meter relay.

? *The U.S. Olympic basketball team of 1960 was considered by many the best amateur team ever. What distinction did five of the top players on this team gain this year as professional players?*

• Oscar Robertson, Jerry Lucas, Terry Dischinger, Jerry West and Walt Bellamy all were professional All-Stars for 1964.

? *Floyd Patterson and Cassius Clay, the former and reigning professional heavyweight boxing champions, were both Olympic trials as amateurs. What classes did they fight in and when did they win?*

• Patterson was the middleweight (165

continued

Traditional Japan or modern... you may take your Imperial choice



Japan is the quiet serenity of a wooded shrine. It's also the modern sweep of glass and steel. The Imperial Hotel—with a tradition of hospitality dating back to the Emperor Meiji—can offer you a taste of both.

In its famed Original Wing, oak-beamed corridors and aged stone columns are an elegant reminder of the Imperial's colorful 74-year history—of times past when the Imperial housed the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests. The pace is relaxed; the mood tranquil.

Across the Imperial Court—the bustling lobby of the New Wing sets the exciting mood of modern Japan. Here your Imperial welcome includes every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort. Plus the Imperial's traditional hospitality.

Perhaps you would like to spend a few days in both wings. Your travel agent knows the Imperial well. He'll understand.

IMPERIAL HOTEL TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager



ASTERISK . . . This is a starlike sign used to indicate a footnote . . . very often a source . . . a source of pleasure.* It's a mark of importance and just what you would expect to see to call attention to the very selective people who refer to LABATT'S fine brews as sparkling and starlike . . . like an asterisk.

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One of America's Most Distinguished Golf Resorts

How you'll enjoy golfing on a course like this . . . each of the 27 beautiful holes with an individuality and excitement hard to equal, anywhere

When golfing's done, indulge yourself in the good life and superb comforts of our year-round island resort swimming or rowing 5 miles of private snow-white beach and rolling surf, enjoying our exclusive Beach Club pool, tennis, skeet, great hunting, riding, fishing, dancing nightly .

And always, superlative food, meticulous service, hospitality with all the charm of an elegant country estate You'll like it here The discerning do

For reservations, write or call Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Georgia, contact your local travel agent, or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., JU 6-4500, also Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto

pounds) gold medalist in 1952, and Clay was the light heavyweight (178 pounds) winner in 1960

? *Competitive cycling is generally considered a European sport. Has the U.S. ever won a gold medal in cycling?*

• Yes. In 1900 the U.S. won the 1,500-meter (now 4,000-meter) team pursuit title.

? *In 1960 U.S. athletes won three gold medals in freestyle wrestling, but no American has ever won a Greco-Roman wrestling title in the Olympics. What is the main difference between the two kinds of wrestling?*

• While Olympic freestyle rules are similar to American collegiate rules, Greco-Roman is a radically different form of the sport because no holds are permitted below the waist.

? *When Charles Vinci won the only gold medal in weight lifting for the U.S. in 1960 he took the bantamweight (123½ pounds) title with a record-setting total lift of 760 pounds. How many and what types of lifts did he use?*

• All Olympic weight lifters must perform three lifts: military press, clean and jerk, and snatch.

? *Basketball was invented in Springfield, Mass., in the 19th century and has since grown to a worldwide, Olympic sport. Volleyball, a new Olympic event, was also first played in the U.S. When and where was the game devised?*

• Volleyball was invented in 1895 by William G. Morgan, a YMCA director in Holyoke, Mass.

? *Johnny Weissmuller, the famous American freestyler of the 1920s who later played Tarzan in the movies, won three gold medals in 1924 and 1928. Has any American swimmer or diver won more gold medals?*

• Yes. Pat McCormick won four by winning both the springboard and high diving in 1952 and 1956

? *Although American domination of Olympic eight-oared rowing was broken by the Germans in 1960, the U.S. helped to balance that loss with a gold medal in a rowing event it had never won before. Which event was it?*

• The U.S. team of John Sayre, Dick Wailes, Ted Nash and Art Ayrault won the coxswainless four-oared competition for the first U.S. win since the event was introduced in 1908

? *The modern pentathlon combines five events of "military" character. What are they?*

• Riding, fencing, pistol shooting, swimming and cross-country running

—PETER CARRY

No watch has ever guaranteed accuracy.

Accutron does.







A lot of good watches are shockproof these days.

And anti-magnetic.

And waterproof.

Not to mention self-winding.

And even electric.

Ask any of these watchmakers if they will guarantee accuracy.

And, of course, put in writing what they mean by accuracy.

They won't. They can't.

Did you know that a watch can go off as much as 15 seconds a day in an observatory and still be called a chronometer?

We think 15 seconds a day is horrible.

We guarantee monthly accuracy within 60 seconds*—which averages out to about 2 seconds a day.

All of which may be why the Government uses it in satellites. And has issued it to all X-15 pilots.

We are also shock-resistant. And anti-magnetic. And waterproof! And even electronic, which is very respectable these days.

We are also reasonable. $125 plus tax.

Model '214' $125 plus tax. Other styles available. *Year[illegible] adjustment w[illegible]ng to it[illegible] one full year. †Waterproof when case[illegible] ©Bulova Watch Co[illegible]



When you're passing out cigars, save one for us

Your Ætna Life representative is a friend of the family and now is the time to talk to him.

Your family is growing and needs nourishment and protection, at least until your children are self-supporting. This time of growth is a time when living expenses are highest and money is hardest to save.

The best way to provide adequate safeguards for your family is through the *guaranteed* benefits of Life Insurance.

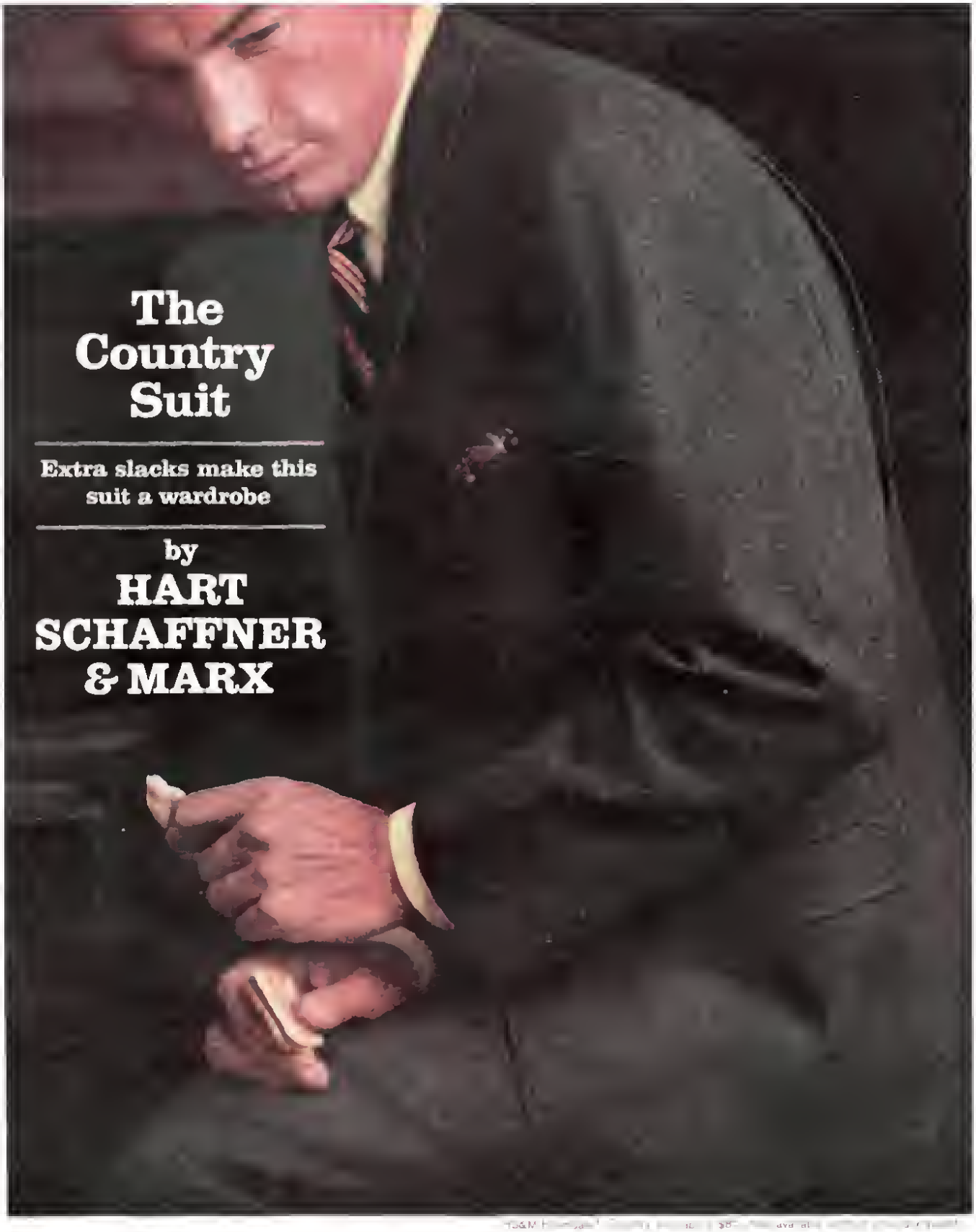
From the moment your policy becomes effective, your family is protected for the full amount. No other form of planning gives you this kind of assurance.

The choice of the right policy is an important business decision. Ætna Life has long been the choice of businessmen. More businesses are group insured with Ætna than with any other company. Contact your Ætna representative today. Offer him a cigar. He'll offer you his experience.

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The Country Suit

Extra slacks make this suit a wardrobe

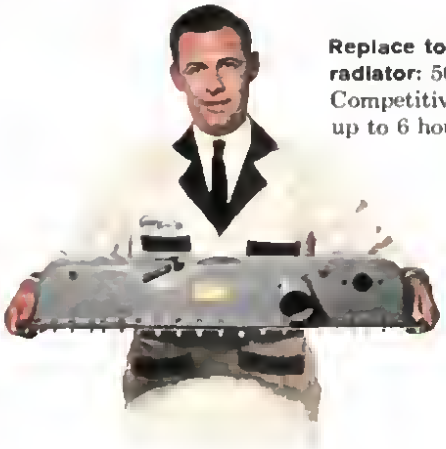
by
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Take slacks of solid color, add to the tweed jacket above, and you have a wardrobe. At home in town and country.

That gusset in the back gives you a new sense of freedom. Out of sight when you're at ease. Easy-swinging comfort. Feels light on your shoulders because it's soft, smooth Hilendale® tweed, woven exclusively for us by Worumbo.

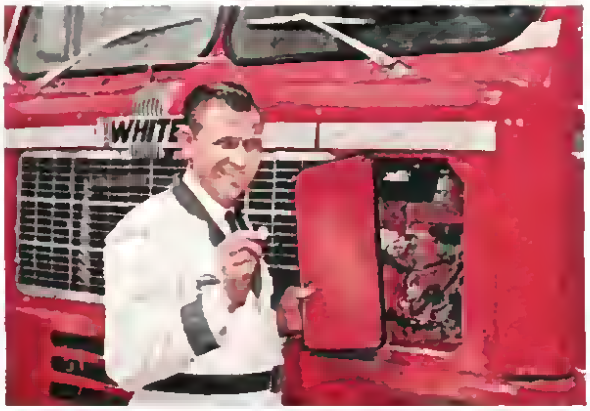
Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps you looking trim. Take "underbasting," for example. Two parts are first joined with soft white thread for exact placement. Then finally sewn with hundreds of tiny stitches. Later, the soft, white thread is removed. Outside it seems like there's no seam at all.

And happily, you don't have to leave town to enjoy your new Country Suit.



Replace top tank of radiator: 50 minutes. Competitive models up to 6 hours.

Access to electrical controls: 5 seconds. Competitive models up to 60 minutes.



WHITE trucks place first in



Meet the champ the WHITE 7000. Designed for more road time, less down time, it costs less per mile, earns more than any other truck in its class on the road today. Fleet records prove it. See for yourself.

Replace water filter element: 3 minutes. Competitive models up to 20 minutes.
Replace engine oil cooler: 30 minutes. Competitive models up to 60 minutes.



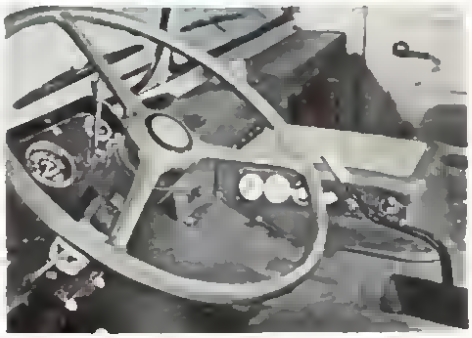


maintenance derby

Racing against the clock, our WHITE 7000 won every event in maintenance time saving, from "cab tilting" to "radiator removal". But *you're* the *big* winner. Because every minute we shave off the time it takes to do each truck maintenance job is money in the bank for you. This is why every WHITE is specifically engineered to help a serviceman do his work faster and easier. Caught in a profit squeeze? Squeeze back with a WHITE — made by the *company that stays close to its customers and listens when they speak.*

WORLD LEADER IN HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS
WHITE TRUCKS

The White Motor Co., Cleveland, Ohio 44101 • Branches and dealers in all principal cities.



Remove console for servicing air control, tachometer, all gauges and connections: 6 minutes. Competitive models up to 2 hours.

Tilt cab manually: 60 seconds. Competitive models up to 5 minutes.

These trousers incorporate the biggest change in men's clothing in 30 years. No one will ever notice it.



Talon ZEPHYR
new nylon zipper





Sam Snead wears a style winner

(and so can you!)

The smart "Slammer" by Mallory will become your most important fashion companion for Fall. Tapered crown, slim brim and matching felt band that sports a distinctive golden feather are the combination that makes the "Slammer" a perfect choice for business or casual wear. Millions look much better in a Mallory . . . so can you! See your Mallory dealer for a fabulous Fall!

Mallory Hats

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



"Powerful merchandising, Barton. Gladdens the heart!"

Take a quick look around when you check into a hotel or motel. Chances are you'll spot one—maybe even several—of these signs. If so, expect the very best telephone service. Such as: **Guest Dialing** that lets you dial room-to-room and local calls direct; reach Long Distance with a spin of the dial. And: **Message Waiting Service** with a special light on room phones to tell you that a message came while you were out. Watch for **Guest-Dial Phone Service** next time you travel, plan a meeting or a convention. And enjoy the merchandising.

BELL SYSTEM

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

Sentry reports on three distressingly untraditional ideas in insurance

IDEA #1

FOR YOUNG DRIVERS, A FRIENDLY HAND

As a *Sports Illustrated* reader, you've been following the feats of America's Olympic athletes. And experiencing a thrill of pride each time some youngster puts another of those unbelievable records into the books.

Perhaps, watching these amazing performances, you wonder how it can be that *all* young men in this country are lumped together by insurance companies as "bad risks" when it comes to driving an automobile. Surely a generation that represents us so nobly in the Olympics can't *all* be irresponsible behind the wheel of a car!

Yet, until recently, to all insurance companies (ourselves included) young men under 25 were about as welcome as a tomcat at a fish fry. But there were the *facts* on the high auto accident rate for young men . . . so obviously as a group they had to pay through the nose for car insurance. "You can't argue with statistics," went the saying.



AMERICA'S AMAZING YOUNG MEN—Can the same generation that produces Olympic champs *all* be "bad risks" for car insurance? Sentry thinks not. Read how we're pioneering to give youth a break.

Sentry decided we *would* argue. We've researched the problem for several years with the help of educators, students and safety authorities. By now we think we have a pretty good argument that statistics show only half the picture.

Lots of young men, it seems, *are* very responsible drivers.

So, in a couple of states we're now breaking with tradition by granting substantial discounts on car insurance to young men who approach driving with a mature attitude, based on a simple questionnaire we've copyrighted.

We're placing a big bet that the youth of this country are going to prove we're right to give them a friendly hand instead of a cold shoulder.



WE WERE UN-TRADITIONAL RIGHT FROM THE START

We were founded in 1903 as Hardware Mutuals to insure risks that traditional companies wouldn't touch with an 11-foot pole. Today we're Sentry Insurance, one of the largest all-line insurance companies and still can't seem to shake our tradition of being different. Our growing family of half a million policyholders seems to like it.

IDEA #2

FOR THE YOUNG FAMILY MAN, "RIGHT SIDE UP" PROTECTION

Traditionally, a man buys life insurance to build savings while he lives, and protection for his widow if he dies—*because that's the way it's sold.*

Today, 85% of all life insurance in force is on this dividend, or participating basis—who can argue with *that?* We thought we *would.* Seems to us the traditional form of life insurance is upside down.

A young family man needs all the protection he can get, we reasoned, So we skip the enforced savings and use all the premium to buy permanent life insurance that does more for the widow.

Result: Sentry life policies now give 20% *more* death benefit protection per dollar invested.

Our surprising growth in life insurance tells us that while we may be out of step with tradition, we're in tune with the times.

IDEA #3

FOR THE BUSINESSMAN, SIMPLICITY

For years the poor businessman has been swamped with red tape on as many as twenty different insurance policies. "But," said tradition, "business insurance *has* to be complicated. You can't cover everything in one policy."

We decided we *could.* And came up with a master Sentry Package Policy that wraps up almost all business insurance in a single contract.

Untraditional? You bet.

But businessmen are delighted to give tradition a good swift kick as soon as they find that one program, one premium, one check and one organization can handle practically all their insurance. Write for your copy of "Business Insurance—Sentry makes it simple."

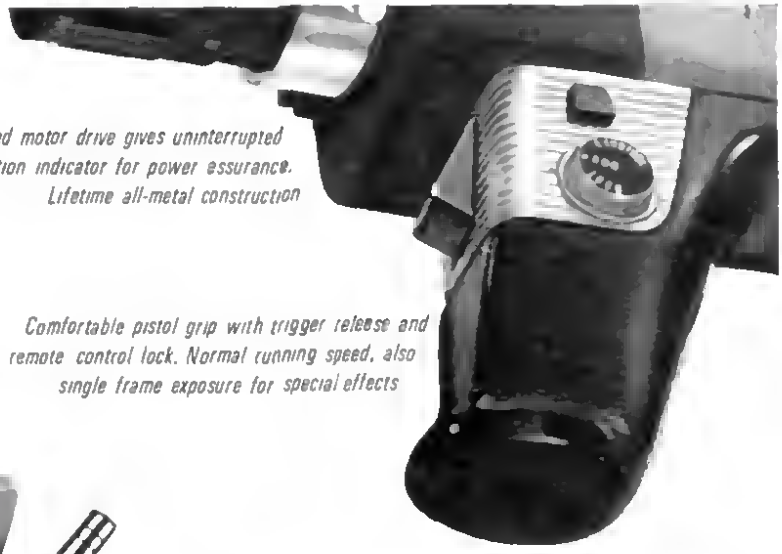
It won't take any strokes off your golf score but it can show you how to get more time for practice. No obligation.

Looks out for you

SENTRY INSURANCE

The Hardware Mutuals Organization

Hardware Mutual Casualty Company, Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company and Sentry Life Insurance Company • Home Office, Stevens Point, Wis. • Offices coast to coast



Battery-powered motor drive gives uninterrupted shooting. Battery condition indicator for power assurance. Lifetime all-metal construction

Comfortable pistol grip with trigger release and remote control lock. Normal running speed, also single frame exposure for special effects



Fully automatic exposure controlled by sensitive Cadmium Sulphide Cell for film speeds ASA 10 to 400. Manual exposure control and exposure range indicator. Type A filter for added color fidelity.

(Actual Size)

Bright, reflex through-the-lens viewing with focusing eyepiece lets you see exactly what you're shooting. "NO-GO" signal eliminates wasted film. Fast, full-focusing f:1.8 zoom lens with 1:3 ratio assures professional results.



Hold It! Zoom It! Count Its Features! How Much? Under $130!

NEW ANSCO TITAN® IV AUTOLECTRIC 8mm MOVIE CAMERA

Think of it!! All the most wanted... most needed... features for professional type results, in an easy-to-use automatic camera for under $130. A word of caution. once you pick up the new Titan IV and compare it with other cameras, you won't be able to resist taking it with you. And we have two other new models at even lower prices... the Ansco Titan II with zoom lens for under $90, and the Ansco Titan with standard lens for less than $70. Custom-fitted case under $14. All waiting for your inspection at your dealers. P. S. For top results use Ansco Moviechrome • 8 film.



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Are we extravagant for lavishing all these looks on a car all this quick and agile and driveable?



Of course not. It's the '65 Pontiac, and we couldn't hide such a quick and nimble car under a what's-that body. So we don't, as you can plainly see. Everything you can't see is new, too, Wide-Track excepted. Our Trophy V-8s breathe deeper now, step off just a little quicker. Then you can specify Turbo Hydra-Matic, the new automatic transmission that shifts smooth as cream but sure as taxes. You're worried the quick new Pontiac won't get along on your budget? Don't fret. Our economy rear axle gobbles up so much highway on a tank of gas, you'll wish your credit card were good at toll booths. Try a short trip in a '65 Wide-Track, quick, starting from your authorized Pontiac dealer's.

Pontiac for 1965

The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks



Star rookie likes a good hard game and a good soft sweater of "Orlon"

It's Jerry Hillebrand in his new Manhattan® jacquard cardigan

Jerry Hillebrand likes to take it easy in his easy-going cardigan knit of soft Orlon® acrylic that's warm, light, comfortable and completely washable. He likes the classic six-button styling and the colorful diamond jacquard, too, because it's smart and versatile. Here, Jerry teams his cardigan with a coordinated turtleneck pullover sweater. The same cardigan would be equally at home worn over his favorite sport shirt, or yours. Cardigan, $14.95; matching V-neck pullover, not shown, $12.95; both in assorted color combinations. Turtleneck pullover shown, $4.00.

Manhattan®

Interwoven only by ... a mark of quality

And Lady Manhattan® ... Interwoven Mills, Inc., N.Y. 10

SCORECARD

SMASH HIT

What is it about baseball? Why is it that despite everything that's wrong with it —and there's plenty—it can on occasion reach heights of sustained excitement unmatched by any other sport in the world, excitement that lasts and lasts, day after day after day?

Well, a man once said that baseball, for all its doldrums and dunderheads, maintained its hold on the imagination of the fan because it is "a game of almost limitless dramatic possibility." That limit was almost reached, again and again, in the National League pennant race these past two weeks, and the end is not yet. What a show it is. Unrehearsed, spontaneous, ad lib all the way, it is drama that show biz seldom attains and almost never understands.

TIME FOR TIME-OUTS

When a college football game is televised nationally a total of 16 commercials are broadcast before, during and after the game. Ten of them must occur at some time during the playing of the game—during time-outs. Team captains, naturally, do not call their time-outs for the benefit of television and so until this season, a little fellow in a red cap has been employed by NBC to parade the sidelines and rather conspicuously demand a time-out whenever he felt one was needed. He was not only conspicuous; excited crowds resentfully thought he was much too imperious about it and coaches thought he called them at most inappropriate times.

This year it is being done a little differently. Gone is the man in the red cap, replaced by a discreetly attired chap whose uniform makes him look rather like a sixth official except for the headset he wears. He is also much more knowing about football and vastly more judicious. The man on the sidelines is now either an active football official or one recently retired. Thus equipped with a working knowledge of football, he is charged with the responsibility of deciding whether an interruption might halt a team's scoring drive or otherwise influence the outcome of a game. He is instructed to try to work in his time-outs after a score or when the ball is changing hands. A definite improvement, for which the NCAA and NBC are to be commended.

ALWAYS CARRY A PADDLE

Among the lesser-known water sports is surfboating, which is somewhat on the order of surfboarding. The boat is essentially a board—a thin slab of wood seven feet by four. It is propelled by a paddle and therein lies the main difference.

Surfboating is very popular in Lebanon, where its champion is sun-blackened, muscular little Bahit Zuhairi. Tired of paddling along the coast, Zuhairi set off across the Mediterranean last week hoping to make the 110 nautical miles from Beirut's St. Georges Bay to Cyprus in 36 hours. The 42-foot power cruiser *Riana* escorted him and, through his first day and sleepless night, supplied him with food. All went well until the second evening, when the weather turned bad and the sea got rough. Ten miles off Cyprus, *Riana* lost sight of Zuhairi, last saw him still balanced astride his board atop wind-whipped waves, still paddling.

After 39 strenuous, sleepless hours, Zuhairi beached his craft on the sands of Famagusta's Greco Bay. "I feel fine," he said, "but I'm worried about the *Riana*."

Next morning the Royal Air Force sent out a search plane, which spotted Zuhairi's hapless escort, engines conked out and wallowing in high seas 30 miles northeast of Cyprus. A tug towed her in.

TURNABOUT

To some hockey fans Jacques Plante, ebullient goalie for the New York Rangers, looks as if he were playing lacrosse. He rambles. He gambles. He moves away from his net, just as a lacrosse goalie is supposed to do and a hockey goalie is supposed not.

One of the reasons is that Plante actually did play lacrosse between seasons of junior hockey in his youth. And he has been playing it again. This year Bernard (Coco) Blanchard, who was to Montreal lacrosse in the '20s and '30s what Maurice (Rocket) Richard was to hockey in the '40s and '50s, decided to revive the game with a new four-team league and to spur interest by persuading Plante to return to action. The Rangers were willing, provided Plante quit a month before the opening of the hockey season.

With Plante as goalie, Montreal led the league. His 4.1 goals-against average was the league's best. When he quit, victim of the Rangers' proviso, his team slumped to second place and was whipped in the semifinals. There was gentle criticism of Plante, despite his record. To lacrosse fans, he looked like a hockey goalie.

"He didn't move around as much as a really good lacrosse goalie should," said Coco Blanchard, and this winter, as usual, hockey fans will be saying that Plante moves around a bit too much.

BET ON THE TRAPPISTS

For centuries, various orders of monks have supported themselves by making wine and liqueurs. Now, in a sense, the Trappist monks are in horse racing.

It began when Leslie Combs II, operator of Kentucky's Spendthrift Farm and the nation's leading commercial horse breeder for the past five years, contracted with a feed company to make special vitamin-filled pellets for horses from Spendthrift's secret formula. Everything was fine until Combs learned that the company was selling his pellets to rivals.



About then there happened by the farm a fellow whose brother serves in

continued

NO
SNIFFLING
8AM–8PM
8PM–8AM

Just one Contac® capsule works up to 12 hours to relieve sniffles, sneezes, stopped-up nose. Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy



1 EVERY 12 HOURS

CONTAC

MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

the Trappist monastery in Nelson County, Ky. He suggested to Combs that the monks could do the job. Combs turned over his formula to the monastery, and now the monks are busily turning out batches of alfalfa pellets compressed confidentially and solely for Spendthrift horses.

BASS IN THE TREETOPS

From 1957 to date fishermen have taken 34,410 lunker bass out of Bull Shoals Lake in northern Arkansas. In this tabulation a lunker must weigh at least four pounds to be counted. Biggest so far: 13 pounds 14 ounces.

But anglers have paid a mighty price for their success. While scuba diving last week along the steep slopes of what used to be mountain valleys before the lake was made, a biologist found old cedar trees still standing and so heavily festooned with busted fishing lines that they looked as if they were covered with spider webs. Rusting lures hung from the trees like Christmas ornaments.

The anglers were on target, though. The inquiring biologist saw many a broad-beamed bass, as well as numbers of large catfish up to 40 pounds, resting among the trees.

HELLO, MR. CHIPS

The inimitable red and white wines of Burgundy have their counterpart in the inimitable red and white (and blue and yellow) casino chips of Burgundy. For some 200 gambling establishments around the world—from London's Crockford's Club, which requires chips worth $14,000 apiece, to The Sands in Las Vegas and the Mokattam in Cairo—Daniel Senard of Beaune produces chips worth $40 million every year.

The chips have to be inimitable because they are a negotiable currency in gambling resorts. Forty years ago counterfeiters took the Monte Carlo Casino for $120,000 in a single day. Which is how Senard's predecessor, Claudius Grasset, got into the business. He fashioned a laminated chip that, for its time, was considered too complicated for counterfeiters. Monte Carlo bought it and is still buying. Today's Senard technicians would consider that old one naively simple. Now they laminate from six to 12 layers of different plastic materials, some of which cannot be bought on the market, into their chips. For those of large denomination, like that $14,000 rectangular red-and-blue item he makes for Crockford's, Senard inserts a layer of golden lacework. For The Sands he fabricated three transparent "eyes," two of them fluorescent, in the $1,000 chip. On some he prints insignia that are invisible except under special light, such as ultraviolet.

From time to time a casino in Venice or Baden-Baden or Vichy sends "counterfeit" chips to Senard. "Usually the chips are genuine," he says. "What has happened is that a gambler has left several chips in his coat pocket and sent his suit to the dry cleaner. Under the heat they warp or shrink."

In the center of the more costly chips produced for Venice's Municipal Casino, Senard lithographs Venetian landmarks, such as St. Mark's Plaza and Rialto Bridge.

No Bridge of Sighs, though.

THE WELL-EQUIPPED CRUSOE

Three years ago Richard Porter's 14-year-old son, Bryan, went into the woods near their White River Junction, Vt. home and was lost for eight hours. As a consequence Porter Sr. undertook a study of woods survival clothing, found that U.S. Air Force garments could carry but a week's supply of essentials and that the Explorer scouts had nothing better. He set about designing his own and came up with a coat of 64 pockets capable of holding such necessities as dehydrated food, first-aid equipment, a machete, a jackknife, a shelter tent, emergency fishing gear, a compass and a small stove, among other things. Gross weight: 19 pounds.

Then he had himself deposited by plane at Round Pond, Me. in the thick of the wild Allagash country. The idea was to stay there 30 days, depending solely on the coat's contents to stay alive. Porter actually did it, and he lived by harder rules than a truly lost person would impose on himself. Though he caught brook trout with his fishing kit, he photographed himself releasing them. He lived entirely on 5½ pounds of dehydrated food—"the kind you can buy in any supermarket"—and had enough left for a few days more. He lost only 10 of his original 159½ pounds.

The experience taught him a few things. The gross weight of the survival jacket, he believes, could be reduced by five to seven pounds and the number of pockets could be cut, too. He also thinks the jacket should be equipped to contain weapons.

continued

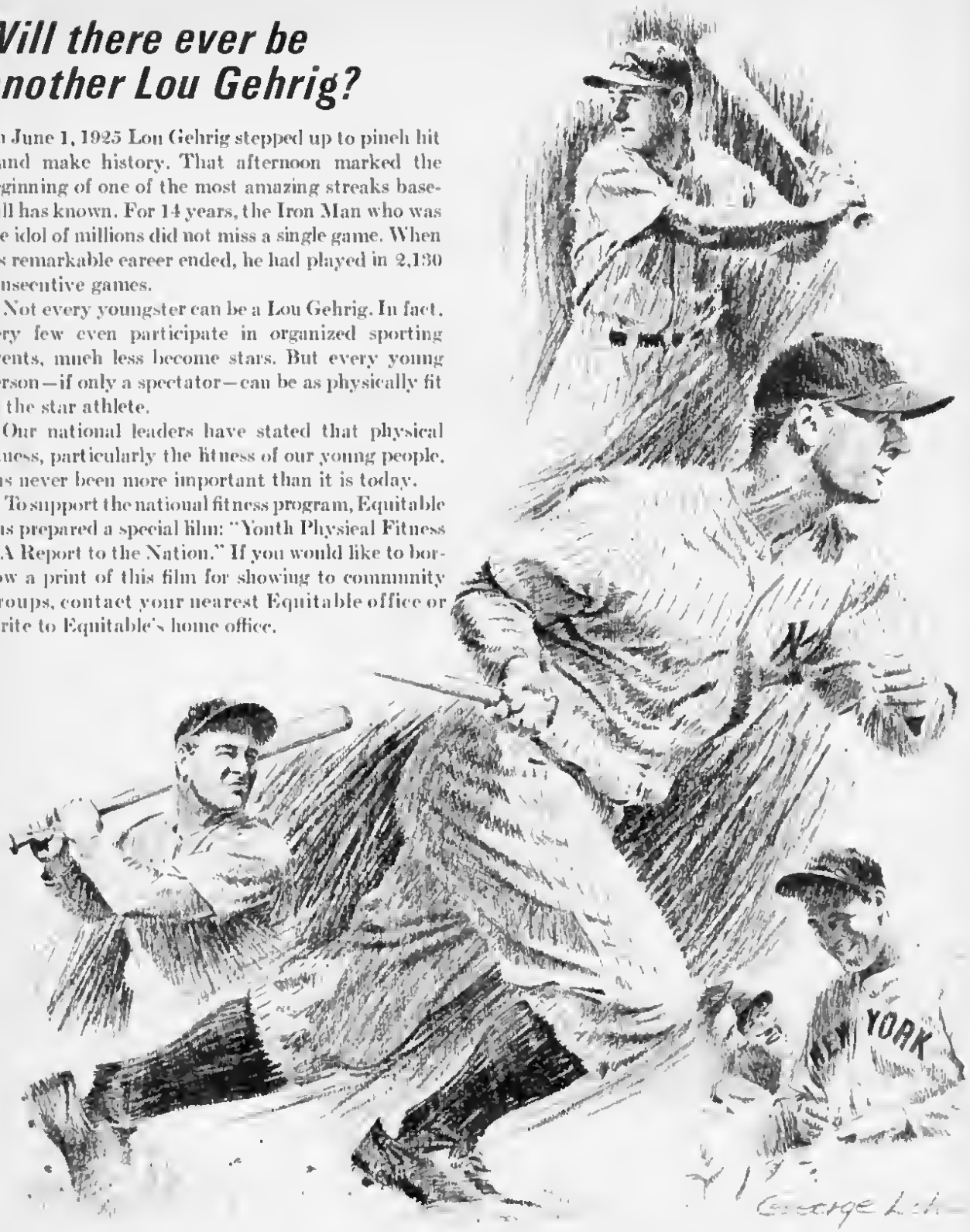
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"I feel amazingly good," he said when the plane arrived to pick him up. "The only craving I have is for a heaping glass of tomato juice. Isn't that funny? I don't really like tomato juice."

TWO FOR THE TUBE

The first moment in *Great Moments in the History of Tennis*, a documentary film produced for television and tennis clubs, is a plug for the sponsor, Philip Morris. None other than Roy Emerson, the world's top tennis amateur, serves up a smoke to Sportscaster Chris Schenkel. It is strictly a soft-sell affair, however, and Emerson and Schenkel narrate a comprehensive account of the evolution of the game from the ancient Greeks to Roy's own brand of tournament tennis. There is extensive footage on Maurice McLoughlin, the originator of the California style of play, William T. (Big Bill) Tilden, Suzanne Lenglen, the six-time winner of the Wimbledon, as well as literally dozens of others.

Fight fans will be tuning in their TV sets shortly to view some of the most famous druhhings in the history of modern boxing. An outfit named Turn of the Century Fights, Inc. has condensed the action of 104 famous fights from 1897 to 1964 into five-minute clips of the knockout punching in each bout. Students of the sweet science will he treated to such first-time telecasts as Dempsey-Tuttrell, Louis-Valentino, Johnson-Jeffries, Cerdan-LaMotta, Corbett-Fitzsimmons. Producers Bill Cayton and Jim Jacobs put the films together to run as five-minute spots to relieve the monotony between the TV news and weather.

THEY SAID IT

• Allie Sherman's 5-year-old daughter: "Daddy, why did you trade Sam Huff?"

• Texas A&M Guard Yancy Bounds, on his home town, Deadwood, Texas: "It used to be about 125 population, but now it's just a country town."

• Athletic Director Andy Gustafson, on his 17-year career as head football coach at the University of Miami: "I outlasted two school presidents and four sports editors."

• Y. A. Tittle, on why baseball pitchers like Warren Spahn last longer than pro football quarterbacks: "Spahn throws a baseball and some other guy hits it with a bat. I throw a football and right after that a lot of guys weighing 250 pounds hit me." END

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The Lincoln Continental tradition has inspired everything you can see, feel, or touch in the 1965 Mercury.

For 1965, Mercury becomes a remarkably different automobile.

As you will see on the next two pages, this car is not a "face lift." Nor an ordinary "change-over." It's an entirely new Mercury.

Introductions of automobiles this new don't happen very often. But Ford Motor Company is proud to have brought you a number of them. The Thunderbird, for example. The Lincoln Continental. And, most recently, the Mustang.

NEW CONCEPT

Our concept for the 1965 Mercury is new and very simple. It's this. That many more car buyers now want a car that is just a step away in luxury from the high-price field, rather than a small step up from the low-price field.

With this in mind, we asked our Lincoln-Mercury Division to draw heavily on its experience with the Lincoln Continental.

The result is a truly magnificent Mercury. In every important respect, it accurately reflects the Lincoln Continental tradition, the Lincoln Continental way of doing things.

NEW, FINER VALUES

As you can see on the following pages, the 1965 Mercury is beautifully balanced and proportioned. Sleek and graceful. Notice the long, low thrust of the hood, the full-width grille, the unique pillar lights on the front fenders.

Mercury now rides on a longer wheelbase, has a wider stance. And the ride is steady, solid, supremely quiet. The reserve power at your command makes driving almost effortless.

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We feel confident that you will like Mercury's new personality. And its new set of finer values. For no medium-price car has ever come so close in luxury to the high-price class.

PLEASE TURN PAGE



This is Mercury for 1965 ...now in the Lincoln Continental tradition



MERCURY: CHOSEN BY THE DEL MONTE LODGE, PEBBLE BEACH, CALIF., (SHOWN HERE) AS THEIR COURTESY CAR FOR SPECIAL GUESTS

We predict that many people seeing a '65 Mercury for the first time will wonder: "What car is that?" Mercury is *that* new. The look is new. Completely. (Notice the long, low proportions of the hood, the full-width grille and the unique pillar lights on the front fenders.) Inside, Mercury has far more comfort. The idea behind all this newness is to bring you the finest, best-riding, most luxurious car in its field—a car that reflects completely the Lincoln Continental way of doing things. When you first drive this Mercury, try to act nonchalant. Just try.

Mercury

Ride Walt Disney's Magic Skyway at the Ford Motor Company Wonder Rotunda, New York World's Fair



Except this one

You don't usually find beer clicking glasses with martinis or scotch-on-the-rocks. But Michelob is an exception. It has an *esprit*, a perfection, unmatched on *either* side of the Atlantic . . . the result of setting out to create the finest bottled beer in all the world regardless of cost. Michelob holds its own in *any* mixed company. It is, in a word, appropriate.

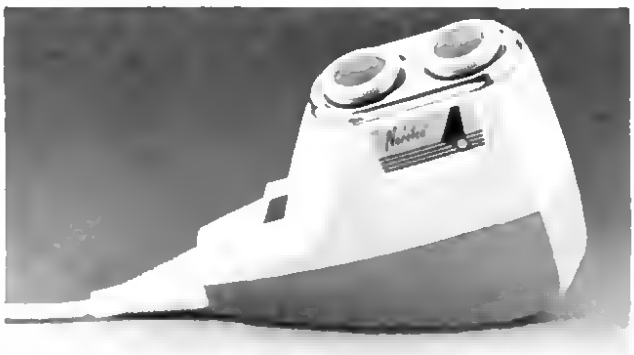
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Meet the Green Bay Packers [illegible] *Second Row* Austin 64 [illegible] Miller 17 Brabowski [illegible]

Why the Green Bay Packers recommend



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Just imagine what *your* face would feel like after a gruelling professional football game. Wouldn't you want the shaver—the *only* shaver—that gives the *Comfort Shave*? Bet your life you would.

And that shaver is today's Norelco Speedshaver with self-sharpening rotary blades. Rotary blades work on today's most advanced shaving principle. They stroke off whiskers with a *continuous* rotary motion—never "grab" the way ordinary shavers do, never cut or nick the way blades do.

Result: a close, clean shave with nary a pinch, pull or scrape—shaving comfort no other shaving method, wet or dry, can duplicate.

You can get the Comfort Shave in three models. The new Norelco 'Floating-Head' above—self-cleaning rotary blades, heads that *swivel* to fit your face; new Norelco Cordless, or new Norelco 'Flip-Top'. All have rotary blades. All give the Comfort Shave. Just ask a Green Bay Packer—especially some Sunday afternoon.



Cordless—shaves anywhere. Battery powered. Zippered case with mirror. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.



All-new 'Flip-Top'—world's [illegible] self-winding shaver [illegible] Easy flip top cleaning. Popular priced Norelco Flip Top Speedshaver 20.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Prelec® pre-shave lotion. Finale® after-shave lotion. Shaver Cleaner. Home Barber Kit—saves money on haircuts, great for kids.
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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 5, 1964

THE BIG RED SURGE

Something awfully funny was going on in baseball. At one moment, like tired old men sitting on the National League fence in the twilight of their schedules, the Phillies, Reds, Cardinals and Giants were peacefully whittling away and killing time until the end of the season. The next moment bits and pieces of various baseball teams were strewn all over the landscape, and before you could say Warren Crandall Giles the National League, an organization long dedicated to fratricide, was in the middle of the bloodiest pennant feud in 24 years.

Meanwhile, back in the American League, the Yankees were running away from Baltimore and Chicago—which was also according to tradition, except for one thing. Just one short week before, the league with the pennant race had been the American and the league with the runaway had been the National and baseball fans may need the whole winter to figure out the sudden switch.

What had happened was simple enough. The Yankees, after a long summer of abnormal behavior, suddenly reverted to form, took off on an 11-game winning streak and almost disappeared over the horizon. And in the National League the Phils, after leading the pack for 143 days and with a 6½-game bulge, quit winning at the same instant that the Reds, Cards and Giants—particularly the Reds—forgot how to lose.

It began on a cool Monday night in Philadelphia's archaic Connie Mack Stadium when 20,000 people went out to welcome the Phillies home from a successful 10-game, 10,000-mile road trip during which their league lead had expanded to 6½ games with only 12 games remaining. The opposition was the second-place Reds. In the sixth inning Chico Ruiz, a 25-year-old Cincinnati rookie from Cuba, pulled a stupid play that worked, and won a game, thus cutting Philadelphia's lead to 5½ games. By the end of the week not even the half was left.

Ruiz was on third base with the score tied 0–0, and Frank Robinson, Cincinnati's power hitter, was at bat. There were two outs and, as Art Mahaffey, the Phils' pitcher, prepared to throw, Chico came sprinting for home, trailed by anguished cries of "No, No!" from Reggie Otero, the Reds' third-base coach. A base runner does not try to steal home without telling anyone, particularly with a hitter like Robinson at bat, but Mahaffey threw a wild pitch and Ruiz scored. Otero, a Cuban himself, said, "My mind went blank with anger. With Philadelphia 6½ games in front, we don't really think that we can catch them. But we are fighting with St. Louis to finish second and that means $2,000 a man. *Stupido!*"

Stupido or not, Ruiz scored the only run of the game: it started Cincinnati on a three-game sweep of the Phils and enabled the Reds to continue building a seven-game winning streak, the longest in the National League all season.

By the time the Reds had left Philadelphia on Thursday morning the entire city was in a state of shock. "It's like coming home and finding two strangers in your house," said one fan, shaking his head. "All you can do is look at them and wonder how they got in, because the place was all locked up tight." The Phils were just a little too reminiscent of the 1950 team that lost eight of its last 11 games and finally struggled home with the pennant on the very last day of the season, when Dick Sisler hit a three-run homer in the 10th to defeat the Dodgers. Now Sisler, as the Reds' fill-in manager, was the villain.

This year's Phillies had met and turned back every challenge by other contenders. From early April until the beginning of last week Philadelphia had played every game as if it were the seventh game

continued



The Reds' acting manager, Dick Sisler, flashes a big smile as he enjoys his view from the top.

Cincinnati made a dramatic move, and the National League went into its most nerve-twanging final week in 24 years. There had been a race in the other league, but the Yankees fixed that

by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**





Hustling play of the Cincy infield, typified by Pete Rose's tag, makes up for lack of finesse



Pushing a perfect bunt here, Chico Ruiz earlier beat the Phillies with surprise steal of home

of a World Series, but by the end of last week the team was staggering like a pick-up squad at a longshoremen's picnic. "The pressure isn't bothering us," said Jim Bunning. "But the fans! They all want to know what's wrong with us. They're the ones that can't handle the pressure." And Philadelphia fans were saying the same thing about the players.

Nor was it only the Reds who were coming at the Phils. The Cardinals were just behind Cincinnati, and the dissension-ridden Giants followed them. Not for 24 years had as many as four clubs gone into the last week of the season with a mathematical chance of winning the pennant.

While Philadelphia was trying to halt the debacle, the New York Yankees finally were doing what they get paid so well to do. They were hitting the way Yankees are supposed to hit, and fielding and pitching just as efficiently. At week's end New York was three games in front and almost certain of its 14th pennant in the last 16 years.

If the fall of the Phils was startling, the surge of the Reds was at least explicable. Cincinnati is deep in pitching and speed and has adequate power, but for months the Reds did not really get rolling. It probably was a fight that got them started. On Aug. 28 Otero and Coach Johnny Temple were involved in a brawl in the Red dressing room at Crosley Field just before a night game with Houston. Temple suffered a puffed eye and a cut cheek, and Otero was hit in the mouth. Reds moved in on both sides to break up the fight, and not long after—when the game with Houston had been postponed by rain—the team held a clubhouse meeting that was both stormy and productive.

Fred Hutchinson, the cancer-stricken manager, was at the park after having been hospitalized two weeks for radium treatments. He had come to the ball park to see the game but stayed for the meeting. The Reds apparently ironed out their problems and agreed to stick together and try to win a pennant as a matter of pride in their own abilities.

Hutchinson, of course, had been on the players' minds all year. They had seen him in spring training when he was perky but forced by doctor's orders to take it easy. Between spring training and the end of July he lost 25 pounds and had to take periodic treatments that were painful and time-consuming. When

Hutchinson went away on August 16, Dick Sisler took charge. "I was *told* to take over the team," says Sisler. "But it's Hutch's club. I call him every day on the phone when we are at home and just about every day when we are on the road. I knew that I put both my job as a coach and my future as a manager on the line when I took over. If Hutch should not come back—well, they might get someone else to run the club, and the new man wouldn't want me around as a coach knowing that I had been the manager. Hutch comes to the home games when he is allowed to, and the players love to see him. When he can't, he listens to the games on the radio and watches the ones on television."

"Wherever we go as a team this year," says Sammy Ellis, the fine 23-year-old relief pitcher, "Hutch is somehow there. His name will come up over dinner. You're sitting there, and somebody says, 'Hear anything about Hutch?' There is a kind of quiet that comes over everybody. It makes you put your hands under the table and clench your fists and wish somehow there was something you could do. There are probably a lot of fake egg-heads around who think that ballplayers play only for themselves or for George Washington. Sure, we want to win the pennant for ourselves and get the Series money. But a ballplayer wants a World Series ring more than anything else, and we want to put a ring on Hutch's finger."

Ellis, along with 20-year-old Bill McCool, has provided Cincinnati with unexpectedly good relief work. Just last week he came into the third game against the Phillies with the Reds leading 6–3. He got one out, then walked the bases full—and the screams of the Philadelphia fans nearly blew him from the mound. He promptly struck out Johnny Callison and Tony Taylor to end the threat, and the Reds went on to win.

McCool, who is called Mr. Magoo, walked in from the bullpen against the Mets last Saturday with the Reds leading 3–1. There were two runners on base and one out. He struck out the first hitter on three pitches, then got the next on a soft fly to right. In two and two-thirds innings he faced eight hitters and struck out five. Before the last out he heard a lot of yelling from his infielders and turned to look out at the scoreboard in right center field, where the score of the Phils' 6–4 loss to Milwaukee had just been posted. He rubbed up the baseball, smiled broadly at the scoreboard, turned around and fired a slider that got the hitter on a pop foul.

As the Reds gained strength from their bullpen, the Phils suffered from the collapse of theirs. Manager Gene Mauch called in 19 relief pitchers last week—all to no avail; moreover, the Phils were committing blunders on the bases and in the field. They like to gamble with their running, but in recent weeks they have lost more often than they have won. In 15 games, 10 Philadelphia runners were thrown out trying to make an extra base.

Obscured by the wild shifts of fortune in Philadelphia and Cincinnati was the steady play of St. Louis, which added up to an excellent week. The Cardinals won six of seven games, and the one they lost was by a 2–1 score. Manager Johnny Keane acted unsurprised: "In spring training I said this pennant race would not be decided until the last week of the season, and that's what's going to happen." Keane also noted that his team would finish the schedule with three games against the New York Mets. St. Louis has not won a pennant for 18 years, the longest such spell endured by any National League city except Chicago.

The Cardinals were getting strong pitching from Bob Gibson, who has completed eight consecutive games, and young Outfielder Mike Shannon has also helped. Although he still tends to chase bad pitches, Shannon has driven in 41 runs in only 228 times at bat, an extremely high ratio. Bill White, who had only 30 runs batted in at the All-Star break, has since driven in 63.

At week's end the San Francisco Giants had only a remote mathematical chance to tie and had no more games against the other contenders.

HOW THE NATIONAL LEAGUE WINNER WOULD DO AGAINST THE YANKEES

CINCINNATI has much stronger pitching than New York, and pitching usually wins the World Series. The Yankees will not have Pedro Ramos, because he joined them too late to be eligible. Both clubs run well, but the Reds run better and more often. The Yankees are better defensively and have a decided advantage in left-handed slugging, but Johnson, Robinson and Pinson can make up for that

EDGE TO REDS

PHILADELPHIA's pitching staff may be tired after the pennant drive, but the clubs are about equal in starters, the Phils having the better bullpen. Bunning is the big question mark. In his last four years in the American League he had a 5.29 ERA vs. New York. The Phils may suffer against lefties Downing and Ford, but the strategic use of bunts and hit-and-run can rattle the Yankees—as the Dodgers discovered last year.

SLIGHT EDGE TO PHILS

ST. LOUIS is about on a par with the Yankees in pitching. Their outfield defense could hurt the Cards, but the infield defense is close to Yankee caliber and the Cardinals will supply more hits. They have superspeed in the one-two spots in the batting order with Flood and Brock. Some of Ken Boyer's power will be nullified in Yankee Stadium, but lefties White and McCarver will be helped there.

EDGE TO CARDS

SAN FRANCISCO is not equal to the Yankees in starters or in the bullpen, and the New York defense is much sharper, particularly at the corners. The power of pull hitter Jim Ray Hart might not be affected by the open spaces of Yankee Stadium, but Orlando Cepeda's would suffer. The Giants began to hit well late in the season, but McCovey is having a bad year. As always, the Giants depend on one man—Willie Mays.

SIO EDGE TO YANKEES

FAILURE OF A WINNING FORMULA

The U.S. had a plan for defending the Davis Cup: give Roy Emerson his two singles matches and win the rest. But Australia's Fred Stolle beat Dennis Ralston and started the cup on its return trip down under **by FRANK DEFORD**

When Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston won the Davis Cup in Australia last December they used a simple formula for victory: grant Roy Emerson his two singles matches and win the other three. Last weekend in Cleveland, McKinley and Ralston hoped to employ that same formula to defend the cup. Once again Emerson was conceded his two singles victories, a classic case of starting with two strikes against you. But this time something went wrong, and that something was Fred Stolle, Emerson's tall, blond teammate. After looking ragged in his opening singles match against McKinley and even worse in the doubles, Stolle rallied to beat Ralston in a hair-raising five-set match that won the Davis Cup for Australia.

Technically, it was Emerson who provided his country with the deciding point, breaking the 2–2 deadlock by beating McKinley in the final match. McKinley gave it a good try—it is hard to beat Emerson, but not illegal—helped to some degree by the composition court, slower than grass, which enabled him to scamper about in his usual all-or-nothing style and retrieve shots that would have been lost on a faster surface. But Emerson was simply too strong, winning 3–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–4 and proving once again that on grass, composition or Jell-O, he is the best—the giant of amateur tennis.

Although Emerson was his usual deadly self, it was Stolle who spiked the U.S. dream of keeping the cup. Leading 2–1, the U.S. had only to win one more point

In beating both Ralston and McKinley, Australia's Roy Emerson, here making a volley, proved conclusively that he is king of the amateur game



to be successful. That point had to come from a Ralston victory over Stolle and, indeed, it seemed likely that Ralston could do it. Stolle had beaten Ralston in five sets at Forest Hills two weeks before, but it was a match either man could have won. Nor was Stolle playing as well as he had been earlier. Bothered by the high winds that whipped Cleveland all weekend, Stolle had not been tossing his ball high enough on service and this had led to frequent double faults. As his serve collapsed, so had his overhead. "When one part of Fred's game goes," Coach Harry Hopman had said, "everything goes."

But against Ralston everything turned right again. The match was played on a cold, wet Sunday and was delayed so long before starting that the Emerson-McKinley match was postponed until Monday. Stolle began well, just as he had done at Forest Hills, winning the first two sets. Then Ralston rallied, taking the third set. He broke through Stolle's serve at the start of the fourth set, but Stolle broke back to even the score. The two players traded games, five all, six all, seven all, each time Ralston needing to hold his serve to pull even. Twice he was two points from defeat, but both times he pulled the game out. Finally Ralston took Stolle's service again, held his own and won the fourth set. When he promptly broke Stolle's serve to lead 2–1 in the final set, he had only to hold his own serve to win the match and the Davis Cup.

But bent though he was, Stolle did not crack. He promptly took Ralston's serve to even the set and then, at 5–4, took it again to win the match. His last shot was a pretty cross-court placement. "Well," he said later, pulling on his shirt—he leaves his shirts buttoned and pulls them on over his head—"I think I can have a couple of grogs now."

Both Stolle and Emerson are relaxed, mature athletes, and as the Challenge Round approached they seemed as calm and confident as Crosby and Como. Emerson belted out old Buddy Holly love ballads in the shower and he and Coach Hopman kidded around and mimicked extreme Australian accents. All the Australians bantered carelessly with the Americans about them. "I don't know if this is the most relaxed team I've ever had," Hopman said, "but it's the rudest." Stolle went with the rest of the Australian team to a Yankees-Indians doubleheader and amused himself and annoyed everybody in the seats around him by rooting for Pedro Ramos —a former Indian—when he came in to pitch for the Yankees.

In comparison, the Americans were cold, serious—even Captain Vic Seixas, who felt it perhaps the most important part of his job to buoy the boys' spirit and morale. McKinley and Ralston killed time playing bridge and backgammon and trying to keep rested. Sometimes it was not easy. Whereas the Australians hid themselves in a hotel outside the spotlight, the Americans stayed where the press and most out-of-town fans were also staying. On the night before one match McKinley had to come out of his room shortly after midnight to request that some of the well-wishers quiet their partying so that maybe he could get some sleep.

The opening singles matches were held on a cold, patchy day that had spectators hot when the sun was out and numb when it disappeared. A crowd of 7,000 —capacity—turned out, for the Cleveland promoters had done an energetic job of spreading the word that the Davis Cup was in town. This was the first time that a Challenge Round in the U.S. had ever been held away from the Eastern Seaboard, and judging by the size and enthusiasm of the crowds, it was a long overdue move.

In the first match McKinley put the U.S. ahead 1–0 by lacing Stolle with unexpected ease, 6–1, 9–7, 4–6, 6–2. The court was slippery, so both players rarely followed their serves to net. McKinley, the more agile of the two, made fewer errors and was never in danger of losing.

Emerson had Australia even in a jiffy. Ralston played well, as he admitted later, in the first game. He made four brilliant returns of Emerson's service, winning two of the points. But Emerson held the game anyway and 63 minutes later he had reduced Ralston to self-torment, winning 6–3, 6–1, 6–2, the worst Challenge Round beating since 1950.

To have a chance at the cup, the U.S. had to win the doubles, and this McKinley and Ralston accomplished in a long, exciting, seesaw match. The U.S. won simply because McKinley-Ralston are a practiced partnership, while Emerson and Stolle are, for now, no more than an all-star pairing. They had played together only three times before the Challenge Round, while Ralston and McKinley have been together since 1959, winning the U.S. championship in three of the last four years. Emerson and Stolle are both Wimbledon doubles champions —but with other partners. There were four fine doubles players at Cleveland on Saturday, but only one team.

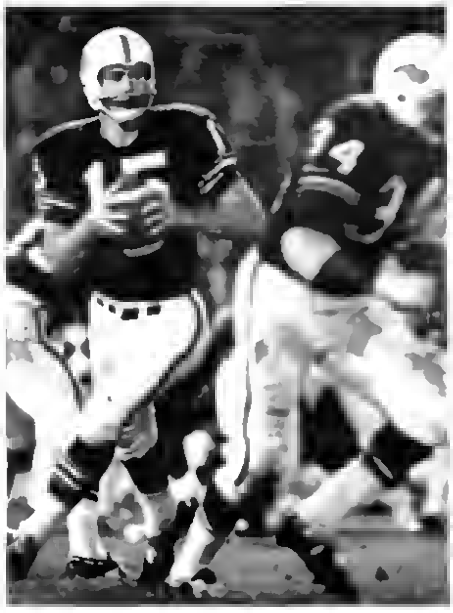
In all of the five sets—the score for the U.S. was 6–4, 4–6, 4–6, 6–3, 6–4—Ralson and McKinley never once clashed rackets, covering for each other beautifully and displaying teamwork throughout. On the other hand, though Emerson and Stolle played well, they lacked just enough familiarity to account for the close U.S. victory. It was, in fact, a couple of Alphonse-Gaston bits in the first set that gave the U.S. the two service breaks that meant the set. In the sixth game and then in the 10th—at set point —McKinley hit topspin forehands that dropped in just at the baseline, shots that neither Emerson nor Stolle went after.

The Americans faltered after the first set, losing the next two. At the intermission, U.S. Captain Vic Seixas and Coach Ed Faulkner advised the boys to move more and to concentrate on hitting at Stolle. McKinley was instructed to poach more at the net. The Americans went out fast, breaking Stolle in the second game and holding serve to win the fourth set. It was Stolle that Ralston and McKinley broke in the final set, whipping him at love to go ahead 5–4. The Americans won that key game with devastating returns of service that set up winning volleys. "If you're nervous," Seixas told his team as the players changed courts after the breakthrough, "just think how nervous they must be." McKinley held serve to win the match.

As McKinley threw his racket to heaven in triumph, it seemed as if the U.S. could claim total victory, but Stolle on Sunday and Emerson on Monday put an Australian label on the Davis cup once again. Everyone agreed that the city of Cleveland had done a splendid job as host to the Challenge Round and certainly deserved the chance to do it again. But for the time being that proposition is academic. First somebody has to go to Sydney or Melbourne and get the cup away from Australia—from Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle, that is. It may take awhile. **END**

BUFFALO STANDS FOR THE BILLS





Guarded by 251-pound Fullback Cookie Gilchrist (34), Buffalo Quarterbacks Daryle Lamonica (12) and Jack Kemp (15) had ample time to throw

Ten minutes after the kickoff last Saturday night the narrow streets leading toward War Memorial Stadium in Buffalo were still jammed with cars that would have no place to park even if they got there before the game was over. Thousands of people were being turned away at the gates and were colliding with thousands who were just arriving. It was like the changing of shifts at an aircraft plant. But by the end of the first quarter 40,167 determined fans had somehow squeezed into the old stadium for the most important football game in the history of the Buffalo Bills, and when it was finished nobody threw a beer can—which in Buffalo means the event was an unqualified success.

It was the first time in the five years the American Football League has been in operation that a game was sold out in advance. The last $6 seat—providing a fine view of a steel girder or a wire screen on the backside of a goalpost—was gone before noon on Saturday. At 6:30 some 2,000 standing room tickets went on sale at $3 each and disappeared as fast as they could be shoved through the windows. Although there have been indications for the past couple of years that the AFL was gaining the public fancy, the 52,000 at Shea Stadium two weeks ago and this crowd in Buffalo seem to justify the optimists.

The game had automatic appeal. The Bills already had won two in a row at home and had got back most of the affection they lost by dropping a playoff game to Boston last year for the Eastern Division championship. The opponents this time were the San Diego Chargers, who wear rings proclaiming themselves Champions of the World since the NFL refused to send its champion against them in a playoff last January. In the past the Bills have had a habit of blowing the big games. Buffalo Coach Lou Saban could feel his players tightening up for this one early in the week.

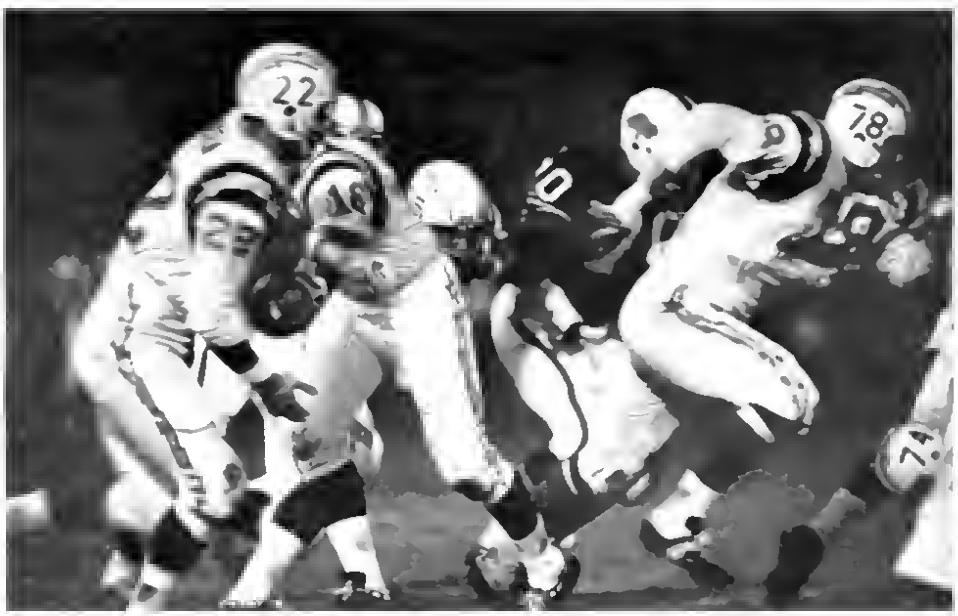
"This is a tension game," Saban said. "I've tried to jive the players to get them loose. But how can you jive them when they're on the ceiling? We have a lot of young people on this squad, including 10 rookies, and tension is bound to come."

The pressure, however, lay as heavy on the Chargers. San Diego beat Houston in the opener but lost the second game to Boston and left on a three-week eastern trip with four key players—Flanker Lance Alworth, Halfback Paul Lowe and Safetymen Dick Harris and George Blair—out with injuries. Defensive Tackles Ernie Ladd and Henry Schmidt and Offensive Tackle Ron Mix were slowed by an assortment of sprains and muscle pulls but could play, and Quarterback Tobin Rote was still bothered by bone chips in his right elbow. That put most of the San Diego offensive burden on Fullback Keith Lincoln. Before the Buffalo game all that was wrong with Lincoln was a sprained knee and a broken finger. "I tried to play last year with three injured backs, and I know how it is," Saban said. "Keeping players physically able to play has become the hardest job in the game."

The Bills had not escaped the first two games unhurt. Halfback Wray Carlton was out of action against San Diego and was replaced by rookie Joe Auer. But the vital man for Buffalo—the remarkable Fullback Cookie Gilchrist—was a picture of aggressive health. The 251-pound Gilchrist is the man who makes the Buffalo offense go. When Gilchrist wallops into the middle of the line it looks like a gang fight. If he is not running or catching, Gilchrist hangs back to pass-block on anybody who evades the excellent Buffalo offensive line. He can deliver two blows on a blitzing linebacker without having to recoil. With Gilchrist acting as bodyguard, playing quarterback for Buffalo is one of the

Even the standing-room tickets were sold out in War Memorial Stadium as a record Buffalo crowd of 40,167 saw the Bills win their third straight game by mauling the Chargers, last year's AFL champions **by EDWIN SHRAKE**





Charger Fullback Keith Lincoln (22) played with broken finger and sprained knee but was the night's leading ground-gainer with 93 yards

pleasanter occupations in professional football.

The 36-year-old Rote had no such advantage. But with Lincoln running courageously nine times for 67 yards in the first quarter against the jittery Bills, Rote moved the Chargers smartly down the field after the kickoff. At the Buffalo 27, Rote decided to let Lincoln rest and tried to throw to Split End Don Norton, who was being guarded by rookie Corner Back George Byrd of Boston University. Byrd got inside Norton, stole the ball and raced 75 yards for a touchdown. "That was the play that woke us up," Saban said. "After that we started hitting them and knocking them down and we weren't nervous anymore." Another Buffalo rookie, Hagood Clarke of Florida, spun 53 yards for a touchdown on a punt return in the second quarter to put the Bills in front 14-3 at the half. Rote was plagued by a strong Buffalo rush and without Alworth and Lowe did not have the weapons for a consistent drive.

But Buffalo Quarterback Jack Kemp, a former Charger, could not get the Bills offense moving, either. San Diego was forced to use two rookies—Corner Back Jim Warren and Safety Ken Graham—on the left side, but Kemp seldom threw into their territory. Instead, he kept Gilchrist whacking at the battered Chargers.

"That's what I want," Gilchrist said. "I think I ought to carry the ball 25 to 30 times a game if I'm really going to be effective. I get stronger as the game goes along. The Chargers were sending a couple of linebackers after me, but all of them were tackling unusually high. They were in a lot of slanting defenses and hands kept grabbing at me, and I tried to keep dragging them. The more of them pile on me, the better it is for our team because that means one of us is getting loose someplace else. Football is a form of life in which you have to work if you're going to accomplish anything."

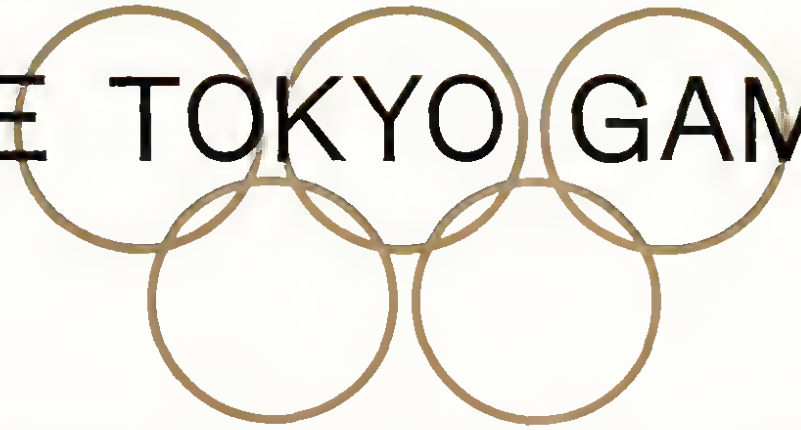
With Buffalo leading 17-3, Saban finally sent in sub Quarterback Daryle Lamonica in the fourth quarter. Lamonica has been accused of lacking imagination and relying too much on Gilchrist. But Lamonica immediately probed the weak Charger pass defense on a long throw to Flanker Elbert Dubenion and then broke Auer at right end for the first touchdown by the Buffalo offense. And, with 24 seconds left, Lamonica threw a 40-yard touchdown pass to the streaking Dubenion, who had beaten Warren in the end zone. Dubenion's extraordinary catch was the finale in a 30-3 Buffalo victory.

Twice the Buffalo fans have expressed their displeasure with the team by a shower of beer cans, some of which had not been emptied. Saturday night the only sad faces belonged to the Chargers and to 200 Charger boosters who flew in from San Diego for the game and had to sit at a corner of the end zone. "Here we travel 3,000 miles and don't even get to see the game," one of them said. "But the way it turned out, maybe it's just as well."

For the Chargers there was a consoling fact. Their next two games—against the Jets in New York and the Patriots in Boston—also may be sellouts. The Chargers, despite winning three Western Division and one league championship in four seasons, have never managed to fill their own home stadium and are considering moving to Anaheim, Calif. with the Los Angeles Angels baseball team.

The Bills—now tied with the Boston Patriots—are easily the best team in the AFL's eastern division at this stage. Next week Buffalo will play at home for the fourth consecutive week, this time against Oakland. In 1965 there will be 7,800 seats added to War Memorial Stadium. The Bills need them now. **END**

THE TOKYO GAMES



Beset by conflicting ideals and moved by a variety of sharply defined emotions, the world's finest amateur athletes gather for the Orient's first Olympiad—and the largest one yet

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

> *"There was only one thing that moved me in Rome, and that was at the closing ceremony. I felt that everyone in that stadium, when all the lights went out and people lit torches, I felt, for two minutes, as though everyone in that stadium was human. In other words, that the blacks, the yellows, the oranges and the whites were one. And I had a sort of feeling that here I was, all of us were witnesses before our time of an inevitable world society. All of us felt in that split second what a load of bloody nonsense it was to go around chopping each other up and arguing and fighting."*
>
> ROBBIE BRIGHTWELL
> Captain, 1964 British Olympic track and field team; contestant, 1960 Olympics.

On October 10 a 19-year-old Japanese boy named Yoshinori Sakai will put the Olympic flame, two months and 10,000 miles removed from its lighting at the ruins of ancient Olympia, into a cradle on the upper rim of the rebuilt Tokyo Stadium and the 1964 Olympic Games will begin. The boy was selected because he was born near Hiroshima the day an atomic bomb was dropped through the open bomb bay of an American B-29. No one alive today was born *in* Hiroshima that day. The exact symbolism is vague, but the torch that the boy carries is an Olympic expression of eternal brotherhood and friendly competition. The ceremony of the torch was restored to the modern Olympic pageant in 1936 by Nazi Germany, whose exercises in brotherhood will not soon be forgotten.

This is the first Olympics to be held in the Orient. Tokyo would have had the 1940 Olympic Games except that the Imperial Japanese government was at that time busy with the kind of competition that ultimately made Hiroshima possible. This is the Roman numeral XVIII Olympiad, but that is a phantom designation. Three Olympics never happened: VI (scheduled for 1916) and XII and XIII (1940 and 1944) were canceled while the world chopped itself up. "It used to be [in ancient Greece] they stopped fighting to stage the Games," said Avery Brundage, the International Olympic Committee president. "Now we stop the Games to have a war."

Twenty years ago the way for an American to see Tokyo was through his periscope or his bombsight. Now he marries Japanese girls at a rate of 2,000 a year, and has learned that the best massage is the patter of tiny Oriental feet up and down the spine. The Japanese—New Democratic Japan—have spent $1.9 billion to dress up ugly old Tokyo for the tidal wave of Olympians and tourists that is coming or has already come. There are 26,753 cab drivers ready to solve the insanities of the Tokyo address system for English-speaking visitors—house No. 14 might be next to house No. 13, but it also might be next to house No. 36. Twenty of the 26,753 cab drivers can speak English.

How much have they grown, these modern Olympic Games? The first, in 1896, in Athens, had 285 athletes from 13 nations, and the winner of the marathon, a Marousian named Spyros Loues, was guaranteed his boots blacked for life while women tore things from their clothing to give him. The next two, in Paris and St. Louis, were sideshows for trade expositions. But things got better. In Rome in 1960, 5,400 athletes from 84 nations competed, and most of them would have run five rings around Spyros Loues. In Tokyo some 6,600 athletes will be housed at the Olympic Village, which cost more to build and renovate—it was a U.S. military housing compound before—than was spent on the first nine Olympics together. The 6,600 will represent 99 nations and, most likely, every ideology, every religion, every philosophical concept known to disturb the mind of man. Five hundred miles from the Japanese coast, looking across the East China Sea, are 800 million Chinese who will not be represented.

What have we learned in 68 years? That the Olympic Games are at once the most wonderful and the most wretched of sporting events. They reflect all that is right with man and all that he cannot make right. They represent more than they

should and do less than they can. They are the resolution of many schisms and the solution to hardly anything (some of the best Olympics were made memorable by the fights that went on around them).

They are the quintessence of amateur athletic prowess, though you must be up on your grammar to know that amateur, where the Olympics are concerned, is a relative noun. The Games are so couched in nationalistic pride and ideological chest-thumping that a gold medal weighing 2 ounces and worth $7 across the counter takes on such proportions that a man can scarcely hang it around his neck without feeling weighted down. A recent public-opinion sampling in Hong Kong indicated that its people are tired of showing a small-nation complex to the world, that just participation in the Olympics is not enough. "It's not important that we merely compete," said Australia's Percy Cerutty. "It's important that we excel." The chance to send star runner George Kerr and, coincidentally, the rest of the Jamaican team to Tokyo may cost the Jamaican government, beset with school, road and water-supply woes, $45,000—but it will spend the money, and Jamaicans do not object. The East and West Germanys will compete under one flag, as one team, and they both object. Avery Brundage once called the combined East-West German team "my greatest Olympic success." East Germany now says there should be three German teams, including West Berlin.

The modern Olympic Games were the inspiration of a young French nobleman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, whose intentions were as honorable as his motive was ulterior—to help his country recover from one of its crushing defeats, the war of 1870. Baron de Coubertin is responsible for the Olympic Creed, which assures the Olympian that "the important thing is not winning but taking part." For all the baron's sound advice, the Olympics never really turned out that way. Winning is unimportant? Winning is everything. And it is not always enough to win by yourself. The group is also important. Michel Jazy, the French distance runner, could see medals practically pouring from heaven as he explained his enthusiastic endorsement of a proposal that a European juggernaut be formed from countries in the Common Market, ostensibly to challenge Russia and the U.S. for team points—points that are unofficial and contrary to the best Olympic intentions. "A European team," said Jazy, "would be world-beaters!"

Political significance? It takes a heap of naivete to be naive enough to take the Olympics for the unencumbered sport they are supposed to be. A U.S. Senator tried to have the Russians banned from the Games in 1956. Russian victories in 1960 were not examples of individual excellence, but of the viability of a new, all-encompassing athletic system. The U.S. Army wanted to know what it could do to improve American expectations in 1964 and 1968. Recently Russian periodicals have been frantically reminding the 1964 Soviet team of the importance of "winning for the forces of socialism," that the Russian people "do not want tourists on our Olympic team" and that any falloff in performance "is difficult to explain to the population." There is some concern now, expressed by *Sovyetski Sport*, that the apparent collapse of the Russian team in the July dual meet with the U.S. at Los Angeles was due to the growth of such "vices" as "individualism, conceit, self-seeking, greed and a passion for Western ways of life."

The American man in the street might not know Ralph Boston from Laurel, Miss., but he finds out in a hurry if Ralph Boston somehow lets down the good old American team at Tokyo. Whatever has he been up to? *Beer*, do you suppose? Sometimes this perspective, though poor to begin with, gets completely fogged in and genuine harm is done. John Thomas, a nervous teen-ager, and Ray Norton, a nervous young adult, failed to win as they were expected to in Rome. They suffered a prolonged and totally unfair agony of criticism and scrutiny. It was not enough that they had been third, fourth or even sixth best in the world; they had not won.

The striking thing—the most beautiful thing—about the Olympics is the way the competitors get along. They trade hats, stories and addresses, and sometimes they fall in love and get married. But there are unhappy incidents, too, and always at least one complaint about accommodations (the U.S. team threatened to quit the 1920 Olympics after they wound up in a barrackslike schoolhouse in Antwerp). On one occasion a Brazilian water polo team was disqualified for precipitating a riot, and an Italian fencer once challenged an official to a duel. A French official was punched in the nose by a pro-German gatekeeper (the team threatened to withdraw on the spot), and a hard-checking U.S. hockey team was accused of rowdyism. Eleanor Holm was dismissed from the 1936 U.S. team on the boat going over and was a pathetic figure weeping in the stands at the opening ceremony.

But most often the trouble that makes its way into print is precipitated outside the Olympic Village, and usually by administrators. Most consistently odious for America, of course, is the jurisdictional dispute between the AAU and the colleges, a dispute that has survived the years (it has been going on since 1896, at the first Olympics), and was twice—in 1928 and again in 1962—arbitrated by the late General Douglas MacArthur. "MacArthur restored harmony" was a way of describing failures to resolve the dispute. The most recent case of bad judgment was a quote attributed to the AAU's Don Hull implying that American athletes under college scholarships could be disqualified by the IOC as professionals. His reasoning may have been dubious but his timing was propitious—he was reported to have said it during the week of the final U.S. track and field trials, when half of the finalists were college athletes. Fortunately, no more undermining was done and the issue passed.

Professionalism has been an inevitable charge at Olympic Games from the time the Emperor Nero fell out of a chariot race and declared himself the winner. The ancient Games rotted away because of the foul trade in athletic ability and were discontinued in 393 A.D. Modern Olympians have shown they are up to the same mistakes, but more often

continued

than not the incidents are more sad than scandalous. The magnificent Jim Thorpe had to return the gold medals he won at Stockholm in 1912 when someone discovered he had played a summer of semipro baseball in North Carolina two years before; Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, was shot down padding his expense account. Last month Mogens Frey, the Danish cyclist, was involved in a doping scandal and was dismissed from his team.

No two countries have the same standards of amateurism, and the professional problem is so confusing and the



An injured neck and a rugged Czech could block Al Oerter's third gold medal.

experience of coping with it so unsettling that this week the chancellor of the International Olympic Committee, Otto Mayer, resigned. He had threatened to do so for some time. An English sports columnist said Mayer had become "fed up with shamateurism," the absence of the Olympic spirit, the nonexistence of the real amateur, the "blatant advertisement that makes the Games open season to a future lucrative professional career." It would be cynical to say that Mr. Mayer is not abreast of the times, but it would not be wrong to say that the problem is too broad in scope and subject to too many cultures and too many interpretations to bend like linguini into one flat pasta. A man's worth often is in direct proportion to his reputation, and therefore is it possible for a champion *not* to profit from his reputation? At what point do you determine that reputation has become a vehicle for "cashing in"?

Ultimately, of course, it narrows down to the individual Olympian, *his* excellence and what *he* does with it. Who are the Olympians of 1964? What do they think of their participation, the significance of their quest, the practicality of Baron de Coubertin's honorable creed, the price of a good cup of sake? Is it enough for them just to take part? The 1964 Olympians, many of the best of whom are pictured in their native countries beginning on page 43, come from Copenhagen and Prague, from Kingston, Barcelona, Belo Horizonte and Pampa, Texas. They speak in broad accents, and no accents, and some hardly speak at all. They do not all have pure hearts, and some would not argue with the poet that "If I should lose, let me stand by the road and cheer as the winner goes by," because they would think him daft. Some make great sacrifices to compete; others do not. Some are children of a great Depression, some of concentration camps. Some of them eat pheasant, and some of them eat pigeons they have caught with their hands. They are separately molded by separate societies, and they are variously motivated. They are all Olympians.

Robbie Brightwell is 25, very British and a high school geography teacher in Kingston, 10 miles southwest of London. No geography teacher in the world can run 400 meters faster than Robbie Brightwell. He was born in Rawalpindi, on the northwest frontier of India above the Ganges, the son of a British army officer. He remembers India as a place where he sneaked across a wall with his brother and sister to hunt birds and snake eggs and conduct scorpion races. At 15, at school in England, he "suddenly realized that I alone was responsible for my destiny."

"The 400 meters is an event for men," says Brightwell, who analyzes everything. "You must be calm but almost savage, have supreme confidence in yourself, be able to take punishment and still come up. Many athletes haven't the ability to punish themselves. I always feel intensely aroused when I lose. The ultimate victor is the one who perseveres."

When he trains, Robbie says, he nearly always ends up feeling ill "and very, very tired. Is it worth it? All the time you realize you are running for Britain. People expect you to win, and this hurts more than the physical punishment. My whole family is involved with this, the people up my street, the people in my town, the people at my school. Why do I inflict this pain upon myself, running in all weathers, with people laughing at the funny man? I don't know. A few years ago a psychologist said that this type of thing had one of three answers: a) you hated your father, b) you came from an insecure environment, or c) you came from an environment where there was little money. Which one applies to me? None.

"As far as I'm concerned, there's only one thing that drives me. I want to do well. I want to be the best. Sometimes, you know, I get so mixed up I don't know what I'm doing. The Olympics, I am vaguely aware of them—I know that on a certain day in mid-October I am going to run my bloody guts out."

Captain of the British team, Brightwell is also its unquestioned leader. Because of him, he says, "without being egotistical," it is a better team. He has shown them "a

continued

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sense of leadership, a sense of fair play. They do not mind that I have had differences with the British board, and *will* have, too, as long as they act in a bloody hamhanded manner." (Brightwell goes rigid when it is brought to mind that the British Olympic Committee is financed mainly by whist drives, film premieres and garden fetes, and he was shaken recently when the government saw fit to contribute a beggarly £30,000. Said Robbie, "Makes you think they're ashamed of our sportsmen.")

"I am facing perhaps one of the greatest trials in my life, a test of my character and fortitude. I am expecting nothing from Tokyo itself, it is just the place where the Games are being held. They could be held in Timbuktu, I'd feel the same. In dear old England a lot of athletes have thought their main task is getting on the team. That is only the preliminary and secondary factor."

Hans-Joachim Klein is 22, a student of industrial engineering at Darmstadt in West Germany. He is a contender for a swimming medal at 100 meters. He lives alone in a small room on the second floor of a modern house on Heinrichstrasse, with his tape recorder, typewriter, medals, cups, plaques, souvenirs. He is the son of a prosperous state judge, and likes the theater and the opera, jazz and the twist ("for training purposes"). He is the stereotype of the clean-cut college youth, short-cut hair blonder than blond falling over a high forehead, eyes clear blue, strong chin, easy smile.

Hans Klein says that swimming is not the center of his life. "If it were," he says, "I'd be bored to death. Most of my friends aren't swimmers." He has no car; the girls drive him. He has no use for the military ("Germany is just too small today"). He spent a year at the University of Southern California training, and admits that he did not—and has not and will not—kill himself in the practice pool. "I just swim." He thinks the rigorous American training routine burns out U.S. swimmers fast. "They last only two or three years, then they go psychologically stale." Klein competed at Rome in 1960, but says he was too bedazzled to do anything—he was 10th in the 400-meter freestyle.



Freestyler Don Schollander heads a fleet of supremely talented U.S. swimmers.



Fastest 100-meter man, Bob Hayes, must withstand history's swiftest field to win.

"The fact that I am representing Germany is not particularly important to me. In a way, it's sort of ridiculous. I feel it's competition between individuals and I don't feel any burning patriotism. It's the sense of personal satisfaction that is important, not giving all for the state. I have sacrificed nothing for the Olympics. If I did win, it would probably mean some very good connections later here in Germany. But this does not mean much to me. The big satisfaction is simply swimming."

Ludvik Danek is 27 years old, a Czechoslovakian who does not talk politics because in his country it is not polite, and it might also get you tossed into the jug. On August 2, in the small Bohemian town of Turnov, Danek produced an international thunderbolt—he threw the discus 211 feet 9½ inches to beat Al Oerter's world record by almost six feet. One of the world press agencies reported the terrain there was sloped, but that was not true. Since then Danek has been consistently near that record, and now he is going to Japan to see if he can beat the American Oerter face to face.

"Olympics—for me they mean competition with Oerter," he says. "I respect this adversary. I have been reading all about him, all I can lay my hands on. The last thing I heard, his ancestors on his mother's side originally came from Czechoslovakia. That is nice. But I suppose it is nothing special because every American's ancestors came from Europe originally."

Danek was born in the village of Blansko in Moravia and has never strayed so far away that he cannot motorbike home to visit his mother two or three times a week. Once he had an accident on his motorbike, the year he returned from the army, and the doctor looked at his torn kidney and said he would never throw the discus again. Danek did not listen. "I could not," he said, "stop

continued

being a sportsman at age 22. I started training, but really hard. Lifting weights of 150 kilos every day left blue marks on my neck. I lived like a recluse. I felt that I had to prove what man can do if he has the will to do it."

Danek works in a factory, turning a lathe. This summer he packed his wife on the back of his motorbike and toured the mountains and valleys of Slovakia. "To see Japan, to see Tokyo, the largest city of the world, that, for a small man of a small country in Europe, can only be a dream," he said. "Especially if this man is a common worker and not a businessman, a journalist, a diplomat. I wish—I wish the discus throw was on the first day of the Olympics, and that I had a chance to see Tokyo afterward. I am not very young anymore, and these are my first but quite likely also my last Olympic Games."

Henry Da Sousa is 43 years old, a small man, born of Portuguese and Chinese parents from Macao—and of a type you notice on the street only if he has missed the litter basket. He is a civil servant in Hong Kong, and one of its leading sportsmen, though Hong Kong probably does not know it.

He did not demonstrate a facility for shooting a rifle as a member of the Hong Kong Volunteer Defense Corps in 1937, so Henry Da Sousa wound up, not unhappily, as a range finder for six-inchers in the navy coastal defense. He was captured by the Japanese in 1941, and spent four years in a makeshift POW camp in Kowloon before being shipped to Japan to work in a coal mine. In 1951 Henry's brother lent him money to purchase his first rifle, a .22 caliber bolt-action Remington. Da Sousa was then employed as a clerk in an electrical firm, which earned him enough for his food but kept his ammunition not only dry but unpurchased.

"I spent the first six months practicing in my living room —without bullets," he recalls. "After work each evening I would lie down on the carpet and squeeze the trigger, carefully watching the movement of the gun after each shot. The idea was to control the movement and make it consistent." At the age of 30 Da Sousa, who had not fired a bullet for 14 years, took a bus to the colony's annual shooting competition and wound up in the Governor's Twenty (the winner's circle). Today one of the closets in the Da Sousa flat contains 180 shooting trophies.

Da Sousa can now afford all the bullets he wants. He is the senior land assistant in the district office of Tsuen Wan, an industrial township on the outskirts of Kowloon, and he earns $500 a month and lives expansively with his Chinese wife and six children and his German Anschutz bolt-action .22. In 1955 he cut out smoking because smoking affected his heartbeat on the firing line. Since 1958 he has never spent less than six hours a week at target practice. "I have never," he says, "touched a drop of alcohol. My wife does not expect to be taken out more than five nights a year. Since training for Tokyo, which began almost immediately after my return from Rome [where he was 41st in a field of 90] ,I've had no night life at all. Late nights definitely affect my shooting. My wife, God bless her, has never complained."

His friends know Henry Da Sousa as a man who is almost inaudible. He does not talk about himself at all, except to say that "this Olympic business has not changed me—I'm my same old self." He does not talk, either, of what he pointedly calls "the Great Value of the Olympics," except to say that at Rome he never once heard a political discussion in the village for athletes. He has rather strong feelings about the Japanese, developed from the war. But he also remembers a day in Rome when he was doing poorly and a Japanese competitor came to him with some ammunition to help him change his luck.

George Kerr will be 27 on October 16, so he will celebrate his birthday in Tokyo, though he is no great shakes as a celebrator. He is a self-effacing, monosyllabic farm boy from the Jamaican backwoods district called Maryland, and he is very much like Henry Da Sousa in that he is the last man he ever talks about when he is talking, which is mostly never. He would rather run than talk—and he runs 800 meters almost as fast as anybody in the world.

George Kerr is the youngest of four brothers of strict Baptist upbringing. The hard life on their Jamaican farm made him self-reliant, single-minded, patient, and the Baptist upbringing made him so humble that he fairly flees when there is a possibility he might be called on to sound important. His coach, Herb McKenley, who ran in the Olympics in 1948 and 1952, speaks and schemes for him, and a few years back saw to it that he was offered scholarships to get into two universities in the U.S., Illinois and Oregon State.

"George was in Chicago when he met his wife. She was a schoolteacher, and he asked her to marry him, but he wouldn't set the date until I met her and passed judgment. I think she is right for him. She is probably the only girl



Dallas Long, most powerful of all, leads powerhouse trio that will sweep shotput.

he ever looked at seriously in all the years I have known him. In our travels together he is the one man you could always be sure wasn't horsing around somewhere."

George Kerr is deathly afraid of being poor again. He studied entomology at college because he could not imagine ever being too far removed from farming, and he has scouted around to see where he can put his education and reputation to best possible use. As a runner, he has been found lacking in aggressiveness, and at Tokyo it is a factor that might cost him. "It is true, he is not aggressive, I know that. He likes to be at peace with everyone and everything," says McKenley. "You watch him before the race. You will see him go off by himself and be very quiet. That is when he is praying."

Kanoko Mabuchi is the 26-year-old daughter of a Kobe painter, a graduate of Kwansei Gakuin University, where she majored in esthetics. She is now the color and design consultant for Kurashiki Rayon of Osaka, which pays her $83 a month even when she's off in formful pursuit of the high and springboard diving championships of Japan, which she has won every year since 1954. She looks like a teen-ager, Kanoko, with her short hair and her round happy face. She is married to another diver, Ryo Mabuchi, 31, who coaches her. She has a recurring dream. "What else could a childless wife dream of? Why, that's to have a child," she says. "After the Tokyo Games."

"To me the Olympics means but one thing—the finest possible festival of the finest possible youths from around the globe, the cream of the world of tomorrow," says Kanoko. She speaks with great reverence. "I learned in Rome the vital importance of the Olympics as a means of insuring the peace tomorrow. Now my own country is hosting this important occasion, an honor that very much likely will not be repeated in my lifetime. Win or lose, I am going to cherish every moment. Later, when I feel beat because of a problem which seems insurmountable, then I may tell myself, 'Have you forgotten your Olympic honor? You must do better than that, because, after all, once you were an Olympian!'"

The Games begin October 10 and last 14 days. Once they were just a handful of sports, now they are 20 men's sports and six for women, and at the final accounting the 6,600 who can later say they were Olympians will have decided the distribution of 499 medals, gold (first place), silver (second) and bronze (third). Until 1956 it was generally conceded ahead of time that a majority of the medals would go to athletes from the United States, which took the Games seriously when others did not. (In the last 14 summer Olympics, American athletes have won 1,078 medals, nearly three times as many as the nearest rival nation, Great Britain, with 445. In gold medals, the U.S. is ahead 469 to Britain's 130.) In 1956, however, the Soviet Union put its great hulk behind an Olympic effort, and the resultant competition at the top—imagine, the Americans having competition!—had a vitalizing effect on the entire world.

In 1960, when the Russians actually outscored the U.S. in total points and medals and officials here were probing through a veil of Bromo-Seltzer bubbles to get at the answer, alarmists publicly concluded that the Russians, who had scored heavily in events Americans traditionally regard with disregard (gymnastics, Greco-Roman wrestling), had caught us with our track and field down. Track and field is the showcase of, and the best reason for, the Olympics, and the U.S. has always been supreme. Indeed, the Russians had made serious inroads into our superiority, but the major blows struck at Rome were multinational and not Russian at all: Germany's Armin Hary (100 meters), Italy's Livio Berruti (200 meters), New Zealand's Peter Snell (800 meters) won in events Americans had come to think of as private property. It was embarrassing, yes, but it was also refreshing —competition from all over.



Better-than-ever Ralph Boston resumes his duel with Russia's Ter-Ovanesyan.

How, then, will the U.S. do this time? Better than ever, perhaps, and perhaps no better. The track and field team is the best ever assembled, one that by proven performances could break 15 of the 24 Olympic records. The Germans will not be as strong (Hary is fat and retired), the Russians have nothing new to offer (their best are older and, despite the electrical prodding of *Sovietski Sport*, looking tired). From where, then, will trouble come in this world of emerging athletic awareness? From more places than ever, that's where.

Bob Hayes will have to contend with the hunger of a Cuban, Enrique Figuerola, and a Canadian, Harry Jerome, at 100 meters, for example. Henry Carr has Trinidad's Edwin

continued

Roberts, Italy's Sergio Ottolina and Malaysia's Manicka Jegathesan to press him at 200 meters. Trinidad's Wendell Mottley should beat Mike Larrabee at 400 meters. And, like a recurring nightmare, there is Peter Snell (*see page 56*). At 800 meters or 1,500 meters, the powerful New Zealander is practically unbeatable, this despite reports that he had a slow, beatable summer (January and February, that is). American strength is such, however, that should Snell falter he could be taken in either or both—if Morgan Groth does not beat him at 800 meters, then Dyrol Burleson or Tom O'Hara could beat him at 1,500. And at 5,000 meters, an event an American has never won, Bob Schul is favored to upset Australia's Ron Clarke. Clarke, in turn, will extract his pound of flesh from, among others, Gerry Lindgren at 10,000 meters (a pound is about all the 119-pound Lindgren can afford).

Hayes Jones, Rex Cawley and Jay Luck continue to make us the best hurdlers in the world, but we now have the German, Manfred Preussger, to bother Fred Hansen and John Pennel in the pole vault; Poland's Edward Czernik to cut us farther back in the high jump; and Danek favored over Oerter in the discus. And for the first time since 1928 we will not win the decathlon. Formosa's C. K. Yang, second to Rafer Johnson in 1960, moves up, with Johnson retired. There is no Johnson or Bob Mathias on the American horizon. There is, however, a reasonable facsimile of Wilma Rudolph. Edith McGuire will sweep the 100 and 200 meters and provide the women's team with a good enough reason to make the trip.

American swimmers, too, are better than ever, if possible, and could win more medals than all the other nations put together. The great unknown is the Australians, who could contend in any of 10 races. They are unknown because they went into training on August 1 and haven't been heard from since. In basketball we have been looking over our shoulders for some time, and now, sure enough, the opposition is catching up. The Europeans, especially, have lost their clumsiness and are better shooters. They have even added the jump shot. The American team is not as good as it was in 1960, but it is possible that no amateur team ever will be.

We get better in gymnastics every year, but where we have one good gymnast the Russians and the Japanese always can counter with 10. In sports where our performers have at best been inconsistent, there are new American names to be considered as medal candidates: Jackie Simes, the cyclist; Don Spero, a single-sculler who could be the first U.S. winner since John Kelly in 1920; and three excellent wrestlers to follow the line of American successes of 1960—Dan Brand, Gray Simons and Greg Ruth. Once dominant in weight lifting, we are now third best, for no particularly sound reason. The boxing team will be strong again, superior in technique to anyone, and led by a flashy 156-pounder named Toby Gibson who has won 64 of 68 amateur fights.

On the 14th day of the XVIII Olympiad, it will have been determined that the Americans did exceedingly well, just well enough—barely—to accumulate more medals than the Russians. This will give *Sovyetski Sport* cause to breathe a heavier editorial breath, but it will not in the least impress Robbie Brightwell as significant. In Brightwell's way of thinking, the elements of Olympic significance are more than just gold, silver and bronze.

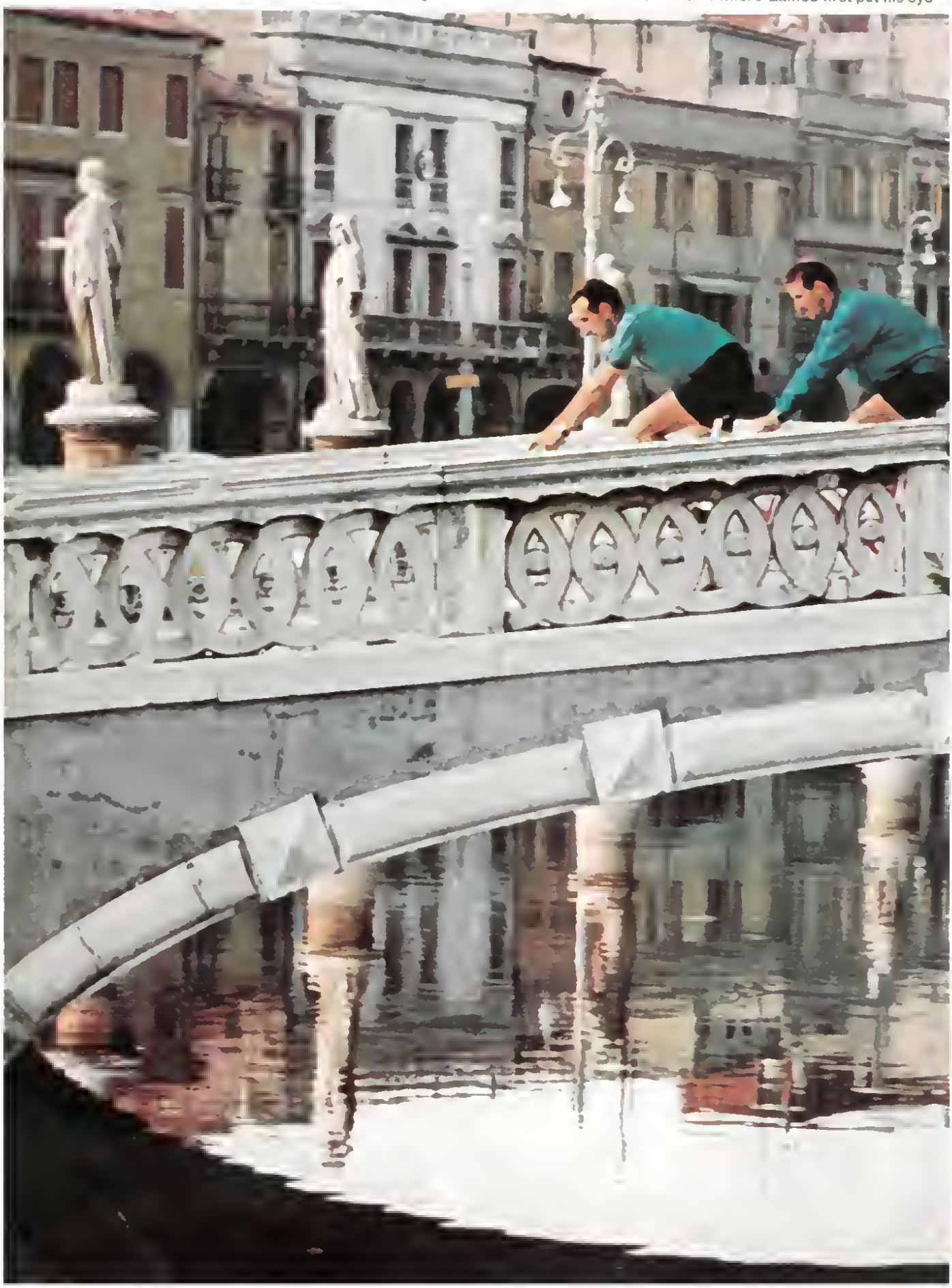
FROM FARAWAY PLACES

In the vast and various arenas where the pageantry of the XVIII Olympic Games will soon be on display, the identities of the hundreds of participating athletes will be swallowed up in the continual swirl and flash of competition. For fleeting moments, of course, a figure will step out of the melee and pause upon a pedestal, but the name and nationality of a winner offer scant insight into who he really is and what he might be like. Beginning with the Turkish wrestler opposite and continuing on the following pages, the gap of anonymity is fractionally closed by photographs of a few of the men and women who are expected to win gold or silver medals in Tokyo. All were pictured against a native background, because it was in these faraway places that they have trained—sometimes for months and sometimes for years—for the big moment in Japan.

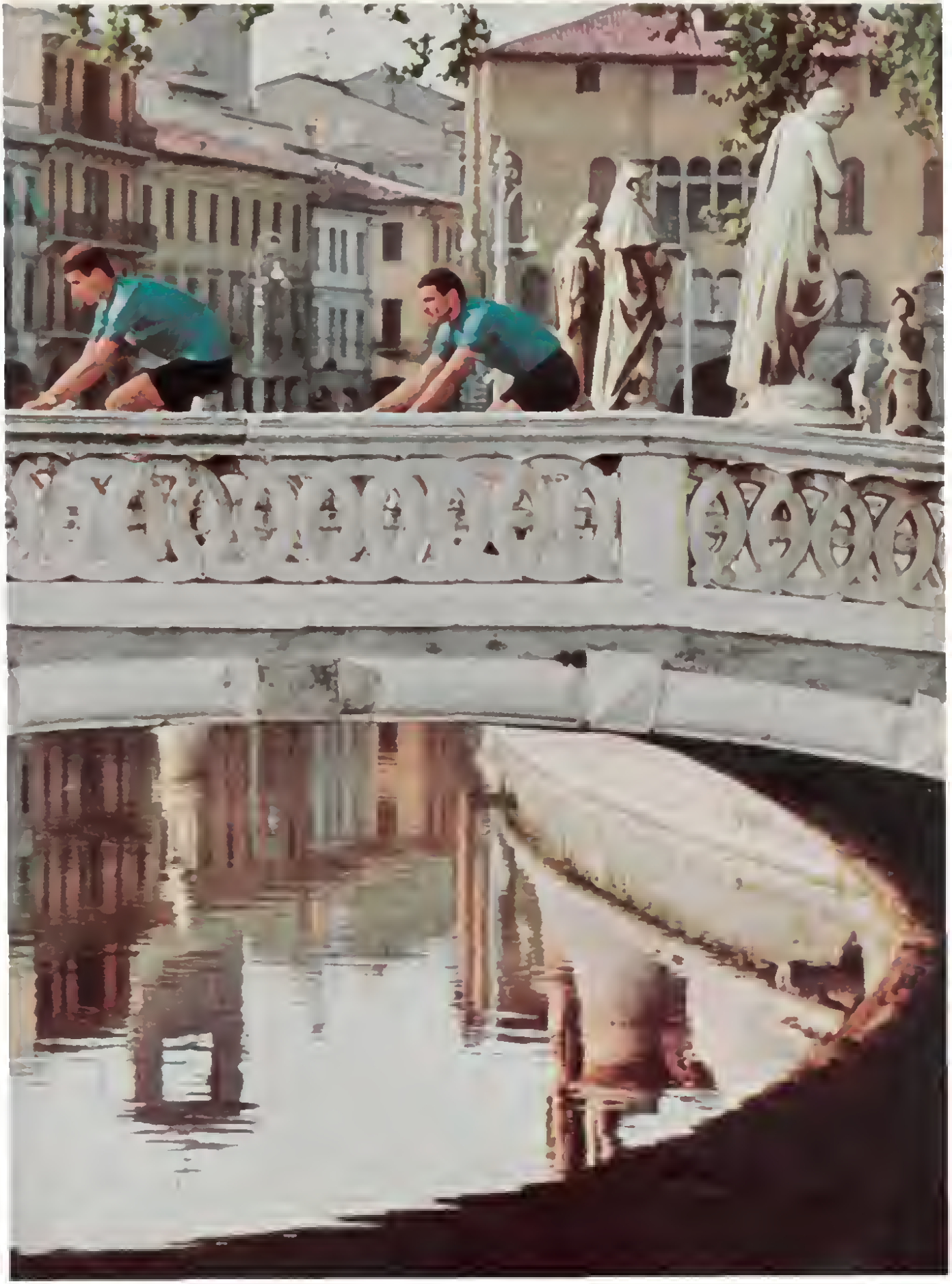
Turkish wrestler Yavuz Selekman stands, a smoothly muscled athlete, before Istanbul's many-domed Blue Mosque.



Italian cyclists spin over the bridge of an ancient canal in Padua, the town where Galileo first put his eye



to a telescope. Two of the men shown here in training were on Italy's 1960 team, which won five cycling gold medals.





French fencer Jean-Claude Magnan (left) a candidate for a foils medal forms a link with antique [illegible] an Arles [illegible]



Dutch judoka Anton Geesink, as big as a windmill is an anomaly he may win a gold medal in Japan s national sport

English weight lifter from Jamaica, Louis Martin (right), as staunch as the Tower of London, should outlift his Russian peers



Russian javelin thrower Janis Lusis, a native of Latvia, stands poised beneath heroic 17th century Cossack liberator in Kiev.



Australian distance runner Ron Clarke with herdsmen and 650 sheep for company, jogs across the



open spaces of Victoria in a daily practice run of 20 miles. At 27, Clarke holds the world record in the 10,000 meters.



Russian gymnast Larisa Latinina (right), on a hill overlooking Moscow, displays the form that won three medals in Rome.



Danish 5.5-meter yachtsman William Berntsen, practicing off Copenhagen harbor, may improve on his 1960 silver medal.



Pakistani field hockey players, members of one of the world's two best teams—India has the other—



practice daily from dawn to dusk in this Kiplingesque setting of rugged rocks and lacy mosques in the Himalayan hills.







THE FASTEST IS FASTER

BY GILBERT ROGIN

On the afternoon of September 5, Peter Snell, the world record holder for the mile, half mile and 800 meters, as well as the half mile and 1,000 yards indoors, got out of his Austin station wagon in a bleak suburb of Auckland to run the five-mile anchor leg for the Owairaka Amateur Athletic and Harrier Club A team in the Calliope and Western Suburbs Clubs Seven-man Round the Harbour Relay. As Snell set off down the sidewalk, dodging three schoolgirls in green jumpers who were out for a jog, his wife, Sally, drove ahead to give him his time for the first mile.

All told, 39 teams were competing in the 37-mile race, including a representative women's team which recorded a faster time than some of the men. The turnout of 273 harriers was unexceptional for New Zealand. Within half an hour of Snell's unheralded victory in the 800 meters at the 1960 Olympic Games, he had replaced Sir Edmund Hillary at the head of the national pantheon, and running became an enduring fad. There are, for instance, groups of joggers, middle-aged men who plod a half hour a day to keep fit. "Sunday morning about 50 of us turn out," says their leader, Colin Kay of Auckland. "We run a bit of flat, a bit of hill. It's very beautiful at 8 a.m. We're free and easy. We keep the pace down to the slowest man. It's all very sociable." One Saturday last August, a Mrs. Millie Sampson, a 31-year-old mother of two who lives in the Auckland suburb of Manurewa, went dancing until 1 a.m. The next day she cooked dinner for 11 visitors. In between, she ran the marathon in 3:19.33, presumably a record. And the same day that Snell was taking part in the relay, one John Young, 21, completed a 10½-day, 430-mile run from Wellington to Auckland and announced, "I am as fit as a trout."

The relay was Snell's first race since July 4, when he had finished third in a seven-and-a-half-mile cross-country race, defeating his compatriots, the world-class distance runners Murray Halberg, Bill Baillie and Barry Magee. Snell has not run a mile since April 11, when he did a tolerable 3:58.5, or the half mile since March 7, when he did 1:48.5. This suits him fine. "Obscurity," he says. "That's what I want." Snell does not mean that he wishes to avoid fame and its responsibilities; it is just that he would prefer that the opposition did not know how well he was running. Now it is spring in New Zealand, but the past winter, which everyone agrees was "really shocking," cold and so wet that moss grew on the sidewalks in the heart of Auckland, served his purpose.

Snell admits he ran poorly early this year. "There were

continued

Powerful Peter Snell runs on the black sands of New Zealand's Piha Beach.

three reasons," he said after lunch the other day. "The first was my adjustment to marriage." "Really!" Sally said. "That sounds reasonable, doesn't it?" Snell said. "I usually end up taking the brunt of everything," Sally said. "Pete's landlady was so good-hearted, she did every mortal thing for him. He had no responsibilities before he got married. Now he has to look after me, the house and the garden." "I was fortunate she more or less adopted me as a son, Mrs. Warren," Snell said of his landlady.

He went on to relate that the second reason was a rift, since healed, between himself and his coach, Arthur Lydiard. Their estrangement was due to Lydiard's resentment of a statement made by Snell in a magazine article last year and it continued well into 1964. "The big advantage of having a coach," Snell said, "apart from his knowledge, is the inspiration he imparts. Arthur makes you feel the tremendous possibilities within your power. I need someone sympathetic to lean on. I can't withstand the stresses by myself. A wife is no good for this. When Arthur wiped us off, it was necessary to go to someone with my problems. It's a weakness in my makeup. Then the other runners, their families, ostracized us. The whole thing was very childish, but I was concerned about it. It constituted an upset." The third reason, he said, was the excessive number of speeches he had to make for his firm, Rothmans, the cigarette manufacturer.

Snell hit bottom on January 21, when he was badly beaten in a mile by John Davies. "Was I second?" he said. "Third. My time was about 4.05." "His training was very bitsy," Sally explained. "And it was pouring heaven's hard as well." "I never heard you say that, Sally," Snell said. "Say what, Pete?" "Heaven's hard. You never use that expression." "I use it once in a while," she said. "It sounds stupid," Snell said. "It was raining." Sally said. "I don't perform well on a damp track." Snell said, and went on to say that shortly thereafter he came down with gastroenteritis, as well.

Despite these calamities, Snell is the overwhelming favorite in the 1,500 at the Olympics, and in the 800, too, if he chooses to run it, and for sufficient reason. First of all, no one who will be opposing him at Tokyo has ever come within a second of his record times for the mile (3:54.4) or the half (1:45.1). (Snell has never run a 1,500-meter race, but he feels, in essence, that he has triumphed in the half because he has greater stamina than his swifter opponents and, on the other hand, that his success in the mile is due to his superior speed. The 1,500, which is some 120 yards short of the mile, may thus be close to his ideal distance.) Secondly, Snell did not begin training seriously until the week *after* his 3:58.5 mile. From that date the quantity and quality of his training have surpassed anything he had done previously. In fact, his performances during the dismal winter months have convinced him that he will soon be capable of running the mile in 3:50.

Arthur Lydiard once predicted Snell would do 3:48. "He would've if he hadn't gotten a swelled head and stagnated," Lydiard said recently. "After he broke the world records he went haywire—racing and racing, wearing his condition down, looking jaded. He became confused." Lydiard, a small, freckled, messianic and intractable man, is quite satisfied that he has hit upon the most beneficial way to prepare for the middle-distance events. He has no use for interval training, the system evolved in Scandinavia and followed by Franz Stampfl, who coached Roger Bannister. "They're trying to develop stamina through speed," Lydiard says scathingly. Nor does he believe in the Spartan regime of Percy Cerutty, who was Herb Elliott's coach. "You must exhaust yourself systematically and sensibly," Lydiard says. "Not go ahead and kill yourself. You must train and not strain." Furthermore, he thinks that special diets, calisthenics and weight lifting are either inefficient or unnecessary. "I'm very weak in the arms, you know," Snell says. "I've purposely neglected my upper body. If I swam a couple of laps in the Tepid Baths, my arms would feel like they'd drop off." The Tepid Baths, a vast, steamy place, is Auckland's only heated pool.

Lydiard's training program is divided into three phases: distance running, hill work and track work. Distance running is designed to build up stamina. Lydiard believes he can develop stamina in any athlete. He claims, for instance, that if Henry Carr, who is the fastest man in the world over 220 yards, would put himself in his hands, "he would smash the half-mile and mile records with consummate ease."

Snell began his distance running on April 18. Ten weeks later, when he concluded it, he had run a total of 1,012 miles. If at all feasible, he ran the same mileage each day of the week: 10 miles on Mondays, 15 on Tuesdays, 12 on Wednesdays, 18 on Thursdays, 10 on Fridays, 15 on Saturdays and 22 on Sundays. As he became more fit, Snell was able to maintain an average speed of seven miles per hour over variable terrain. One of Lydiard's bywords is "undulating." "Hills, not mountains!" he will say. "The more hills the better! Undulating! Undulating!" Snell figures he can reckon his pace in a race to within a fifth of a second. "I'm damn near as reliable as a motor car in judging 10 miles," he says. "If I run 70 minutes, I'm within 200 yards of it." Snell can go at a faster rate, of course, but it is a Lydiard dictum that the key to training is controlled speed. "You must always know you can do a little bit better," Lydiard says.

For these daily jaunts, Snell would generally set out at 5:30 p.m. Before long it would be dark, and he would be running by the lights of the streetlamps. He would alter his routes to alleviate the monotony, but the suburbs are all much alike, the streets bordered with pollarded plane trees, the houses roofed with corrugated iron painted red or with tiles, and each having its patch of lawn, its fruit tree, a bit of a garden. On Sundays he would run in the morning, going up into the Waitakeres, a considerable range of hills on the outskirts of the city. There he would follow a road which winds through the native forest of punga (a tree fern), manuka (the tea tree), kauri (a tall tree that secretes a useful resin) and rimu, or red pine. At some points he could see the Pacific or the Tasman Sea. During the cross-country season Snell would occasionally run through the grasslands of Cornwall Park, scattering the sheep before him, in the summer he sometimes runs on a track through the bush for the novelty of it. "I find 100 miles a week a great struggle," he says.

On June 27, Snell commenced six weeks of work on what he and his fellow runners call "the Circuit." It is, roughly, a square, two-mile course in the suburban area of Blockhouse Bay, and was selected for its imposing hills. The

purpose of the Circuit is to strengthen the legs. Snell would climb the hills in slow, exaggerated bounds, rather in the manner of a ballet dancer crossing a stage, and then run pell-mell downhill. He would do the Circuit as many as four times in a single training session, and follow it with a little work on the level. For instance, the entry in his training diary for July 6 reads: "Circuit X 4 laps in atrocious conditions, but ran very strongly downhill in speed work. 400¼ effort. 700 (30 yd. dashes) 400¼ effort." The power poles in Auckland are 30 yards apart, so in his 700 Snell would sprint a power pole, jog a power pole.

On August 12, Snell began his track work, which, naturally, is designed to build up speed. There is not a single decent all-weather track in New Zealand, which makes Lydiard exceedingly bitter. Last month Baillie and Magee had sore legs from working out on unsuitable surfaces. "New Zealand," Lydiard says, "is a small country. The people have small minds in many ways. All they do for you is pat you on the back. We have trained for the Olympics by running down roads in hailstorms dodging cars." New Zealanders run, for the most part, on grass tracks, but these are worthless during the winter. As a result, Snell trained either at Lovelock Track, a quarter-mile bitumen oval which lacks a proper surface because the money is not forthcoming, or at Alexandra Park, a five-furlong, crushed-limestone harness track. "This is the Yonkers of New Zealand," Snell says wryly. "On a very modest scale. You could say we are following in the footsteps of Cardigan Bay." This is a local pacer that is being raced with signal success in the U.S. While he is doing his speed work, Snell rises every morning at 6:30 and runs around the perimeter of a nearby golf course for a half hour or more, so it is not unusual for him to put in more than 75 miles a week in this phase.

The workouts at Alexandra Park are quite informal. One day last month Halberg warmed up by jogging a lap with his 4-year-old daughter. Subsequently, Snell, Halberg, Ray Puckett, the marathon runner, and Mrs. Avis McIntosh, the hurdler, ran several handicapped 100s which were started by a 12-year-old girl who happened by. Another day Snell ran 220s with Miss Doreen Porter, the sprinter. Snell's track work varies greatly. On August 15 he had what was, perhaps, his most spectacular session. Snell ran 20 440s, with a quarter-mile jog in between, at an average of 61.5, the last eight averaging 61. It must be kept in mind that this was done in wintertime on an inadequate track. Snell was highly gratified by this effort, particularly by the times of the last eight quarters; the best he had ever done before for this drill was 62. (Incidentally, John Davies, who was Snell's nemesis last season, beating him on five occasions, says he, too, has run 20 quarters in 61.5. Since his previous low was 65, Davies must be regarded as having an excellent chance for a medal in the 1,500 at Tokyo.) On August 17, Snell did 20 220s at a 27.83 average, also splendid time. On August 18 he did a 14:35 three-mile, and on August 19 he turned in five poor 880s. "I was feeling the effects of my two great bursts," he explains. On August 21, Snell pulled a thigh muscle, which has now mended. In early September, dissatisfied with his training, especially a vile 2:02 half, the first quarter of which was run into the teeth of a strong, cold wind blowing down the backstretch at Alexandra Park, he stopped making entries in his diary. "I got to a pitch where I couldn't care less whether I missed the Olympics," he says. "There are times in your training when you wonder how on earth you could run a 4:30 mile, let alone a four-minute. My training had been fantastic. Then I hit a flat spot. I lost a few days because of my injury and because I was feeling sick of athletics. I had frenetically set my goal on the 1,500 to the exclusion of everything else. . . . Suddenly you find you are no longer flogging yourself along. You no longer have the ability to punish yourself."

On September 8, Snell ran four quarters in 53.3, 53.6, 53.4 and 54.3—the latter as his thigh began to bother him. He had planned to run 55s. "It's quite pleasing," he said afterwards. "When you've lost it, you have no idea how you feel. This will make all the difference to me mentally. When I did those 220s in 27.8, I was supposed to be doing them in 29. Was I going too fast, I asked myself. There is a danger, you know, of overdoing it. Or could this mean my training times have to be considered in terms of a 3:50 mile? I feel everything has to be revised now. Perhaps I should be running 53s. I've never been a 3:50 miler, so this is all supposition. From now on I'm training to be a 3:50 miler. From now on my training times have to be better. I've got to aim for it. Positive thinking is necessary here. I've tended to underestimate myself, so when I did far better I got a mental lift, but I don't think the conservative approach is wholly to my advantage."

"To run a 3:50 mile," Snell says, "you have to run the first three quarters evenly in at least 2:56, then do a 54 last lap. Preferably faster than 2:56. I doubt my ability to run much faster than 54 for the last lap at that pace. The first three laps of a mile race are a formality. The race starts with a lap to go, with 300 yards to go. I'm the half-miler in the mile, so the slower the pace the better. My advantage is speed. When I sprint I open a gap of five, 10 yards. I can maintain a full sprint for 200 yards. One reason I look around so much in the straight is that in me I've got a reserve I can't tap unless it's absolutely necessary. My own will cannot make me use this reserve. If I look around and see someone like Dyrol Burleson about to come up. . . . The reserve is for emergency only. I can't pull it out if a fellow is 10 yards ahead, but I wouldn't have let him past in the first place.

"In the 1,500 at Tokyo, no one will be capable of breaking away from the field before the last lap. If the pace is killing, I'll wait until the stretch to make my sprint—the length of the straight at least. If not, I'll start it around the turn. There's an advantage in having the turn to yourself. That initial move, those couple of yards, are invaluable. If Burleson makes his move from 300 yards in, my strategy will be to follow him. He's laid his cards on the table. I'm faster, but I'm not sure Burley quite believes it yet."

Snell has run the 100 in 10.2, the 220 in 22.4 and the 440 in 48. "Other athletes refuse to believe my quarter time," Snell says. "They say it should be at least a second and a half faster. People underestimate strength and stamina." At the other extreme, Snell has run the marathon in 2:41:40. "I misjudged the pace, and ran the first 20 miles too fast," he says. "My time includes the time I spent sitting

continued

down and walking. The thing I'm acutely aware of is I'm weaker than Burleson and Company after two miles.

I'm not a particularly good distance runner. I do well in cross-country because I seem to get momentary rests. I couldn't come within a minute of Halberg or Baillie at seven and a half miles on a track. I've got to have that relaxation. The secret of my success is my ability to relax at a reasonably fast pace.

"All I'm concerned with in the half is insuring a fast tempo the whole way. If it's not fast enough I have to go out and force it. Most half-milers can lick me over a 100. My half-mile time is an indication of my stamina. I don't want to be killing myself, however. I still need speed for the straight. There is great confidence in knowing that in a hard half the one with the most stamina is going to be the strongest."

Snell is definitely going to run the 1,500 at the Olympics, but he does not yet know whether he will contest the 800, although he plans to compete in the first heat. "I'll be short of races," he says, "and I can use the heat as part of my training. Actually, the half is my favorite race but, unfortunately, it is not the event the public wants to see. They want to see me run the mile in under four minutes. There is a possibility that I'll try for the double. I'd like to think I'd run both, and at the moment the opposition in the 800 looks easy, but I would rather win the 1,500, and I don't want to jeopardize my chances. The 1,500 is a glamour event."

Peter Snell is now 25. He has put on a few pounds since he established his world records in 1962 and weighs 171. He says he stands 5 feet 10½, but he somehow gives the impression of being a much bigger man. At rest, his pulse is 42, and it is, as he says, "an extraordinary experience" to feel its strange, slow beat. Snell has an appealing, boyish, bony face, and his left ear protrudes more than his right. He and Sally, who is 22, and whom he married on May 11, 1963, live in a $10,000 yellow clapboard house at 67 Walker Road in the Auckland suburb of Point Chevalier.

"This is a working-class neighborhood," Snell says. "The families here are all grown up. So it's quiet and peaceful. Not long ago I was placing collection cans in hotels—bars—for an Olympic appeal. I must tell you that New Zealanders are not particularly civilized in their drinking. One fellow says, 'You know me.' I say, 'Should I?' He says, 'I'm your neighbor.' Well, he isn't, actually. He lives five houses away. Admittedly, the people here think Sally and I are snobs. I don't have time to call on people. And, partly, we don't want to intrude. They're all so much older than us, too. We just can't go in and say we've. . . ."

Snell's house is situated on a long, narrow quarter-acre plot. He has a small front lawn and, unlike his neighbors, he has erected a picket fence along the sidewalk. Last month the flower beds around the front lawn were blooming with lavender, dwarf iris, carnations, roses, chrysanthemums and marigolds. "Gardening will be one of my main interests," Snell says. Even today he sometimes forgoes his morning run to dig in the garden. The backyard, which slopes away from the house, is planted with fruit trees: Gravenstein, Granny Smith and Golden Delicious apples, pear, mandarin orange, lemon, Golden Queen peach, plum and grapefruit.

The Snells live in five small rooms. Snell's domain is his den, what he calls "my junk room." In it are his mugs, cups and plaques, his Olympic medal, golf sticks, a great naval gun shell that serves as an ashtray, bottles of wine, an old portable typewriter he uses in connection with his work for Rothmans, a suitcase with "Petey's Play Box" lettered on it. "Sally's parents have a sense of humor," Snell says wryly. "It's a set of tools, actually."

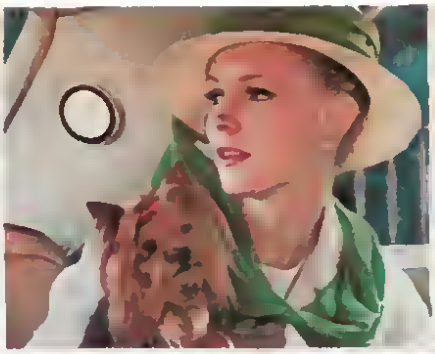
Snell has only two slender scrapbooks. The first clipping reads: "P. Snell completed a well-judged 880 yds. in 2 min. 26 7 seconds." "I was just 13," he says. "It's very mediocre." Snell, who grew up in the rural town of Te Aroha, some 70 miles southeast of Auckland, did not begin running in earnest until he was 19. He excelled in all ball games, showing particular promise as a left-handed tennis player. From the time he was 5 his mother gave him a new racket for each successive birthday. The second scrapbook concludes with his Olympic victory. "Write-ups don't mean anything to me anymore," Snell explains. "It isn't necessary to read my clippings to boost my ego. I've become blase about it, if you're familiar with that word."

However, despite his athletic feats and his celebrity, or perhaps because of them, Peter Snell is not convinced he is a success; he is frequently dissatisfied, regretful, groping. He enjoys working for Rothmans, where he is a sales representative and assistant to the advertising manager, but is very sensitive about it. He has been told that it is not a proper job for an athlete and hero. "Do you really think I'm ruining my image?" he will ask, rather forlornly. Then, too, he is disturbed because he does not have a profession and that he did not go to a university. "This is my complex," he admits. "I haven't accomplished anything scholastically. You see, my father was an electrical engineer, my brother and my cousins are all electrical engineers." "There was so much emphasis put on becoming an engineer in Pete's family," Sally says. "There was no room for individuality. When the Queen made Pete an M.B.E. [Member of the Order of the British Empire], his brother told him *he'd* rather be a B.E.E. [Bachelor of Electrical Engineering]." "I'm getting over it though," Snell says. "I'm starting to realize that other fellows. . . . I think you can succeed just as well without a degree as with, but I am partly disappointed that I spent so much time in sport. Therefore, I feel sport owes me something. Basically, I'm not bitter about not being able to reap the rewards, but I'm aware I'm making a lot of money for someone."

"Pete used to think people were going to use him for what they could get out of him," Sally says. "It was his bugbear. Before we were married he lived almost like a recluse. He missed out on a lot and he's suffered for it. He didn't come in contact with all the odd hods. He's still diffident and standy, but at least now he has a reasonable sense of humor. The first time I went out with him he didn't try to make a pass at me. So many hods you're always having to protect your virtue. What a relief! I could relax with him. He was different. He thought I was a Catholic, and without my knowing it he bought a book on Catholicism and studied up on it. He told his mother and she forbade him to marry me. Imagine that! He was 24! When we got married Pete said I'd either have to give up work—I was working in a bank, in foreign exchange—or he'd give up Tokyo.

continued









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Bit of blackmail. He always had it in the back of his mind that it was essential I give up work."

"Peter was pitched forth from no one into a world figure," says Mrs. Warren, his former landlady. "But we think he's handled everything very well. Not in the least bigheaded. When he came here we gave him a feeling of belonging, a stable homelife. He never came home to a lot of bickering. It was a little while before he would thaw out at that stage. He was very quiet. Like getting a pearl out of an oyster to get him to talk He always felt that people wouldn't listen to what he had to say. I didn't know he had a sister for six months. He didn't think anyone would be interested."

"Peter needs bolstering up," says Sally. "That feeling he has to win all the time is a bit of a bugbear. We're trying to lead two lives at the moment. We both feel a little nervous at the end of the day. I'm edgy, tired. I don't feel like bolstering him up all the time. I'm tired of spending my life boosting him along, tired of playing second fiddle to his running It's sort of like a major sin him missing a day's training. He gets quite depressed about training sometimes. I originally thought there was a lot of glamour in athletics. It's just plain boring, I think. I have to go to the meetings and try to stay awake. They seem to think I should go around and chat merrily to all and sundry. I think Pete's a bit tired of it, too. I think he's just as keen on his quitting as I am."

Indeed, Snell plans to retire either in March, after the New Zealand season, or following a European tour next summer. Before then he would like to break some records. "The 1,500 should be ideal," he says. "The 1,000 [outdoors] should be mine, too. Of course, the mile." He doubts, however, whether he can lower his half-mile mark. "The Olympics has given me the incentive to do all this work," he says. "I'll never have it again. I wouldn't like to think I was capable of breaking the records and not take the opportunity. Records make the sport. I'm very record-conscious, myself. I'd like to run a record in a socialist country, too. In Moscow. It holds a great fascination for me. I think the ambassador value of that kind of performance would be terrific—our system against theirs. I'd quite like to set a record out of New Zealand. New Zealanders prefer an overseas product to a local one. There is a tendency to feel we can't make things here as well as elsewhere. Anything that's international gets a great reception here. I think, too, that a record made outside New Zealand would be more highly regarded. When I set my mile record at Wanganui, people wondered whether it was genuine. I think I more or less proved myself, didn't I? Then I'm going to enjoy myself. I have joined a golf club; tennis will be my main summer sport. I'll continue to run, maybe compete in the odd cross-country run. Perhaps a 10-mile run three nights a week. Have a run Sundays over the 22-mile course. Play golf on Saturdays. Having been in a highly fit condition, I'll want to retain it.

"I want to broaden my interests," Snell says. "I read very little, for instance. One or two books a year. This is shocking. I have to do more of this. You just don't feel like sitting down with a book after training. I think I'm losing out, not reading books."

"It'll be nice being able to do things together," Sally says. "We have a 12½-foot yacht rotting away down in the bay. We've been out five or six times in two years. We thought it would be fun. It *will* be fun. The times we've been out, it's been hilarious. All the yachties standing on the shore roaring with laughter."

After dinner one night last month Snell went to see Mr. Scott, his masseur, who lives nearby. Snell took off his sweat pants and lay on his back in his running shorts on a glider on Mr. Scott's enclosed porch. On the floor, which was covered with linoleum, an electric heater shone. Mr. Scott, a heavy man past middle age whose eyes are enlarged and distorted by his glasses, pulled up a chair so that he was sitting by the glider. He uncapped a bottle of olive oil, poured some of it on Snell's heroic legs and started to work. Mr. Scott said there are three factors involved in running —the mental, the physical and the spiritual. Then he said that Kipling's poem *If* should be the runner's bible, and Snell quoted a line or two from it. "Peter feels the pull of the spiritual more than the other boys," Mr. Scott said. "Far more. That's why he plumbs to the depths. That's why he can get to the heights. He's more sensitive. If he gets the spiritual, there'll be no holding him. Peter was a lost boy, to be candid. I still don't think he's found himself. He will. Fame hit him quickly, before he was ready. He's made mistakes. He'll make more." At one end of the room was a stand which held potted plants and seashells on its tiers; above it, along the molding, porcelain terns were flying. In the lounge, where Mr. Scott said Mrs. Scott was writing a novel about a family of New Zealand settlers, a woman was singing. The radio? A record? "Peter hasn't touched his physical capabilities," Mr. Scott was saying. "I should be able to punish myself more." Snell said. "If I treat it like a business. . . . If I could take that surge that goes through man, that makes him do things greater than he's physically capable of. . ." He paused to listen to the rain striking the tin roof. "The ease that he does things," Mr. Scott said. "He has such an abnormal strength. The harder Peter runs, the more graceful he gets. I'm fey. I sense these things. My fingers got eyes in them. They sense these things. The physical side doesn't dominate in Peter. That's why he runs easier. But it's not wonderful, Peter's breaking records. For him it's just an ordinary feat. He works hard. For a really fit person, it's ordinary."

Mr. Scott then indicated the many marvels of Snell's legs. "My calves are big," Snell said, feeling Mr. Scott's hands upon them. "But they're quality," Mr. Scott said. Snell began to talk about himself. "I dither a bit," he said. "Sally gets annoyed." "Peter's got the brains," Mr. Scott said. "He doesn't use them. He will. He's not a dithерer. He just takes longer to work things out. Peter's a lazy trainer, too. That's why his achievements are all the more remarkable." "It's amazing how many times I have to force myself out," Snell said. "Five miles down the road, I'm really glad I'm there. Sometimes, though, it's gotten worse and worse, and I've stopped." "Fancy having a voice like that," Mr. Scott said, listening to the singer. "Elisabeth Schwarzkopf." "You know," Snell said, "after you've won a race, people ask you to touch them."

Later, when he was walking home, Snell said: "I've been brought up to believe you can't succeed in life without a profession. It isn't true, is it?" END

TRACK & FIELD	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
100 METERS	HAYES, U.S.A.	FIGUEROLA, Cuba	JEROME, Canada	Hayes, who runs violently, awkwardly and powerfully, will win the 100, barring personal disaster. His closest challenger should be the steady Figuerola, fourth in Rome in 1960 but just 40 inches from gold there. Two other Latins, Esteves and Herrera of Venezuela, could surprise in the 200. Carr, who is powerful but also smooth and graceful, may find teammate Drayton nearest him at finish if opponents fail to match Drayton's anticipated 20.4 time. U.S. relay team, traditionally fast but inept at baton-passing, will be helped by larger baton-passing zone, but keep an eye on Venezuela and maybe Germany.
200 METERS	CARR, U.S.A.	ROBERTS, Trinidad	OTTOLINA, Italy	
400 METER RELAY	U.S.A.	FRANCE	ITALY	
400 METERS	MOTTLEY, Trinidad	LARRABEE, U.S.A.	WILLIAMS, U.S.A.	Mottley has not run in competition since May—which may not matter if he has kept up training since no 400-meter man has more sheer speed. But either Larrabee, who ended the summer with a world-record-tying 44.9, or Williams, with his lifting finish, could take it all. Others: Brightwell (Great Britain), Trousil (Czechoslovakia), Badenski (Poland). U.S. 1,600-meter relay team seems much the best. Snell is still not sure that he will run in the 800, in which he would be supreme; if he does, he may be vulnerable in the 1,500 final after at least five races in nine days. Like the Americans, Snell likes to come off the pace with a mad final-lap dash to the tape. Others to watch: Crothers (Canada) and Kerr (Jamaica) in the 800, Jazy (France) and Baran (Poland) in the 1,500.
1,600-METER RELAY	U.S.A.	GERMANY	GREAT BRITAIN	
800 METERS	SNELL, New Zealand	GROTH, U.S.A.	SIEBERT, U.S.A.	
1,500 METERS	SNELL, New Zealand	BURLESON, U.S.A.	O'HARA, U.S.A.	
5,000 METERS	SCHUL, U.S.A.	CLARKE, Australia	BAILLIE, New Zealand	Roelants of Belgium would be odds on favorite in steeplechase except for recent leg injury, which upset his training. Vincent is all but unknown, but reports are glowing. Schul, possessor of outstanding last-lap kick, is first American favorite in distance race since the dark ages, but he faces superb field. Clarke, Baillie, Halberg and Bolotnikov (latter two were gold medalists in 5,000 and 10,000 in Rome) all may run both 5,000 and 10,000. Picture runner Clarke is immensely strong but lacks sprint—which could hurt him in the shorter race. New Zealanders and Aussies have trained brutally hard for the marathon. Japan's Kimihara has the incalculable advantage of competing in his homeland. Heatley has fastest marathon ever run. Ethiopia's Bikila, who won in Rome, had an appendectomy in September.
10,000 METERS	CLARKE, Australia	BOLOTNIKOV, U.S.S.R.	HALBERG, New Zealand	
MARATHON	KIMIHARA, Japan	EOELEN, U.S.A.	HEATLEY, Great Britain	
STEEPLECHASE	VINCENT, Australia	HERRIOTT, Great Britain	SPAN, Yugoslavia	
110-METER HURDLES	JONES, U.S.A.	DAVENPORT, U.S.A.	LINDGREN, U.S.A.	U.S. hurdlers seem to make the most use of their medical insurance but are still peerless. Not even having one short leg stops Jones, who was third in 110 in Rome. Lindgren broke his ankle last year. Cawley's legs have ached since time began, yet last month he ran world record 49.1. Luck merely had a 49.4 and mononucleosis.
400-METER HURDLES	CAWLEY, U.S.A.	LUCK, U.S.A.	HAROIN, U.S.A.	
HIGH JUMP	BRUMEL, U.S.S.R.	CZERNIK, Poland	RAMBO, U.S.A.	High Jumper Brumel has won everything except Olympic gold. Czernik consistently clears 7 feet. Thomas (U.S.A.), unless mentally up, will be on the outside looking in again. This summer Boston broke the broad-jump mark with 27 feet 4¼ inches, but old nemesis Ter-Ovanesyan has geared his program to peak in Tokyo. Pole Vaulter Hansen set records twice this season (his best 17 feet 4 inches). Both Kravchenko and Davis are able to get off the one long triple jump that could win. A bronze for Kreer would be his third in a row. If Poland's Schmidt, the 1960 winner, is over his knee trouble he could earn a medal. Others to watch: Shavlakadze (U.S.S.R.) and Sneazwell (Australia) in high jump; Okazaki (Japan) in triple jump.
BROAD JUMP	BOSTON, U.S.A.	TER-OVANESYAN, U.S.S.R.	DAVIES, Great Britain	
POLE VAULT	HANSEN, U.S.A.	PENNEL, U.S.A.	PREUSSGER, Germany	
HOP, STEP & JUMP	KRAVCHENKO, U.S.S.R.	DAVIS, U.S.A.	KREER, U.S.S.R.	

SHOTPUT	LONG, U.S.A	MATSON, U.S.A.	O'BRIEN, U.S.A.	No one so dominates his event as Long does the shotput. Weight training has given Matson power to go with size (6 feet 7, 255 pounds). O'Brien, in his fourth Olympics, has competitive drive to add a bronze medal to his two golds and one silver. Oerter had to outdistance previous world-record holders to earn his two gold medals in discus. Now he must beat Danek, *who broke Oerter's world mark in August* and has since proved it was no one-shot effort. Klim's progress with the hammer since August has been steady. For exercise—and laughs—Thun hoists spinet pianos with his index fingers. The javelin is one of the most unpredictable field events. Pedersen set world marks of 285 feet 10 inches in July and 300 feet 11½ inches in September, but both throws were made in Oslo. He has yet to come close to them *away from home. Only by barest of margins (59 points) did* Yang tail to win Rome decathlon. New scoring table cuts points he can get in pole vault, his best event. Anticipating another close battle, Yang has worked hard on final event of program, his worst, the 1,500-meter run.
DISCUS	DANEK, Czechoslovakia	OERTER, U.S.A.	SILVESTER, U.S.A.	
HAMMER THROW	KLIM, U.S.S.R.	CONNOLLY, U.S.A.	THUN, Austria	
JAVELIN	PEDERSEN, Norway	SIOLO, Poland	LUSIS, U.S.S.R.	
DECATHLON	YANG, China	HOLDORF, Germany	STOROZHENKO, U.S.S.R.	
20-KM. WALK	GOLUBNICHI, U.S.S.R.	MATTHEWS, Great Britain	LINDNER, Germany	Golubnichi, who has cut more than three minutes off his winning time of four years ago, should repeat in the shorter walk. U.S. walkers are not talented—or lucky—enough. One American, as he left the stadium after a walking race in the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meet in Los Angeles *in July, was given a ticket for jaywalking.*
50-KM. WALK	HOHNE, Germany	NIHILL, Great Britain	PETTERSSON, Sweden	
Women				
100 METERS	McGUIRE, U.S.A.	COBIAN, Cuba	MEYER-ROSE, Germany	Although she is not supposed to be another Rudolph, McGuire may bring back enough gold from Tokyo to create a problem getting past customs. She should take both sprints and could add another win in the relay though U.S. girls will have to be faultless in baton-passing. Less than a month ago a team of Polish girls set a world record, but if the first three U.S. girls can stay reasonably close, McGuire should be able to make up the deficit for a U.S. victory.
200 METERS	McGUIRE, U.S.A.	BURVILL, Australia	BENNETT, Australia	
400-METER RELAY	U.S.A.	POLAND	GERMANY	
400 METERS	ITKINA, U.S.S.R.	PACKER, Great Britain	CUTHBERT, Australia	The 400 is a new Olympic event for women. Itkina has been in exceptional form since late August and should win unless North Korea's Kim, the world's best, competes. Another to watch is Amoore of Australia. *Oupureur ran the fastest 800 of the year (2:03.9) in July* but has not approached that time recently; she should be outlasted by the well-trained Willis (though Kim is tops in the 800, too). Irina Press, after equaling the world hurdles mark of 11.5 several times this year, finally lowered it to 11.4 last month, which is 3/10 second faster than her winning time in Rome.
800 METERS	WILLIS, Australia	DUPUREUR, France	SKOBZOVA, U.S.S.R.	
80-METER HURDLES	I. PRESS, U.S.S.R.	KILBORN, Australia	YODA, Japan	
HIGH JUMP	BALAS, Rumania	GERACE, Canada	WOODHOUSE, Australia	Three of the likely winners will be defending the first-place rankings they achieved in 1960. Balas in the high jump, Tamara Press in the shotput, Ozolina in the javelin. Balas represents the ultimate in women's high jumping. She is as tall (6 feet ½ inch) as she is talented, was the first woman to clear 6 feet and is the only one who can do so with any regularity. For the first time in seven Olympics, a British girl may not finish second in the high jump. Britain could have a runner-up in the broad jump, though, and Rand might be a winner if she overcomes the jitters that plagued her in Rome, where she had the best jump in the qualifying round, then wound up ninth in the finals. Tamara Press, Irina's haltier sister, holds world records in both the shot and discus. She is as much of a favorite to win the women's shotput as Long is to take the men's competition. Ozolina won the javelin in Rome by more than seven feet and has been drawing farther and farther away from her opponents ever since. In August she became the first woman to throw beyond 200 feet. Irina Press should *have only a modicum of trouble in winning the pentathlon, which is* on the Olympic program for the first time.
BROAD JUMP	SHCHELKANOVA, U.S.S.R.	RAND, Great Britain	WHITE, U.S.A.	
SHOTPUT	T. PRESS, U.S.S.R.	ZYBINA, U.S.S.R.	HÜBNER, Germany	
DISCUS	T. PRESS, U.S.S.R.	MICHAILOVA, Bulgaria	LOTZ, Germany	
JAVELIN	OZOLINA, U.S.S.R.	SCHWALBE, Germany	GERHAROS, Germany	

SWIMMING	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
100-METER FREESTYLE	ILMAN, U.S.A.	McGREGOR, Great Britain	SCHOLLANDER, U.S.A.	Inches—perhaps only fractions of an inch—will separate the swimmers at the end of the 100. France's Gottvallès lowered record to 52.9 a month ago. Ilman only consistency. Austin (U.S.A.) has beaten both Ilman and Schollander. Saari could win three firsts, something no swimmer has ever done. However, beating Schollander in the 400 will not be easy. Saari's power should tell, though, in the 1,500. Windle went to an Aussie training camp in August, where he presumably improved his times but from which almost no news leaked out.
400-METER FREESTYLE	SCHOLLANDER, U.S.A.	SAARI, U.S.A.	NELSON, U.S.A.	
1,500-METER FREESTYLE	SAARI, U.S.A.	WINDLE, Australia	ECHEVARRIA, Mexico	
200-METER BREASTSTROKE	JASTREMSKI, U.S.A.	PROKOPENKO, U.S.S.R.	MATSUMOTO, Japan	When not swimming, breaststroker Jastremski studies for his law and medical degrees. Prokopenko spends his free hours scooting around Soviet countryside on his motorcycle, throttle wide open. He swims the same way, and his duel with Jastremski should be furious and frothy. Berry, the record holder in the butterfly, is only non-American male who can be considered an outright favorite in any event. The backstroke will be more closely contested. Oilley (U.S.A.) and Kuppers (Germany) also bear watching. At Olympic trials Oilley upset both Graef and Bennett.
200-METER BUTTERFLY	BERRY, Australia	ROBIE, U.S.A.	SCHMIDT, U.S.A.	
200-METER BACKSTROKE	GRAEF, U.S.A.	BENNETT, U.S.A.	FUKUSHIMA, Japan	
400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	SAARI, U.S.A.	ROTH, U.S.A.	HETZ, Germany	Roth was the only one to beat Saari at any distance in trials. Saari was competing in water polo tryouts that same week. In Tokyo he will just be swimming. Hetz, when in top form, can beat anyone.
400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	U.S.A.	GERMANY	FRANCE	If the U.S.A. is to be beaten in a relay, it probably will be the 800-meter freestyle. In the 400 meter medley, however, the American foursome could become the first to crack 4 minutes. On that squad will be Mann, who a month ago was the first to swim the backstroke in one minute flat. Worth watching: the Germans and Australians in medley, the Soviets in the freestyle.
800-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	U.S.A.	JAPAN	AUSTRALIA	
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	U.S.A.	JAPAN	U.S.S.R.	
THREE-METER SPRINGBOARD DIVE	ANDREASEN, U.S.A.	GORMAN, U.S.A.	SITZBERGER, U.S.A.	Among the few divers who could dent U.S. supremacy are Britain's Phelps and Mexico's Madrigal. After finishing fourth in Rome, Phelps's style was almost completely revamped by his coach Webster. Is best under pressure. With three dives to go in Rome he was third, but his final dives were near perfect, and the gold medal was his.
10-METER PLATFORM DIVE	WEBSTER, U.S.A.	VITUCCI, U.S.A.	GOMPF, U.S.A.	
Women				
100-METER FREESTYLE	FRASER, Australia	STOUDER, U.S.A.	BELL, Australia	No one seems able to prevent Fraser from becoming the first swimmer, male or female, to win a gold medal in three Olympics. Nor does anyone appear to be fast enough to stop Ramenofsky from winning the 400-meter race and her first bit of gold. Others to watch: Hallock and Ellis (U.S.A.), Thorne (Australia) in 100, Ljungren (Sweden) in 400.
400-METER FREESTYLE	RAMENOFSKY, U.S.A.	QUENKEL, U.S.A.	STICKLES, U.S.A.	
200-METER BREASTSTROKE	PROZUMENCHOVA, U.S.S.R.	BIMOLT, Netherlands	RUYCROK, Australia	Prozumenchova has a hard name to pronounce and is just as hard to defeat. Yet, despite her record-smashing performances last spring, she will find it tough to open much of a lead in the backstroke. There will also be a close finish in the butterfly. Kok may lose first place, if she has not recovered from strained muscles in her left arm. It is possible that the closest of these three races will be the backstroke. Caron holds the world record, but even this time is less than one second faster than those recorded by Tanaka and Ferguson.
100-METER BUTTERFLY	KOK, Netherlands	STOUDER, U.S.A.	DE VARONA, U.S.A.	
100-METER BACKSTROKE	CARON, France	TANAKA, Japan	FERGUSON, U.S.A.	

400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	OE VARONA. U.S.A.	RANDALL, U.S.A.	FINNERAN, U.S.A.	The individual medley, being held in the Olympics for the first time, is de Varona's specialty. Here the swimmers must combine 100 meter laps in the breaststroke, backstroke, butterfly and freestyle.
400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	U.S.A.	NETHERLANDS	AUSTRALIA	With Bimolt and Kok on the Netherlands' medley relay squad, the American girls will be up against formidable opposition. This is not the case in the freestyle relay, where U.S. teen agers will paddle their way to a victory in a trifle more than 4 minutes.
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	NETHERLANDS	U.S.A.	GERMANY	
THREE-METER SPRINGBOARD DIVE	KRAMER, Germany	COLLIER, U.S.A.	GOSSICK, U.S.A.	Biggest shock to American aquatic forces in 1960 was Kramer's sweep of both diving titles. It was the first time an American girl had not won on the springboard, and only the third loss in tower diving. If Kramer is fully recovered from knee trouble she had this spring she should again be a double winner.
10-METER PLATFORM DIVE	KRAMER, Germany	COOPER, U.S.A.	TALMAGE, U.S.A.	
BASKETBALL	U.S.A.	U.S.S.R.	BRAZIL	"Izvestia" has stated that "full supremacy of the U.S." in basketball is on the wane. It is true that the U.S. team this time lacks one real standout, a Russell or a Lucas, though Bradley could be a much-needed catalyst. U.S. has never lost so much as a game in Olympics, should be able to cope with Russians' height, Brazilians' speed.
BOXING *(10 events)*	U.S.S.R. 3 gold, 2 silver, 3 bronze	U.S.A. 2 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	ITALY 1 gold, 3 silver, 2 bronze	Loss of Heavyweight Mathis (broken hand) may have cost U.S. a gold medal. Flashiest, most proficient American boxer is Gibson (156 pounds), who moves fast, hits hard. U.S.S.R. has assembled powerful team and Soviet quest for medals is made easier by the fact that Italians are not quite up to their 1960 form.
CANOEING *(7 events)*	HUNGARY 2 gold, 2 silver, 3 bronze	U.S.S.R. 2 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	GERMANY 1 gold, 3 silver, 1 bronze	U.S., for a change, has hope for a medal or two. Fox and Perrier are a threat in women's kayak pairs. Men's relay team from the California Kayak Club also has a chance for a medal. The Germans are a medal threat in almost every event.
CYCLING *(7 events)*	ITALY 3 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	BELGIUM 2 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	FRANCE 1 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	One swift American and an international feud add luster to the 1,000-meter sprint. Simes is a bona fide speedster who has outside chance for a medal. Belgium's Sercu lost his world championship on a disqualification last month, wants revenge in Tokyo against the Italian who was placed first and the Frenchman who lodged the foul claim. Italians should be formidable, especially in road races.
EQUESTRIAN *(6 events)*	AUSTRALIA 2 gold, 1 silver	ITALY 1 gold, 2 silver, 1 bronze	GERMANY 1 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	Australians have three of the four riders who helped win three-day event in 1960, have spared no expense ($60,000 to prepare team for Tokyo) to insure a repeat. Italy's D'Inzeo brothers will be hard to dethrone in the grand prix competition.
FENCING *(8 events)*	HUNGARY 3 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	POLAND 2 gold, 3 silver	U.S.S.R. 2 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	Italians, who won two medals in team events in Rome, plus three in individual matches, have slumped so badly that anything beyond one or two third places will be a surprise. As always, Hungarians are outstanding in saber competition. Russians will dominate foils.
FIELD HOCKEY	INDIA	PAKISTAN	AUSTRALIA	India, in attempt to regain the Olympic title it lost to Pakistan in Rome, has worked doubly hard, perhaps too hard. It has lost pre-Olympic matches, but is still a shaky favorite.
GYMNASTICS *(14 events)*	U.S.S.R. 7 gold, 6 silver, 5 bronze	JAPAN 7 gold, 4 silver, 4 bronze	ITALY 2 silver, 2 bronze	Japanese have prepared themselves for all-out effort in their home country. The men, with Endo taking all-round title, are superb. U.S.S.R. will get most of its medals in women's events (they took 15 in Rome), though improved Japanese women may make slight inroad.

CONTINUED

	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
JUDO *(4 events)*	JAPAN 3 gold, 1 silver	NETHERLANDS 1 gold	U.S.S.R. 1 silver, 1 bronze	Japanese feel they can win three gold medals and one silver in this the first Olympic judo competition. But they want that fourth gold one. The man they will have to defeat to get it is Geesink, a 6-foot 6-inch 290 pounder from The Netherlands. It was Geesink who beat the Japanese in 1961 and ended their all-time reign over judo.
MODERN PENTATHLON	Team: HUNGARY Individual: Toeroek (Hungary)	Team: U.S.S.R. Individual: Novikov (U.S.S.R.)	Team: U.S.A. Individual: Nagy (Hungary)	Although Hungary banned its two best contestants because of unsportsmanlike behavior, the No. 3 entry (Or. Toeroek) appears good enough to win individual honors. With Hungary weakened, however, Russia could win the team title. Sweden might slip by U.S. for third.
ROWING *(7 events)*	GERMANY 3 gold, 2 silver, 1 bronze	U.S.S.R. 2 gold, 2 silver	CANADA 1 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	Russia's Ivanov seems unbeatable in single sculls. Spero (U.S.A.) could finish within shouting distance of him and take second place. There is hardly a German boat that is not a candidate for a medal. German victories seem highly probable in coxed pairs and the eights, with the Ratzeburg Rowing Club out to defend its victory of 1960.
SHOOTING *(6 events)*	U.S.S.R. 3 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	U.S.A. 2 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	AUSTRIA 1 gold, 2 bronze	America's only gold medalist in Rome, McMillan, will be back to try again in rapid fire pistol matches. Anderson has chance for medal in free rifle, but overall it will be the Soviets who will be the big shots.
SOCCER	HUNGARY	YUGOSLAVIA	BRAZIL	Italy, one of the early gold medal favorites, withdrew because some of its players had competed against professionals. Aggressive, offensive-minded Hungarians will have to get by rugged Yugoslavs and swift Brazilians to come out on top.
VOLLEYBALL	U.S.S.R. (men) JAPAN (women)	RUMANIA (men) POLAND (women)	CZECHOSLOVAKIA (men) U.S.S.R. (women)	Another new event on the schedule. Unsentimental favorites, but decisive favorites nonetheless, are the Kaizuka Amazons, the Japanese women's team. After years of almost torturous drill sessions, they are in a class by themselves. American women have hope, but it remains slim. U.S. men will be outclassed in Tokyo.
WATER POLO	YUGOSLAVIA	ITALY	HUNGARY	After having won four gold medals in five Olympics from 1932 through 1956, the Hungarians were shocked by third-place finish last time. They have reorganized their team, infusing it with younger talent, but they may not be quite ready yet, especially when they go against the more experienced Yugoslavs and Italians.
WEIGHT LIFTING *(7 events)*	U.S.S.R. 4 gold, 2 silver, 1 bronze	POLAND 1 gold, 3 silver, 2 bronze	U.S.A. 1 silver, 3 bronze	A former Russian champion reportedly "degenerated into a drunk and wife-beater because he could not stand the burden of fame." Russian officials and wives are eager to point out that most other Soviet titlists simply keep on winning. Led by two of the best heavyweights in the world, the U.S.S.R. will be almost as overwhelming as in Rome.
WRESTLING *(16 events)*	TURKEY 6 gold, 3 silver, 4 bronze	IRAN 3 gold, 3 silver, 1 bronze	U.S.S.R. 3 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	Despite poor record in international matches in recent years, U.S. wrestlers have been improving. They are still comparative novices in Greco-Roman bouts (no holds below the waist), but they have toughened themselves in freestyle, which is akin to collegiate wrestling. Simons, Ruth and Brand are potential medal winners. Turks have lost some of their depth, but the Russians have not. Other leading contenders will be Bulgaria, Iran and Hungary.
YACHTING *(5 events)*	DENMARK 1 gold, 2 silver, 1 bronze	U.S.A. 1 gold, 1 silver	ARGENTINA 1 gold	In six tries in Olympic Star racing, the U.S. has won three golds, one silver, one bronze. Another gold is not out of reach. To spread talent from Star class around, North, a three-time world Star champion, was urged to try Dragon class. He switched, now should put up good fight for medal in that event. Among the entrants in the 5.5-meter race is

WHERE ALL THIS YEAR'S MEDALS WILL GO

Below is Sports Illustrated's estimate of how the 499 Olympic medals will be distributed among the slightly more than 6,600 athletes from 99 countries

NATION	G	S	B	NATION	G	S	B	NATION	G	S	B	NATION	G	S	B
AFGHANISTAN				CUBA		2		JORDAN				PERU			
ALGERIA				CZECHOSLOVAKIA	2	4	6	KENYA				PHILIPPINES			1
ARGENTINA	1			DENMARK	2	2	1	LEBANON				POLAND	5	12	6
AUSTRALIA	7	5	10	DOMINICAN REPUBLIC				LIBERIA				PORTUGAL			
AUSTRIA	1		7	ECUADOR				LIBYA				PUERTO RICO			1
BAHAMAS				ETHIOPIA				LIECHTENSTEIN				RHODESIA		1	
BARBADOS				FINLAND		1	1	LUXEMBOURG				RUMANIA	1	3	3
BELGIUM	2	2	2	FRANCE	4	3	5	MALAGASAY				SENEGAL			
BERMUDA				GERMANY	9	13	15	MALAYSIA				SOUTH KOREA		1	
BOLIVIA				GHANA				MALI				SPAIN			
BRAZIL		1	2	GREAT BRITAIN	2	7	6	MEXICO			1	SWEDEN	1	1	2
BRITISH GUIANA				GREECE	1		1	MONACO				SWITZERLAND		3	2
BULGARIA	2	3	1	HONG KONG				MONGOLIA				TANGANYIKA			
BURMA				HUNGARY	9	7	9	MOROCCO				THAILAND			
CAMBODIA				ICELAND				NEPAL				TRINIDAD & TOBAGO	1	1	
CAMEROONS				INDIA	1	1		NETHERLANDS	3	2		TUNISIA			
CANADA	1	2	3	INDONESIA				NETHERLANDS ANTILLES				TURKEY	6	3	4
CEYLON				IRAN	3	3	1	NEW ZEALAND	2		2	UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC			
CHAD				IRAQ				NIGER				UGANDA			
CHILE				IRELAND				NIGERIA				URUGUAY			
CHINA (NATIONALIST)	1			ISRAEL				NORTHERN RHODESIA				U.S.A.	35	29	33
COLOMBIA				ITALY	5	12	12	NORTH KOREA				U.S.S.R.	41	28	25
CONGO				IVORY COAST				NORWAY	1		1	VENEZUELA			
COSTA RICA				JAMAICA				PAKISTAN		1		VIETNAM			
				JAPAN	13	8	7	PANAMA				YUGOSLAVIA	1	2	3

America has won more medals (469 golds, 1,078 in all) than any other country during the 14 previous summer Olympics. Closest to the U.S. are Great Britain (130 and 445), Sweden (115 and 375), Germany (98 and 343) and France (111 and 331). Sixth is the Soviet Union (102 and 277), but all but seven of its medals have been won since 1952, when the Russians returned to Olympic competition after a lapse of 40 years. Since 1952 Russia, with 270 medals, and the U.S., with 221, have dominated the Olympics. The form chart above, a synthesis of expert opinion, says this will continue. But there are signs that a third force —the smaller nations—will have more and more say about medal distribution. In 1960 in Rome the Russians and Americans together won 77 golds to 75 for the other countries, but only 50 silvers to 99 and 47 bronzes to 113. In men's track the other countries won 10 gold medals to America's 9 and Russia's 5, and they had 37 medals overall to America's 22 and Russia's 13. In Tokyo, where the host country, for example, can be expected to do very well, the uprising will spread.

He crooned *Wish You Were Here*, and somebody at Las Vegas' Desert Inn thrust $1,000 into his outstretched hands. Then **Eddie Fisher** burbled *Around the World* and another grand was forced upon him. Sounded like the jaded gambling crowd had gone berserk over a flesh-and-blood jukebox, but the facts were less bizarre. Eddie is chairman of the Olympic Entertainment Committee and was simply encouraging the casino sports to cough up funds for the U.S. team in Tokyo.

Suddenly it wasn't a referee but an Internal Revenue agent blowing the whistle in Green Bay. Packer Halfback **Paul Hornung**, he said, was shy $3,163.76 in taxes for 1962, the year Hornung got racked up for betting on Packer games. Any connection? "No," said Paul, "none at all. We just have a problem with the Government. I guess a lot of people do."

Having seen the humiliation of his English brethren at Newport, Australian Press Lord **Sir Frank Packer** manfully dropped by the frosty New York Yacht Club to hand over a two-foot model of his *Gretel*, the short-ender of the 1962 America's Cup campaign. But as *Gretel* was laid to rest in a glass box, the rich sailor passed the word he was challenging again for 1967. And if he should win, said Sir Frank, woe be unto the Americans. "When we take over, we'll require that every hull be lined with kangaroo skin." Somebody tittered. "One other thing," said Big Daddy Packer. "You won't be allowed to use our kangaroos."

Back home in Australia, Olympic Swimmer **Dawn Fraser** generally was considered too dedicated to her sport to have any time for permanent love affairs. And for the sake of world records, her countrymen hoped she would stay that way. Then last week, after a two-month courtship, Dawn and a Queensland bookmaker announced their engagement. Before jetting to Japan, Dawn reassured the gaping faces left behind: "Swimming and romance go hand in hand."

Yawing into the curve at Santa Barbara raceway at 120 mph, **Nick Reynolds** and his Lotus 22 picked up an oil patch and rode it straight into the piled up hay bales. For a minute there it looked like the Kingston Trio was down to two. But the road-racing folk singer was saving no sad songs for himself; he shook himself and pronounced the smashup "routine." Quite a routine. Seven stitches in his chin, $1,500 in wrinkles in the once streamlined Lotus.

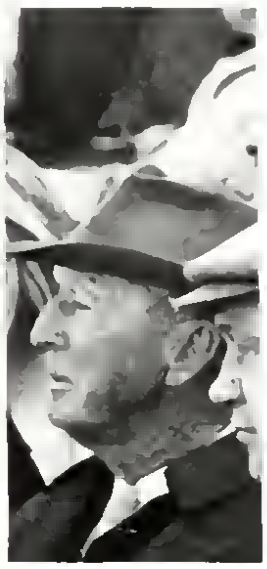
Casting judicious eyes over the scene, Supreme Court Justice **Hugo LaFayette Black** (*left*) sat in the gallery at the Davis Cup matches in Cleveland and from his expression found the Americans' defense of the title well executed while it lasted. Mr. Justice Black is qualified to make such judgments for he is every bit as much at home in white tennis shorts and sneakers as he is in his long black robe. At 78, he may be found any morning the sun is shining out behind his home in Alexandria, Va., vigorously practicing against a mechanical ball boy.

What **Charles O. Finley** lacks in good fortune he seems to make up in bad luck. Nobody comes out to see his Kansas City Athletics lose ball games, the commissioner won't let him use orange baseballs and green bats, the city councilmen won't let him shoot fireworks after he wins, and the other American League owners won't let him leave town. Now Finley has endured the ultimate disaster. For a benefit he hired the Beatles for $150,000, and even they could not draw a profit-making crowd to Municipal Stadium. But despite a stunning $70,000 deficit, Finley imperturbably donated $25,000 to a local children's hospital.

The only reason they were together in Los Angeles was to glamorize young John V. Tunney's campaign for Congress, but old **Gene Tunney** and **Jack Dempsey** couldn't stick to the subject. It was 37 years to the week since the long count had kept Tunney in business as the heavyweight champion, and that incident was vividly remembered even though Dempsey kept insisting, "All that stuff is forgotten. I learned that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and I joined the Tunney family years ago." Responded Gene in the same coin: "Time has proved Jack Dempsey the greatest fighter of the century. Nobody was—or is—close to him."

The job has no future, and at $1.95 a day and carfare the pay isn't much of an attraction, but **Nobahiko Higashikuni**, one of the grandsons of **Emperor Hirohito**, signed on anyway. Along with 500 other Japanese youths, he will wait table and help feed the athletic chowhounds in Tokyo's Olympic Village dining rooms. "Serving the athletes, I will do my best to serve international friendship," explained the 19-year-old law student.

Surely the silver-templed old master of the third-down clutch play deserved to have it easy under the leisure of retirement and the management of his cotton farm in Clarksdale (pop. 16,500), Miss. Trouble is, two years among the boll weevils down by the Sunflower River proved a drag for the ex-Giant quarterback, and the man who used to electrify New Yorkers with his *sang froid* said plaintively: "I had to do *something*." And with that he opened up **Charles Conerly** Name Brand Discount Shoe Store, Inc. and smiled and hoped for the best (*below*).





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Johnnie Walker Red – just smooth, very smooth

A 'Stitch' in time is the Army's best weapon

After two gsmss Wsst Point's Rollis Stichweh is outshining Roger Stsubach and s lot of other quarterbscks. Although used spsringly, his gunshot pssses and roll-out runs have bssn nest snd gainful

Until Army Quarterback Rollie Stichweh struck again last week, this time as his team defeated stubborn Boston College by 19 to 13—and this time with, of all things, his *passing*—it was not important for college football enthusiasts to know that his name is pronounced Stitch-way instead of Stick-wee or Stikeweb. Nor was it terribly urgent for anyone to begin pondering whether the West Point first classman might be this season's Roger Staubach since, apparently, Navy's Staubach is not.

Now, however, all matters concerning Stichweh may properly be deemed urgent because he has proved, through two games, to be the fastest-striking player in the U.S. In the 18 precious times he has found himself alone with the football Stichweh has averaged 22 5 yards per carry in seven scrimmage runs; completed seven passes out of eight for 85 yards; returned two punts and one kickoff for 108 more yards. In all, he has advanced the ball 352 yards and accounted for 24 points, running and passing. More important, Stichweh has performed these feats in only 30 minutes—19 of them coming in Army's 34–0 victory over The Citadel and 11 more against BC last Saturday. It is, therefore, not entirely facetious to suggest that Stichweh, at this rate, may become the first All-America who will not play enough to earn a letter.

The Army quarterback would have played more against Boston College had it not been for two things: a very minor bruise on his left ankle that occurred in the second quarter and Coach Paul Dietzel's conservative nature.

"He's as fine an athlete as I've ever coached and that covers a lot of territory," said Dietzel, meaning LSU. "And he's the best athlete I've ever had at quarterback. So—no, I didn't want to risk irritating his foot, not with Texas coming up, if it could be avoided."

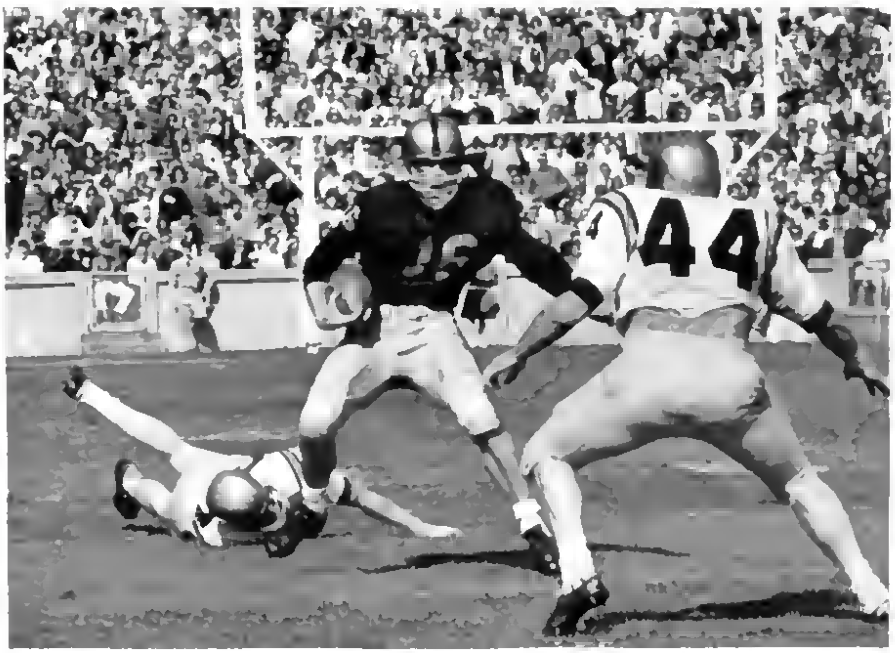
It barely was. Stichweh directed a perfect 73-yard drive the first time Army got the ball, running himself for two critical first downs, and hitting four out of four hook passes, the last one going nine yards to End Tom Schwartz for a 6–0 lead. In the drive Stichweh displayed a surprising talent for throwing the dropback pass. His best play is a sprintout run-pass option when he fakes to the fullback and follows both pulling guards. He is a fast as well as clever runner. But against Boston College, Stichweh took three quick steps wide, then settled into the pocket and spiraled accurately to receivers who had run moderate down-and-in patterns. At this point, it looked as if Army would have a remarkably easy afternoon against a heavier, more experienced team that had shocked Syracuse 21–14 the previous week.

But as it turned out Army needed a good performance from Stichweh's stand-in, Frank Cosentino, and a chilling 94-yard punt return by sophomore Halfback Fred Barofsky to survive a spray of fourth-quarter Boston College passes. In that last quarter Ed Foley, a quarterback who had never lofted a varsity pass, completed 10 of them, sweeping BC to two touchdowns, and he was still connecting at the Army 40 when time caught him. Throughout the barrage the thought in Dietzel's mind, as he paced the Michie Stadium sideline with his clipboard, was that Rollie Stichweh, of course, could have had the game more safely out of reach.

"It's not easy for us to win without Stitch," said Dietzel. "He could play a lot of positions at Army—at wingback with his speed or tailback with his power, or even end. He has great hands."

Before the last game of 1963, the Navy game, it appeared that Stichweh might be better off in another position. Although he had been recruited as a passer (from Mineola High School on Long Island in a battle involving such out-

continued



AN ELUSIVE OPEN-FIELD RUNNER, STICHWEH RETURNS PUNT 21 YARDS AGAINST BC



rageously incongruous bidders as Princeton and Iowa), he had never convinced anyone at West Point of his skill. He played defensive halfback as a sophomore, and through most of last season he was regarded as a quarterback who could certainly run but passed only at saber point. Then against Navy he demonstrated something Dietzel termed more important than running or passing leadership. "The ability to lift and inspire," says the coach. "He was even voted the outstanding platoon leader this summer at camp." On that day in Philadelphia, although Navy staggered through 21-15, Stichweh outdueled Roger Staubach, scoring 14 points and bootlegging Army to the brink of an upset.

"I can pass," says Stichweh, a handsome blond of 6 feet, 190, who speaks eloquently and looks like a movie Cadet in his gray blouse and white ducks. "Nobody believes me, but I'd rather pass than run. It's just that our attack isn't geared that way. In football everything is a matter of confidence. I call a lot of passes, but when I get out there our linemen have cut down so many tacklers the sensible thing to do is follow them. Roger [Staubach] is great because he has confidence."

Stichweh can talk comfortably about Staubach because they now have more things in common than playing quarterback for service academies or German names that are difficult to spell and pronounce. Last winter, when Staubach went to West Point for a long weekend (it is customary for the Cadets and Midshipmen to visit each other once a year), he roomed with Rollie. "We played catch in the gym," says Stichweh, "went to a movie, tried on each other's uniforms and he went to classes with me, so I had to get up at 5:30 and go to Mass with him. I offered to get him a date, but he said no. We became good friends. We correspond."

They became such friends, in fact, that when Rollie later visited Annapolis, Navy's Heisman Award winner prevented him from suffering a fate worse than a slight ankle bruise. During a meal in Navy's Bancroft Hall, as Staubach and his Army guest sat together, Stichweh felt a nudge and heard Roger warn him, "Watch out for that plebe walking toward us."

"During those visits," explains Stichweh, "plebes are sometimes ordered to play tricks on the guests. This guy was going to pour a bowl of mashed potatoes on my head but, thanks to Rog, I grabbed him just in time."

Stichweh grabbed the quarterbacking leadership just in time, too. With Staubach off to a slow start—he has completed only eight out of 16 for 69 yards and has lost 14 yards rushing—the service academies seemed fresh out of heroes. Rollie should do very nicely until Roger regains his form.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NAVY (2-0) 2. ARMY (2-0) 3. SYRACUSE (1-1)

Last spring when a visitor asked him about his sophomore halfback, Floyd Little, SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartzwalder peered over the top of his glasses, nodded happily and said, "He is going to be a real good one." How good, not even Schwartzwalder suspected—until last Saturday. Then Little, a bandy-legged 190-pounder with the fluid moves of a belly dancer, thoroughly demoralized Kansas. Little outmaneuvered the dismayed Jayhawkers and ran for five touchdowns as Syracuse won 38-6. Meanwhile, a tough Syracuse defense treated the Kansans shamefully. Ends George Fair and Herb Stecker rarely let All-America Halfback Gale Sayers out of their reach, forcing Quarterback Steve Renko to run on the option play more often than he liked. When Sayers did get the ball, the Orange simply ran him to the sidelines. Kansas Jack Mitchell, who only the night before had declared that Sayers was "just about the best runner in the country," looked pained when somebody mentioned Little. "That little old boy can *really* run," said Mitchell.

While ARMY was holding off Boston College to win 19-13, NAVY had to get ailing (sore ankle) Roger Staubach off the bench when William & Mary threatened to catch the Middies in the fourth quarter. Staubach got Halfback Kip Paskewich started on a 71-yard touchdown run with a hand-off and completed three straight passes for another score. The Middies coasted home 35-6.

HARVARD Quarterback John McCluskey,

who earlier had run 82 yards for a touchdown, was so pleased when he found himself in the clear on a two-yard sweep that he threw the ball high in the air, just like the pros. Only trouble was, he was on the Massachusetts one-yard line. The Redmen recovered the "fumble," but Harvard won anyway, 20–14. All the other Ivy Leaguers won, too, except CORNELL, which tied BUFFALO 9–9. VILLANOVA Quarterback Dave Connell was just too much for Holy Cross as the Wildcats won 32–0. BOSTON U. finally found someone it could beat. The Terriers put down George Washington 15–7.

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Syracuse Halfback Floyd Little hardly behaved like a scared sophomore against Kansas. He ran 55, 19, 15, three and one yards for touchdowns, gained 159 yards and caught two passes.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Every time Ole Miss looked up there was Kentucky End Rick Kestner. The slim 205-pounder caught nine passes for 185 yards and three scores, the last one upsetting Mississippi 27-21.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. AUBURN (2-0) 2. ALABAMA (2-0) 3. LSU (2-0)

The Ole Miss student section could hardly believe its eyes. There was KENTUCKY pushing Mississippi's pure defense around as few teams have ever done before. With 2:38 to go, Kentucky Quarterback Rick Norton, who had already scored once and passed for a touchdown, pitched from the Mississippi 22 to End Rick Kestner, who clutched the ball on the seven and scampered over for his third touchdown to upset Ole Miss 27–21.

That night Mississippi State got a dose of the same bitter medicine. FLORIDA Tackle Bob Lyle kicked two field goals in the last three minutes, the second a 41-yarder with one second to play, and the Gators won 16–13. "Just like you draw it on the blackboard," joshed Florida Coach Ray Graves.

When Jimmy Sidle's injured shoulder prevented him from raising his arm, AUBURN had to slug it out with stubborn Tennessee on the ground. It was rugged going, but Auburn sneaked by the Tigers 3–0 on Don Lewis' 42-yard field goal. ALABAMA's Joe Namath ran for two touchdowns, passed for a third as 'Bama swamped Tulane 33–6.

NORTH CAROLINA expected Michigan State to key on Halfback Ken Willard. So the Tar Heels put him in motion and, sure enough, the Spartans chased him all over Kenan Stadium. Meanwhile, Quarterback Danny Talbott rolled out freely, ran and passed for three touchdowns, and North Carolina held off rallying State, 21–15.

In Atlantic Coast games, NORTH CAROLINA STATE surprised Clemson 9–0, DUKE

continued



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ran all over Virginia 30–0 and MARYLAND took South Carolina 24–6. WAKE FOREST whacked Virginia Tech 38–21.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (1-0) 2. OHIO STATE (1-0) 3. MICHIGAN (1-0)

USC's Johnny McKay is a whimsical man. Last summer he picked Oklahoma to win the national championship. Last Saturday his Trojans whomped the Sooners, 40–14. Quarterback Craig Fertig went right after Oklahoma with passes (he completed 16 for 212 yards) and, almost before the poor Sooners knew it, they were behind 14–0. After that, things got worse. Explained Oklahoma End Allen Bumgardner, "They had some patterns we didn't work against very much in practice, such as the split end, slotback and man in motion." What else is there?

It was like old times for NOTRE DAME. Quarterback Johnny Huarte pitched like Johnny Lujack (15 of 24 for 270 yards), End Jack Snow caught like Monty Stickles (nine for 217 yards and two touchdowns) and the Irish trounced Wisconsin 31–7.

MICHIGAN Quarterback Bob Timberlake, Fullback Mel Anthony and sophomore Halfbacks Carl Ward and Jim Detwiler roamed through the Air Force line for 311 yards on fancy pitchouts, option sweeps and plain old-fashioned power plays as the Wolverines took their opener, 24–7. OHIO STATE was less flamboyant, but just as effective. The Bucks were content to let Fullback Will Sander and Halfback Tom Barrington bash away at SMU while its defense handled the Mustangs' passing game. DSU won 27–8.

Indiana's Phil Dickens got a present last Friday, an open end contract good for 12 years. Then NORTHWESTERN's Tom Myers and Dean Dickie spoiled his week. Myers threw a touchdown pass, Dickie kicked two extra points and Northwestern edged the Hoosiers 14–13. PURDUE disposed of overly ambitious Ohio U 17–0 while IOWA rallied to beat Idaho 34–24. NEBRASKA Quarterback Fred Duda got a hot hand in the last 7½ minutes, passed for two scores as the Huskers overtook Minnesota 26–21.

One could hardly blame MISSOURI's Dan Devine for worrying before his team played Utah. "For one thing," said Devine, "Ray Nagel, their coach, is a Phi Beta Kappa. That makes him smarter than me." Maybe so, but Devine was smart enough to have his line flatten Utah's passing game with a lusty rush. Quarterback Gary Lane's running and throwing got Mizzou a 23–6 victory. At Stillwater, OKLAHOMA STATE's Phil Cutchin turned up on the sidelines wearing a 10-gallon hat and cowboy boots. The Cowboys then went out and whipped Iowa State 29–14. Cutchin had only one complaint: "My feet sure are sore."

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (2-0) 2. ARKANSAS (2-0) 3. RICE (0-1)

Neither a record 47,100 partisans at Lubbock nor a driving rain could prevent defending National Champion TEXAS from dismissing Texas Tech 23–0. Marv Kristynik's passes and Ernie Koy's slashing runs got the points, and Texas' always-tough defense held Tech to two first downs.

Defense was also the key in Houston where LSU trimmed Rice 3–0 on Doug Moreau's 28-yard field goal in the final three minutes. There was defense in Fort Worth, too, where Florida State's "Seven Magnificents," led by Linebacker Bill McDowell, blitzed TCU lifeless and won a 10–0 game on Steven Tensi's passes. With an equally stern defense HOUSTON kept Texas A&M on its own side of midfield for 51 minutes and won by an identical score, 10–0.

Only in Fayetteville did the Southwest erupt with offense when ARKANSAS overcame an 0–14 lead by Tulsa to win 31–22. Billy Gray's passing and Jim Lindsey's running, helped along by an intercepted touchdown pass by Linebacker Ronnie Caveness, was just enough to overcome Tulsan Jerry Rhome's 20 of 26 completions.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. USC (2-0) 2. WASHINGTON (1-1) 3. UCLA (2-0)

The West Coast was rough on visitors last week. Early in the last quarter, ILLINOIS appeared to have California safely in hand, 20–6. The big Illini line, led by Dick Butkus, had been booming in on Cal Quarterback Craig Morton all afternoon, nailing him for losses. Fullback Jim Grabowski had banged away at the California middle mercilessly (for 110 yards) and, when the Golden Bears stacked their defense to stop him, Quarterback Fred Custardo rolled out wide and cleverly exploited their weakened center alley with accurate passes. Then Morton began to connect. He threw nine yards to little I lanker Back Jerry Bradley for one touchdown and, with less than a minute to play, found Bradley deep in the end zone with a 32-yarder—apparently to tie Illinois, 20–20. But Bradley's foot scraped the last chalk mark as he came down with the ball, and the officials ruled it an out-of-bounds catch. That saved the Illini. They won 20–14.

WASHINGTON, thoroughly chastened by its loss to Air Force, was in no mood to fool around with Baylor. Coach Jim Owens turned loose his "wild mouse," 159-pound Halfback Steve Bramwell, against the Bears and he led them a merry chase. Bramwell returned a punt 67 yards for a touchdown, carried back five others for 70 yards, caught four passes and the Huskies romped 35–14.

Eastern visitors also had nothing but trouble out West. Penn State went at UCLA's talented Larry Zeno with an intensive blitz, but he escaped often enough to get the surprising Bruins a 21–14 victory. OREGON's Bob Berry and Pitt's Fred Mazurek both did just about what was expected of them. Barry passed for 117 yards and two touchdowns. Mazurek ran for 119 yards and threw for 109. But Pitt lost a touchdown when Halfback Dale Stewart fumbled on the way into the end zone and another when Eric Crabtree's 80-yard run on a pass interception was nullified by an offside penalty. The Panthers lost the game, too, 22–13.

STANFORD, still trying to get the kinks out of its offense, squeaked by San Jose State 10–8 while OREGON STATE beat Colorado 14–7. Washington State, however, was overwhelmed by WYOMING 28–7. UTAH STATE, anxious to prove itself as the West's No. 1 independent, buried New Mexico State, 76–0. ARIZONA beat Brigham Young 36–6. **ENG**

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Auburn over Kentucky. Sidle is hurting. Auburn will have to win with defense.

Mississippi State over Tennessee. The Vols need seasoning. State is ready.

LSU over Florida. LSU hasadded trickery to its usual resourcefulness.

USC over Michigan State. The Trojans are quicker and slicker than State.

Michigan over Navy. But only if the Wolverines can hold Navy's Staubach.

Illinois over Northwestern. The Illini are bigger, stronger and more versatile.

Texas over Army. Army is overmatched. Texas will wear out the thin gray line.

Texas Tech over Texas A&M. Tech, with Donny Anderson, is too much for A&M.

Arkansas over TCU.* The young Frogs make mistakes. Arkansas is more exciting.

UCLA over Stanford. Both yield easily, but UCLA's Zeno makes the difference.

OTHER GAMES

CALIFORNIA OVER MINNESOTA
GEORGIA TECH OVER CLEMSON
MISSOURI OVER OKLAHOMA STATE
NEBRASKA OVER IOWA STATE
N. CAROLINA STATE OVER MARYLAND
NOTRE DAME OVER PURDUE
PENN STATE OVER OREGON
PRINCETON OVER COLUMBIA
VIRGINIA TECH OVER VIRGINIA
WASHINGTON OVER IOWA*

Regional TV

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

12 RIGHT, 8 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 25-13-1

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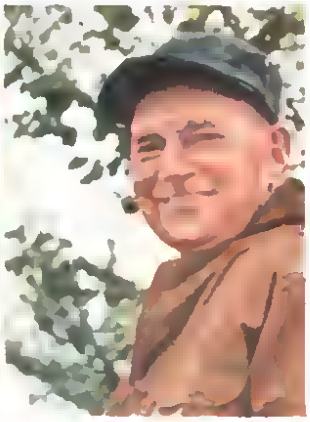
Leo Bandoni, San Francisco, Calif.
"The best-performing shells I've ever used at all ranges"



Allen W. Wa[illegible], Minneapolis, Minn.
"The most [illegible] loads I've [illegible] And the [illegible] is a nice [illegible]"



Don A. Di[illegible]nda, Hillsborough, Calif.
"Plenty of power excellent patterns They're the only shells to use"



L. S. (Red) [illegible], Dayton, [illegible]
"Remington shells have performed best with cleaner hits and fewer cripples more power"



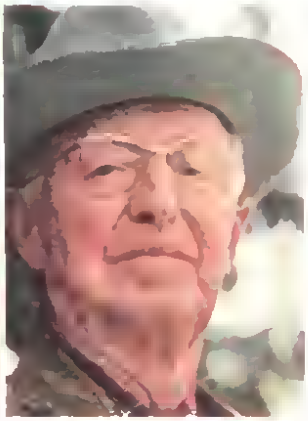
J. H. Sargent, Jr., St. Louis Park, Minn.
"They give me the distance I need for those shots that are just barely within range"



Andrew Kleeber, Glenshaw, Pa.
"They're everything I want in a shell more power and better patterns"



A. G. Schuehle, Roselle, Illinois
"Terrific range the kind of patterns you can't miss with"



R. L. Wal[illegible], Shaker Heights, Ohio
"Their knockdown range is fantastic I use 'em all the time"

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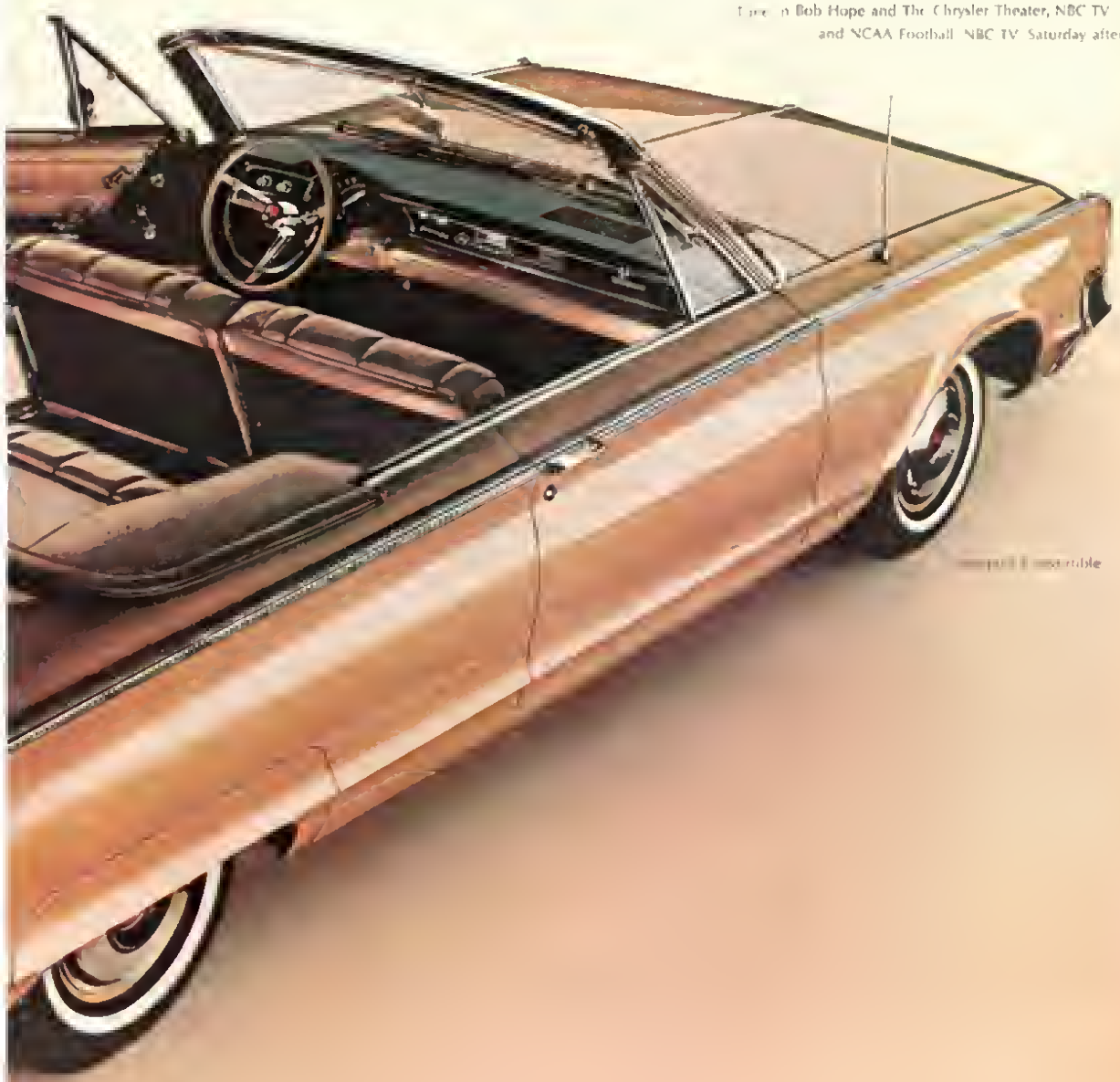
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A pretty kettle of dyed baitfish

Largemouth bass see red better than other colors. They love minnows, but minnows are drab. What to do? Dye them red to catch more bass

There is a recipe for dyeing live minnows. First of all, you have to be a nut. Being a bass fisherman will do. Second, you have to mess around with all sorts of horrible dyes that will stain your hands and clothes for weeks on end. Finally, you have to find a baitfish that can absorb a dye and still live. The point to all this, of course, is that you should be able to catch *more* bass with a live, brightly colored minnow than you can with a naturally dull-colored one.

Some species of fish can see colors. Not only that, but they apparently discern some colors more easily than others. Largemouth bass, for instance, are supposed to see red and yellow very well, but they have difficulty with green and blue. The classic experiment on largemouths was done by Frank A. Brown Jr. of the Illinois Natural History Survey in 1935. He put 30 fingerling bass in white-enameled basins and, using a system of reward and punishment, found that the bass responded best to red, with yellow in second place. In later studies Dr. George W. Bennett of the Survey substantiated this color choice by keeping statistics of the harvest from different colored lures at Ridge Lake experimental station (SI, Aug. 19, 1963).

To anyone who has followed the work of Brown and Bennett the implications are vast. What would happen, I wondered last winter, if bass were presented with live minnows colored red? I happened to wonder this because the minnows commonly used where I live are the very durable but dull-colored killifish from the Hudson River. You can get drab killies by the thousands, but glistening and glittering shiners and creek chubs are hard to come by.

A marine biologist, Ron Eisler, suggested that I try dyeing killies with two laboratory stains, neutral red and eosin, and he provided samples of each. He also suggested that I get in touch with William Kelly, a biologist at the State Fish Laboratory in Livingston Manor, N.Y.

When I got home, I took a dozen killies, dumped them in a gallon jug filled with water and shook in a pinch of eosin. The water turned red, but the killies would not absorb the dye. I tried the neutral-red stain, and this time the killies became a bright red. A few died, but the rest lived, and they stayed red for up to 24 hours before resuming their usual drab coloration.

A couple of weeks later, I visited Kelly who, it turned out, was interested in dyeing trout, or at least in tattooing their jaws, as a way of marking them permanently. Metal tags have not been entirely satisfactory for marking trout; among other things, a tag impedes a trout's feeding, and it may also prompt infection. So far, Kelly had only been able to find injection dyes that lasted for nine or 10 months. However, since I was after a short-term immersion dye that would color an entire fish for only a day, Kelly gave me samples of Bismarck brown, Nile blue sulphate and FD&C orange No. 1. The last had been sent to him by a chemical-company representative who said that bass fishermen in Lake Ontario were just wild about it since it supposedly made minnows a bright gold. Kelly himself had not tested it.

Hastening home, I tried all three. The Bismarck brown turned the killies a bright-golden orange but killed most of them, the Nile blue sulphate turned them a deep blue but killed all within an hour and the FD&C orange No. 1 did not work at all. I moved on to certified food

continued



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Land of the Rising Hurdlers

Tokyo's magnificent National Stadium, site of the track-and-field events in this month's Summer Olympics, is said to hold about 80,000 spectators. Except for those now crowding into what is already the world's most populous city, however, the point is academic; for most Americans will be watching the Olympics competition from home—and seeing it exclusively on the NBC Television Network.



Panoramic Preview

By way of readying television audiences for the panoply and drama of the forthcoming Tokyo competition, NBC-TV will present this Sunday—October 4, 4:00 to 5:00 pm—"La Grande Olympiade," a superb color film report of the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome.

The network's showing of *this* year's contests will occupy 19 telecasts (week-night wrap-ups plus full-hour and two-hour specials) for a total of 13-and-a-half hours. Each of the exclusive tapings—from Oct. 11 through Oct. 25—will reach NBC viewers within eight hours after the action itself. Far speedier than that will be the live transmission—via the Syncom III satellite—of opening day ceremonies on Saturday, Oct. 10. Under favorable conditions, all the action in this two-hour spectacle (starting at 1 am EDT) will reach viewers instantaneously.



Serving as NBC-TV's commentators at the Tokyo games will be Jim Simpson, Bud Palmer, Bill Henry, and Olympic decathlon champion (1960) Rafer Johnson. All will be working under producer Jim Kitchell, who's made three trips to Japan in preparation for the telecasts and now considers himself thoroughly Oriented.



In obtaining exclusive U.S. television rights to this XVIII Olympiad, NBC has again shown its determination to give its audience a front-row seat for the most important and most exciting events in athletics. Two week-ends ago, we carried the first of the NCAA college football contests to be seen on our 14-date schedule. Next Wednesday, Oct. 7—the date is contingent on punctual finishes of the two pennant races—we'll be televising the World Series for the 18th consecutive year (the sixth straight time in color). Also in the offing: golfdom's National Open competition and basketball's National Invitation Tournament.

Olympian Feat

But, for the internationally sports minded, the season's most stirring event would have to be this month's Olympics. Already busy in Tokyo are almost a hundred NBC Television personnel from the States. Arranging a trans-Pacific transportation schedule for that many people was, in itself, deserving of some sort of trophy. Fortunately, the staffers didn't have to take any television cameras with them. Cameras to Japan? Why, it would be like carrying hair to Liverpool.

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, entertainment and sports.

colors. I astounded a Sicilian gentleman in the wholesale grocery trade by ordering enough food dye to color a carload of strawberries, and I astounded myself by discovering that certified food colors will not dye fish. Kelly later explained that these colors will not penetrate the mucous coat of protective slime on a fish's body.

When I had finished experimenting with dyes, I decided that neutral red was by far the best. It was not generally toxic to the killies, and they retained the color for an adequate period of time. The next step was to test the red killies on bass to see just how effective they were. I got hold of an enormous aquarium, a 125-gallon glass tank, six feet long, two feet wide and almost two feet high. It occupied, my wife noted in horror, a sizeable chunk of our living room. Filled with water it weighed 1,400 pounds, and we were fortunate that our living room floor happens to be solid rock.

The next step was to get the bass. A local conservation officer, half torn between *calling the cops or the psycho* ward, finally issued me a permit to catch bass out of season. Unfortunately, I was out of killies at this critical point, and I had to use worms to catch half a dozen bass at a nearby pond. When the bass entered the aquarium they sank to the bottom, cramped their fins and refused to move. This is symptomatic of unhappy fish, but in about 6 hours they came to and began swimming around the tank. The next day they had their first meal, and I was able to conduct my first experiment. I dumped in two dozen killies, 12 dyed red, 12 naturally dull. The bass went after them at once. Flat on my back on the floor, I kept score with a pad and pencil. The action was frenzied, and I was hard pressed amid all the excitement to keep accurate count, but the red killies were eaten faster than the naturals. The ratio was about two reds for every natural. It was interesting to see that when a bass ate a killie, it grabbed and gulped. A bass does not chew its food. Its sandpaper teeth are used to seize slippery prey, and once the prey is seized, the bass draws it inside the mouth where it is turned around and swallowed head first. Bass probably do this so that the dorsal fin of the swallowed fish will not stick in the throat the wrong way. Feeding bass also display two other characteristics. For one, the spiny dorsal fin, ordinarily held flat, is raised as the bass

continued

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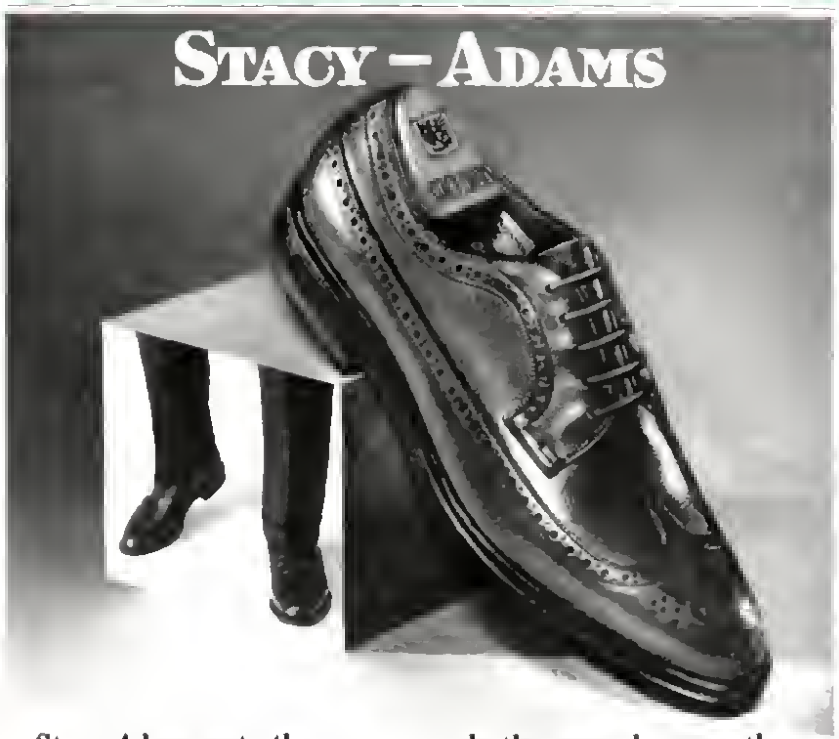


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goes in on the attack. For another, the iris in the eye of a feeding bass becomes a bright reddish gold, giving the fish a crazed, fanatical look. When bass have glutted themselves—and it takes about three three-inch killies to fill the stomach of a 10-inch bass—they sink to the bottom of the tank to digest and rest. No other food, however enticing, can induce a sated bass to strike.

Although the bass prefer the red killies to the naturals, they will strike at almost anything when they are hungry. My bass have devoured frogs, toads, moths, crickets, katydids, crawfish and a field mouse. The bass have also gone after my fingers, a thermometer, a net, a red pencil, a dropped dime and a diverse assortment of lures and flies. Here color, flash and movement all play key roles. Many jigs and streamers are made with bucktail, but maribou is much to be preferred. A bucktail streamer dropped into the tank will attract notice and a strike or two, but a maribou streamer, which flutters and undulates, excites the bass tremendously. The most effective streamer devised so far has a gold tinsel body, yellow maribou wings and a red-bucktail tail. The bass have gone gaga over it, even to the point of picking it up off the bottom.

The race is on

But there is nothing like live bait for bass, and so in the interests of statistical accuracy, I have repeatedly fed the bass equal amounts of red and natural killies. And on almost every occasion, the bass have gobbled up the red killies faster. For instance, at 11 a.m. on June 20, I fed the bass 14 killies—seven of which were dyed—even though the bass had been fed worms earlier that day. Within half an hour, the bass had devoured four red killies and only two naturals. By 2 in the afternoon, only one of the seven reds was left while four naturals remained. At 4 o'clock, there were no reds and two naturals.

There can be no doubt but that the bass can see the red killies better than the naturals. One evening while I was lying on the floor catching the action —and it can be pretty exciting action the largest bass, a burly two-pounder, had a go at the last red. That killie raced up and down the top of the tank four or five times with the bass in hot pursuit. No matter which way the killie dodged, the bass hung in there and finally nailed him in a corner with

continued



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a mighty rush that sent water slopping over the sides. That red color simply stood out too much for the killie's own good. On other occasions, drab killies have shaken a pursuing bass by blending into the background of the weeds and rocks in the aquarium.

It is far harder to keep accurate statistics for fishing in the field, but what statistics I do have give the edge to the red killies. The first time I cast a red killie in a local pond, I accidentally cast short. While I was cursing and unsnarling the line, it began to move. I reeled in an 18-inch pickerel. A friend who wanted to take pictures of bass hitting a red killie in the wild asked me to take him along. We went to a lake, and a bass hit at once. But my friend asked me to do it again since his camera was not set up. I cast out again, and at once another bass grabbed the red killie. This time the photographer complained that the water was too murky for a picture. We went to another pond where the water was clearer. I cast again and caught still another bass. This time the photographer called it quits because the red did not look dramatic enough.

Seagoing barber's pole

On several occasions I have fished with two rods, red killies on one, naturals on the other. I recall one steaming July day when no fish seemed around. I used a red killie on a fly rod and a series of naturals on a spinning rod. I did everything I could to entice fish into striking at the naturals. I let the bait sit, I fished it low, I used small killies, I used big killies. I did not catch a fish on that spinning rod, but I caught four crappies with the red killies on the fly rod.

If the dosage of neutral red is small enough, shiners can also be dyed. For some reason or other, perhaps because they have a lower metabolism than killies, shiners will retain the dye for two or three days. Creek chubs can also be colored red, but since they are often a natural pink, there is little to be gained by dyeing them. I once tried to dye a foot-long eel, but it died. I have the feeling that some factor other than the dye was involved, and I am going to try again. I have a mad dream that a bright-red eel, or better yet, one with bright-red stripes like a seagoing barber's pole, would prove deadly with striped bass.

This is slippery business, but it can be solved with stick-to-it-iveness. **END**

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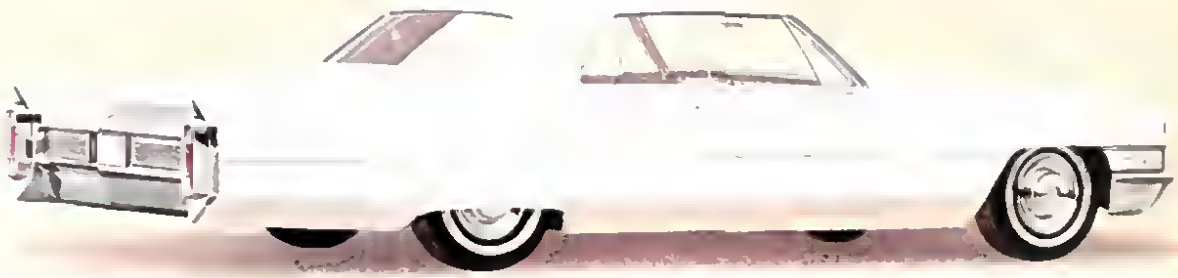


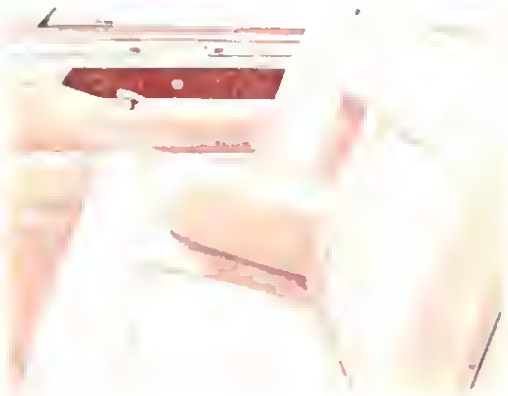
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Showdown at Watkins Glen

Three men are in a dramatically close race for the world driving championship. The deadlock could be broken in Sunday's U.S. Grand Prix

Most of the year Watkins Glen goes its own way. It is not the bedroom suburb of a nearby big city—there are no nearby big cities—and the local version of commuting is to catch the Greyhound bus anywhere out of town. There are 3,052 people in Watkins Glen, which is hidden away in an upstate New York area known for the leisurely cultivation of Concord grapes. Then, in a sudden one-week burst, the international racing set comes to town to stage the U.S. Grand Prix and everything changes. The streets come alive with 50,000 strangers. There are roaring little cars and lovely women everywhere, sales of such foreign drinks as daiquiris boom. The men wear either ascots or beards—often both—and continental accents hang thick in the autumn air.

The 1964 trek to the Glen next week promises to be as dazzling as ever, and the race more emotion-charged than any so far. A fleet of the world's fiercest Formula I cars have been entered, and seldom on the championship circuit have their drivers been tangled in such a close race for the world title.

Watkins Glen is not overwhelmed by any of this. Residents are conservative Republican in their politics but global-minded—a natural enough condition in a community with vineyards on one side and wineries on the other.

Watkins Glen is the place where American road racing got its postwar start, 16 years ago, when a few moneyed sportsmen wheeled Allards and MGs and such over 6.6 miles of local road—around the hills, over a stone bridge, across the New York Central railroad tracks (all trains stop, the race map promised) and right past the historic old courthouse on Franklin Street. But in 1952 a racer slashed into the crowd, killing one spectator and injuring several others. Far worse accidents have maimed many more on the overseas circuits, but that was enough for the Glen. It built a handsome new 2.3-mile racecourse on 550 acres of rolling highlands, and now drivers race in relative safety against a country backdrop of scarlet-and-gold trees. Visiting Europeans are wild about the setting, and one journalist sent to report the race last year spent most of his story describing the upstate scenery. On Grand Prix race week the crowds are tightly quartered in a 90-mile radius around Watkins Glen and descend on the course in a sort of Riviera weekend mood with hootenanny overtones.

What the crowds will see next week is certain to be worth the squeeze. The top international drivers are almost matched: Defending World Champion Jimmy Clark ranks second in point standings with 30 against England's Graham Hill, the 1962 champion, who stands first with 32. John Surtees is in third spot with 28 points. Richie Ginther of America, with 20, and Lorenzo Bandini of Italy, with 19, run fourth and fifth—mathematically in the title race but just barely. Among them, these five drivers operate an awesome



Britain's John Surtees is favored to win Glen race, take championship lead.

continued



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group of racing machines—Clark in a Lotus powered by a Climax engine; Hill and Ginther in British Racing Motors cars, Surtees and Bandini in Ferraris, powered by the superlative Ferrari V-8 engines.

Nor are these the only notables. The total 18-car lineup reads like a four-wheel all-star game. Corporate entrants include American Dan Gurney and Australian Jack Brabham in Brabham factory cars, and Bruce McLaren of New Zealand and American Phil Hill driving for Britain's Cooper factory. Independents include Great Britain's Innes Ireland and Trevor Taylor, whose British Racing Partnership cars are called BRP-BRMs, roughly the same sound they make on the road. Sweden's Jo Bonnier and Switzerland's Jo Siffert, among the most talented in the game, will drive Brabham-BRM cars. Aside from the top men, none has enough points to win this season's world title, all, however, have the iron will and touch it takes to star in road racing's major league.

Add to all these a new and fascinating competitor Japan's sleek new Honda Formula I. The Honda will be making its first U.S appearance, piloted by rookie driver Ronnie Bucknum of California. Honda unveiled the 12-cylinder car for the first time in Europe this season but pointed out it did not expect to win any races until the car has been more severely tested. The Honda started on the back of the grid at the Nurburgring, and by the Italian Grand Prix at Monza had moved up to the middle. Now drivers are beginning to look over their shoulders for it.

After Watkins Glen, only one of the 10 races that count for the world title remains—the Mexican Grand Prix on Oct. 25. In each race, points are awarded the top six finishers on a sliding scale starting at 9, and each driver at the end of the season picks his six best races for his final standing.

The result of all this risk of life and chassis is not as tangible as a diamond-studded world championship belt. But it is tangible enough: an income upward of $60,000 a year, race expenses paid for next season's runs around the world, a growing new source of income in product endorsements (in America, Dan Gurney is becoming as familiar a commercial figure as Chiquita Banana) and a celebrity status that stretches beyond the world of racing.

continued



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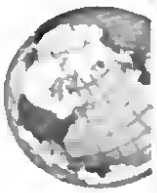
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American automobile makers, keyed to stamping out their cars like cookies, do not play the formula game. In Europe, Grand Prix results are tied closely to car sales and national prides are involved. England has been on top in five of the last six years. Now that splendid old wizard Enzo Ferrari is raising hopes in Italy. He normally paints his cars flame red, Italy's national racing color, but he currently is feuding with the Italian Automobile Club and is threatening to paint them American blue and white for Watkins Glen.

In Europe last week the Surtees-Ferrari combination grew as the favorite to win at the Glen. Clark, who won easily last season, has been fighting mechanical problems this year; Hill fought off the same bugs but wrecked two cars doing it. "I am not thinking about winning right now," said Surtees. "When people start getting worked up they make mistakes."

Whoever he is, the winner will receive $5,000 in cash and a $500 silver bowl splashed full of champagne (he is expected to drink it ceremoniously, sitting grimed and exhausted in his bucket seat at the finish line). There will be an old-fashioned parade down Decatur Street, bonfires and a guitar-thwacking folk-music festival at the racecourse. Storekeepers are decorating for the occasion and converting from their usual merchandise to souvenirs; the kids all get rich selling race programs.

"But most of all," says Mrs. Cameron Argetsinger, who with her husband has been one of the campaigners for the Prix for years, "we have a rural community in a setting of unparalleled scenery. A small town with clean air suddenly caught up in the swirl of an international racing event. We spend money on it—the race takes a $200,000 budget—and we do it well. Watkins Glen is so different from anything seen in Europe that we want to keep it that way.

"The one thing we definitely do not need," says Mrs. Argetsinger, "is for Watkins Glen to become chic." **END**



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A college star with a slow fuse ignites the fireproof Rams

Most rookie querterbacks have to sit out their early pro yeers, but Bill Munson moved right in—end begen moving a long-stelled team

Bill Munson is, at the moment, the quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams. last year he was the quarterback of Utah State University, and the gap between Utah State and the Rams is roughly the equivalent of the gap between the northern and southern cliffs of the Grand Canyon. Munson has bridged this gap, because he can throw a football quickly and he does not worry about what will happen to him after he throws it. He has succeeded in a trade where immediate success is a rare thing.

His success is made unique by the fact that he has been a blocking back and defensive end for most of his football career, which started in high school in Lodi, Calif. Though Lodi had a good team—17–3 in Munson's last two years—Munson was unwanted by the college scholarship dealers, and he languished for a year at Foothill Junior College befor Utah State discovered him and gave him a scholarship.

Silent by nature and nonaggressive in appearance, Munson is one of those athletes who become combative under the pressure of play. Poise seems to characterize his every move on or off the field, but underneath there is some worry.

"I'm nervous," he said the other day. "I'm not afraid of what I can do. But I know the Rams don't like to go with a rookie quarterback, and I'm a rookie, so it worries me. It's money in their pockets to win, and I don't want to lose. I want them to respect me. If they respect the quarterback, a club with all this talent will win. If they don't, the talent doesn't mean much. You know what I mean?"

Munson is a young man with wide, sloped shoulders and the cold, squarely lined face of a Bob Waterfield plus the arm and enthusiasm of a Norman Van Brocklin. He was drafted first by the Rams, 16th by the Houston Oilers in the American Football League, and he was the Rams' first draft choice on the recommendation of Waterfield, who spent last fall looking at all of the college quarterbacks.

In the normal course of events, Munson would not have started a game for the Rams for three or four years; most rookies need that much time to acclimate themselves. He was flung headlong into competition when Roman Gabriel,

continued



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the first Ram quarterback, was hurt.

"Maybe it would have been better if I could have sat on the bench," he said the night after the Rams tied the Detroit Lions 17–17 in a game they should have won. "I still don't recognize defense too well. I mean, they had the zone, and I didn't know where they were hiding it. And Coach Svare says I see a little too much, and I guess he's right. But I learn fast this way. Faster than you can learn on the bench."

What Harland Svare said about Munson's seeing too much is a compliment, in a way. When a pro quarterback drops back to throw, he looks down a lane for his receiver. When Munson looks down this lane, he sees a linebacker drifting through it and holds the ball. He should see him—but not let his attention become fixed. A Van Brocklin gets rid of the ball right away, knowing the linebacker will have moved out of the lane by the time the ball arrives on target.

"It takes years to learn to throw now against what will happen," Svare said. "Munson will learn it. He is a fine rookie."

Munson was first spotted by Vic Schwenk—now a Ram backfield coach—in 1961 when Schwenk was a scout. He was looking at Merlin Olsen, a big defensive tackle. Olsen was playing at Utah State, and Schwenk watched him in a varsity-alumni game, as did a dozen other pro scouts. The alumni were short of personnel, so Johnny Ralston, now head coach at Stanford, assigned some poorly regarded sophomores—including Munson—to the alums. Ralston never thought much of Munson as a quarterback and used him mostly as a defensive back—second-string, at that.

"Everyone knew about Olsen," Schwenk said later. "I flagged Munson."

Schwenk's report set the Rams on Munson's trail, and in 1963 Bob Waterfield, the old Ram nonpareil quarterback, was given the assignment of rating four college quarterbacks. Three of them everyone knew about. George Mira of Miami (now San Francisco), Pete Beathard of University of Southern California (now Kansas City Chiefs) and Jack Concannon of Boston College (now Philadelphia Eagles). The fourth was Munson.

In Munson's senior year at Utah State Ralston moved on to Stanford, and the new coach, Tony Knap, instituted the I formation and sat back to watch Munson throw. Knap had a lot to watch. Last year Munson threw 201 times for 120 completions and 12 touchdowns and had only three interceptions. By comparison, Navy's Roger Staubach, throwing 40 fewer times, had six interceptions, George Mira had 14.

Waterfield's report on Munson was so glowing that Ram Owner Dan Reeves assigned Johnny Sanders, director of scouting for the club, to backstop Waterfield. "Both of them went out on a limb, far, far out on a limb, for Munson," Reeves says. "They climbed so far out that there was no way back."

So the Rams, a club that has drafted quarterbacks consistently every year—there are now five ex-Ram quarterbacks in the league—drafted Munson first, much to the bewilderment of the professional football world. With Roman Gabriel and Terry Baker—two former first draft picks—in camp, there was no obvious need for a quarterback.

No negatives

"The first person to contact me was Johnny Sanders," Munson said the other day. "I kind of laughed. You know. I had heard so much about the Rams drafting quarterbacks. Houston had drafted me 16th, but they had Blanda and Jacky Lee, and they had drafted Don Trull as a future. There didn't seem to be much ahead for me there. And they didn't show much interest in me, either. But Mr. Sanders came to see me four different times, and the Rams were real interested. So I signed with them."

"He had no negatives, based on our scouting reports," said Svare. "From the first time I saw this boy throw, I knew he was a natural."

Munson did not realize how high he stood. "I was afraid of being cut all the time. I dreamed about it. But the rookies came to camp five days early, and we had time to get in the groove before the veterans showed up. It was settled down when they came to camp, but I was still scared."

He survived training camp and the exhibition season without too many trials. Then he suffered as traumatic an experience as any rookie quarterback can suffer—he was thrown in as the starting quarterback in the Rams' first league game against the Pittsburgh Steelers.

"I was tense," he said. "Real tense. I like to be tense up to a point because it means I'm ready. But not that tense."

"Still no negatives," Svare said, with

notable understatement, after Munson had beaten the Steelers 26–14, "Bill got a rough introduction to the game. But he's got that one big asset you can't teach. He knows when to throw the football. And quick! He has a great feel. A great feel for throwing, a great feel for knowing when to hit the man as he opens up."

Like Waterfield, who won a league championship in his rookie year with the Rams, Munson seems far more sophisticated than anyone would expect a first-year man to be. Art Hunter, the Rams' veteran center, saw that early. "It seemed to me," Hunter insisted after working in front of Munson, "that this boy had played in this league before. You had the impression this kid was a ringer, a guy using someone else's name, who'd played in this league for four or five years. From the day he walked into camp, there was no question. This man is a great-to-be. believe me."

Munson was not quite that good against Pittsburgh in the first Ram league game. But against Detroit, after a shaky beginning, he was amazing.

When the game began he overthrew open receivers three times. But the third time he came into the game to run the Ram offense, he was sure and poised.

"I felt the pressure," he said. "As the game got closer, I felt it more. I wanted to do good for the team. I wanted to earn their respect. I didn't blame them for not wanting me at quarterback. I just wanted to do good."

Munson did not have to study the defenses and call his plays against them, since all of the plays were sent in by Ray Wietecha, the Ram offensive coach. "I didn't mind that," he said. "I have the right to change plays, but, to tell you the truth, I didn't change any. We ran every play the way it was sent in. That way I could concentrate on execution."

He concentrated well enough on execution to get 17 points against the Lions' difficult defenses. Once in a while, when a pattern was broken, he improvised and did that well, too. In the last minute of the game, with the score tied, he needed a first down.

"The play sent in was a square-out to Red Phillips to the right," he said. "I dropped back and looked at him. Night Train Lane was over there, and he played this one off the top of his head. He should not have been where he was, but he had Red covered up and I was getting a rush and I gave ground to my right with some of the Lions on me and I looked around to get rid of the ball and I saw Dick Bass and threw it to him. It was not a play, it was desperation." The desperation move succeeded for a Ram first down.

Munson's main problem—being accepted by the Ram veterans—is solved, though he will not admit it. Lack of acceptance has killed some rookie quarterbacks—notably Glynn Griffing, the New York Giant rookie who never inspired the Giant veterans with any belief in his ability.

"They never gave me any trouble," Munson said. "We don't have any conversation in the huddle. Of course, the plays are sent in, and maybe that accounts for it, but no one argues with me."

"As long as I have been in pro football," says Red Phillips, one of the prime receivers in the Ram battery, "I've never seen a rookie as far ahead as Munson. He has qualities you never expect to see in a rookie—the quick delivery, the hard, hard ball, hard to intercept."

There was no room for argument in Munson's third starting assignment. Last Sunday he walked onto the field in the Los Angeles Coliseum as calmly as if he had stepped out of his back door to mow the lawn. Even under violent pressure from the young, strong Minnesota Vikings, he mowed them down 22-13. When Munson walked off the field the Rams—against all the beliefs of pro football experts—led the Western Division under a rookie quarterback.

Viking Coach Van Brocklin, who was the last rookie quarterback comparable to Munson, shook his head in admiration when the game was over. He had sent his defensive team in to disconcert Munson. The Vikings blitz well, and they had blitzed often, but they had not disturbed the unshakable Munson poise.

"That's where Munson's murder," Van Brocklin, who was at least mayhem under the same circumstances, said. "On a blitz he drops them in there and real fast. He's a helluva kid, real remarkable, great vision and great reaction."

"He knows instinctively what to do with the ball," Svare said after the Los Angeles victory. "Bill gets better every week. Not once did he throw from panic. He's a natural. I wouldn't touch that throwing motion of his in a million years."

Luckily for the rest of the league, it won't be around that long. **END**

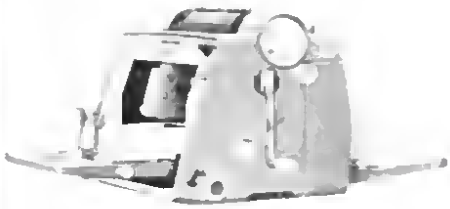
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Vicar won on three legs

Gimpy all year, a courageous colt vindicated his superior lineage

On Little Brown Jug day shades were lowered at noon in the shop fronts in Delaware, Ohio, and the butcher, the baker and the Goldwater-makers packed canvas chairs and bottles of hooch into the family wagon and drove off to the county fair. Some 35,000 people showed up at the pacing classic last week, despite a stormy sky and a gusty wind that whipped the saucer-shaped track. But the crowd, many wrapped Indian-style in colored blankets, seemed oblivious to the cold as it cheered Donald MacFarlane's Vicar Hanover, the winner of this year's $66,591 Jug. Better horses have won this race, but none was ever more deserving than the robust little bay from Billy Haughton's barn.

Vicar has more heart than horse sense to race as well as he does. "Some mornings," Trainer Haughton admits, "he walks out looking like he has a broken leg." And Vicar's broken legs are not confined to morning walks. Bothered by a calcium deposit in an ankle joint, the tough son of the 1957 Jug winner Torpid (and grandson of two other Jug winners) has been hurting for a year. He often returns from a prerace warmup lame, and track veterinarians run to see if he is fit to perform. Their worry usually is unjustified. Vicar Hanover gives the public its money's worth and frequently a dividend as well.

The colt arrived in Delaware with 16 wins, 10 seconds, two thirds and earnings of $106,864 in 35 starts. Haughton stuck with him last winter and spring when veterinarians and other horsemen walked away from the colt shaking their heads. There were 100 other horses in Billy's barn, and the temptation to forget about Vicar must have been great. Most people would have prescribed rest for the horse and rest for the trainer, but



LOCKED IN on the rail in second position, Billy Haughton sits behind Vicar Hanover and waits for an opening to make his move, as Bruce Nickells and Combat

if you lay up a cripple you may never get him back to the racetrack. Jimmy Siver, Haughton's assistant at Delaware, put it thus: "If you give up, you're beat." At one point Vicar, not Haughton, began to climb the walls of the stable, but Billy rigged up a ceiling of chicken wire above his stall, and the 3-year-old calmed down.

Before the Jug, the colt's left foreleg was painted and bound 24 hours a day in cold-water bandages. He warmed up for the race sounder than he had been since June, but Haughton worried. "I haven't trained him to go heats," he said, "because I'm afraid of the leg. I'd rather take the chance of him being short. But he doesn't feel sharp. He's not up on the bit."

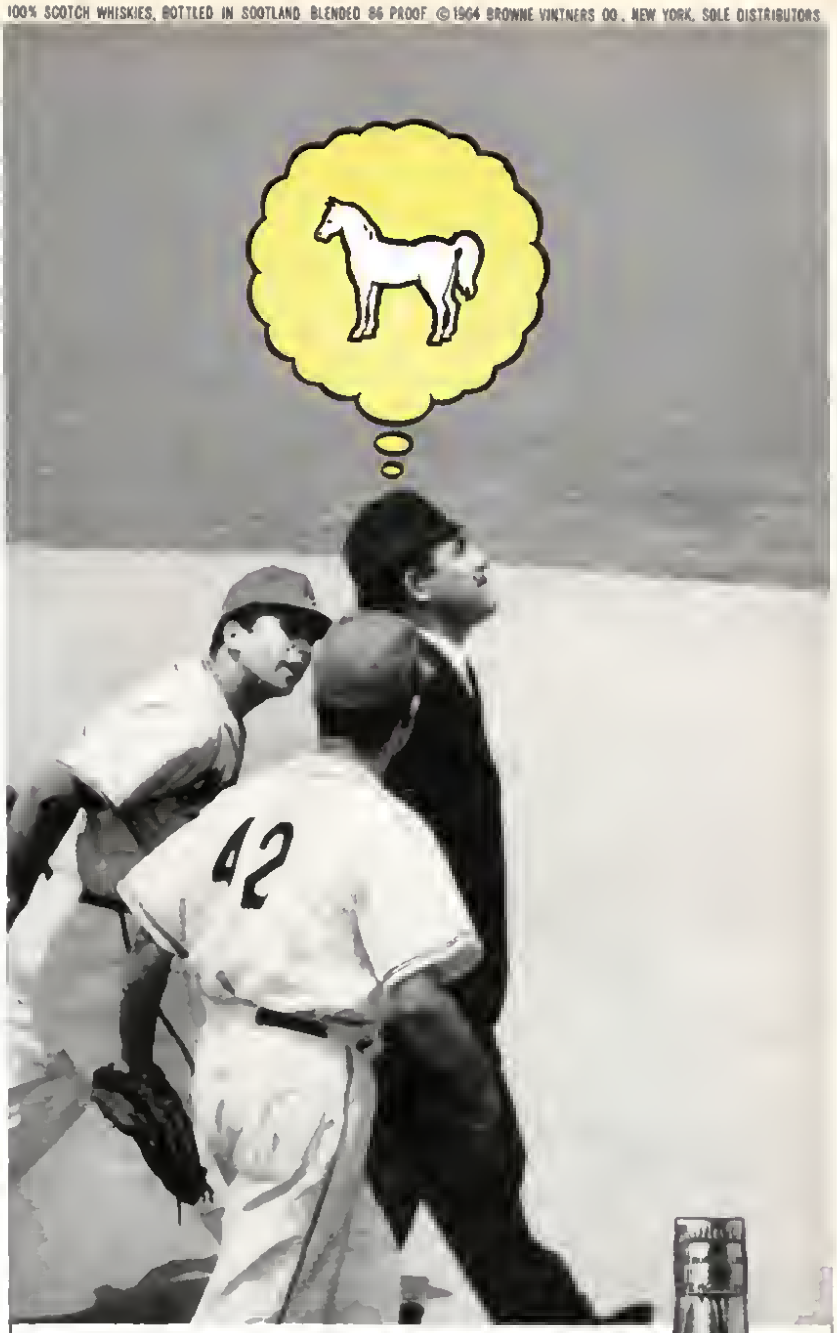
Because 13 horses were entered, this year's Jug was split into divisions of seven and six horses. The luck of the draw put Vicar in the strongest half, along with the Miron brothers' $100,000 purchase, Red Carpet, and the Adios colt, Lyss Hanover. In the second division Combat Time, a bay colt owned by three Ohio men—a doctor, an aspiring Congressman and a tavern keeper—stood out. Combat Time had won 19 of 26 heats this year, many of them at fairs throughout the state. If the first half was as fast as seemed likely, and Combat

continued



Time lead Little Brown Jug field into final quarter of the decisive mile heat.

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Time had a soft mile, the Ohio colt would be tough in the race-off. But the forecasters were as wrong about the two mile heats as they were all week in predicting sunny weather.

In the first division Haughton had Vicar on the lead as they passed the quarter pole in 30². No one forced him faster, so the colt reeled off the next two quarters in 32¹ and 30. He went under the wire a length and a quarter in front of Vernon Dancer's Lyss Hanover, who led Red Carpet by the identical margin. The final time for the heat was a slow 2:02.

Don MacFarlane, the broad, blustery attorney who owns Vicar Hanover, could not contain his jubilation. He threw his arms around a 240-pound bruiser standing beside him on the backstretch and kissed him. Then to cool the temper of the embarrassed gentleman, he pulled out a crisp, new $100 bill as a peace offering.

Haughton just smiled as he slid out of the sulky. "I never thought it would be that easy a trip," he remarked.



DELIGHTED by Vicar's win, Mrs. MacFarlane hugs her pacer.

In the second division Bruce Nickells pushed Combat Time to a first quarter, against the wind, of 29², and, although he was lengths in front of the field most of the way, he kept the son of Good Time hustling for the full mile. He finished three lengths ahead of the Haughton-trained Sheer Genius in 2:00¹.

Nickells is the soft-spoken, friendly, 36-year-old champion driver of Ohio. He was amused when someone asked for his autograph but was as enthusiastic about Combat Time's mile as Haughton was about Vicar's. "Half's done," he said grinning broadly. "Now the other half."

By the time the first five finishers in Vicar's heat and the first four in Combat Time's came back for the final mile, the sky had darkened and the lights on the Ferris wheel behind the stands were twinkling. Vicar, by a shake of the dice, drew the rail with Combat Time just outside him. MacFarlane's good-luck piece had disappeared with the $100, but it did not matter.

Billy Haughton showed why fellow horsemen consider him a master reinsman. He has won more money and more races than anyone else in the business, with driving skill that few can match. In the first quarter he took the sting out of Combat Time by forcing him to go in 28. He parked Nickells out all the way, and only after Bruce had whipped his colt was he able to get around Vicar and over to the hub rail. Passing the stands the first time, Combat Time led, and Senator Burton, Red Carpet and Lyss swarmed up outside of Haughton. Around the track and into the final quarter, Combat Time kept his lead, and Nickells became more intent on the track in front of him than on what was happening behind. Senator Burton suddenly broke stride, Red Carpet and Lyss went wide, and there was an instant when Haughton could get clear. At the top of the stretch Vicar raced up to Combat Time. With ¼ of a mile to go, he rolled by him and drew away an easy 6-length winner in 2:01.

In the crab apple orchard on the backstretch, Don MacFarlane and his wife pulled a case of champagne out of their station wagon. Corks popped, and Mrs. MacFarlane, with a lei of orchids bobbing around her neck, thrust paper cupfuls of bubbly into strangers' hands. At the barn Billy Haughton and his vivacious blonde wife, Dot, sat on a tack box outside the winner's stall. "It was worth it all," the trainer said, looking at his horse through the webbing. "Yes," his wife agreed, "but I burned all afternoon long. Every time Vicar went by, the sweet, gray-haired lady sitting behind me leaned over and said, 'Look how funny he walks, just like a circus horse.' I felt like saying, 'But, lady, the horse only has three legs.'" **END**

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The splendor of ancient Greece was epitomized by its Olympic Games, but even this hallowed competition had its ungodlike moments, including its legendary beginning as a clear case of

MANSLAUGHTER BORN OF A FIXED RACE

BY ALEXANDER ELIOT

When people think of the ancient Greek Olympics the picture that comes to mind is usually one of naked men behaving nobly in a colonnaded glen. Often they did act nobly, it is true. But the athletes of the classical age were at least as fiercely competitive as our own. All the trials and tensions of the present-day Olympics were theirs, too, and then some. They knew inspiration and the heights of glory; also public whippings, bribery, manslaughter and dishonor. The winners gained—besides their olive wreaths—civic honors and awards, banquetings, victory odes and the hero worship of generations. The losers, which is to say the vast majority, went home to disappointed silence or else open rebuke. Modern sportsmanship benignly dulls, as much as it may be dulled, the razor's edge between victory and defeat. Ancient Greek sportsmanship did not. It had a brutal clarity, a warlike urgency. The whole object for the individual athlete in those days was not to "play the game" but to win.

Two other major differences exist between the old Games and our own. We include team play; the classical contests did not. We welcome women, both on the field and in the stands; the Greeks did not.

There are literally hundreds of surviving tales to give us insights into the ancient Olympics. Most of them hark back to the official records of the Games—many since lost—which covered a span of more than a thousand years. We have them indirectly, as mined and elaborated by dozens of ancient Greek and Roman writers. Often these literary clues can be checked archaeologically, since victors at the Games had the privilege of erecting statues of themselves within the sacred precincts. The statues, being of fragile marble or valuable bronze, were mostly broken up or melted down during the dark ages. But the many remaining pedestal blocks, each inscribed with a particular athlete's claim to fame, are revealing indeed.

The small state of Elis, which included Olympia within her territory, sponsored the Games. Every four years she would send out "truce bearers of Zeus the thunder god" to issue invitations throughout the Greek world. It was a wider world than one might imagine: the heralds roamed from the Black Sea port of Trebizond in the east to Marseilles in the west, and from the snowy peaks of Macedonia in the north to Sahara's sands in the south. Perhaps a thousand athletes and trainers, along with an estimated 45,000 fans and fairgoers, responded to the call. A one-month "truce of Greece" was proclaimed, during which any Greek state that went to war with another, or even dared molest a traveler to the Games, was liable to heavy fines payable at Olympia. Among those who humbly submitted to such a fine was King Philip of Macedon. The Greeks as a whole were passionately devoted to the Games and staged them in spite of everything—famine, pestilence, war, conquest—all the way from 776 B.C. down to 393 A.D. Then the Christian Emperor Theodosius abolished the festival and toppled the temples at Olympia. He disapproved of pagan celebrations. The last Olympic victor, we are told, was a huge Armenian knight named Varazdates, who won the boxing crown.

The Olympics were part sport, part religion and part world's fair. They took place over a five-day period during

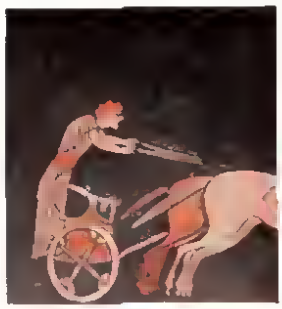
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the first full moon of either August or September. In both those months the district of Olympia is—to this day—dusty, hot and plagued with flies. But the purling, pebble-bedded rivers that meet there are cool always, and the enormous pines give welcome shade. The broad valley strikes almost every traveler first of all as being majestically peaceful. The atmosphere is heavy, calm, but not at all brooding. It invites one to stretch out. And in this place of undulating grass, gleaming columns and tall-shadowed groves, full moonlight is especially magical. One can imagine it, black and silver, flecked with hundreds of campfires on the nights of the ancient Olympics. The meadows around the sacred precincts must also have stood thick with tents of merchants, orators, sword-swallowers and fortune-tellers while the Games were on. Menander, the comic playwright, described the ambience of the festival in five words: "Crowd, market, entertainers, acrobats, thieves." Things could not have been entirely comfortable. There were no hotels; almost everyone camped out. Nor were there large grandstands at the Games. Notables had front-row seats; the rest stood on the grassy slopes to watch.

The schedule of the Games varied through the centuries, but it followed a general pattern. The first day was given over to the pleasures of acquaintance, business and oath-takings. The athletes themselves had practiced for nine months at home, plus a final month under the eyes of Olympic officials. Now they assembled for last instructions. "If you have trained in a manner worthy of Olympia, go on with good courage. Whoever has behaved slothfully or ignobly may leave." Gathered before an awesome statue of Zeus armed with thunderbolts, the judges and contestants together solemnly swore good faith. But this oath was not invariably kept. Olympia held no less than 16 large bronze statues of Zeus that had been purchased with fines levied against athletes. The inscriptions refer often to bribery, and sometimes to more curious infractions. Apollonius of Alexandria, for example, earned a fine by coming late to practice for the Games. He claimed that adverse winds had delayed his ship, but the officials decided he had stopped off to pick up some easy money at a tournament along the way. A second Alexandrian, Sarapion by name, was fined for actually fleeing the arena. He had been scheduled for the pankration, a dangerous sport later described.

A popular opening ceremony was the sacrifice offered to "Zeus, Averter of Flies." We do not know how this was performed, but we have Pliny's word (among others) that "no sooner is the sacrifice completed for the god, than the flies perish." Perhaps they were killed with kindness, as at a similar sacrifice of an ox on the island of Leucas. Glutted with blood from the ox, the flies of Leucas used to buzz off heavily and not come back. But Aelian, for one, maintains that the flies of Olympia were more virtuous than that. They perished, or at least disappeared, he says, "purely out of respect for the god."

The second morning opened with a chariot race, the most spectacular event of the entire festival. The racecourse, or "hippodrome," was shaped like the outside line of a paper clip. The starting gates stood near the curve of one end but out of the way. They formed a kind of ship's prow, 20 gates to a side, sweeping back 400 feet from the sharp tip. Built into the tip were life-size statues of an eagle (representing Zeus) and a dolphin (representing either the sea god Poseidon or Apollo). At the instant the trumpets sounded for the start of the race, the eagle "flew" into the air on a long piston, while the dolphin somehow "dived" from its height. Simultaneously, the barrier rope that was holding the chariot teams was reeled in rapidly from the tip, or point, of the prow. The chariots farthest from the point got off first, the next farthest second and so forth. At the moment before passing onto the course itself all chariots presumably stood about in line. From that position onward they would have to jostle and fight for gallop room. Ahead lay 12 double laps, or about nine miles, in the narrow hippodrome.



For the drivers this meant making 23 sharp turns in the dust of a very crowded course, with four fast, powerful and skittish beasts to keep in tight control all the way. The chariots themselves consisted of little more than a footrest and a railing suspended between flashing wheels. The charioteers balanced almost like ski jumpers, leaning far forward as they fluttered their whips over their horses' rumps. Crashes were more common than in sports car racing today. In one Olympic race a single chariot, out of 40 starters, survived the course.

It was the owner of a victorious team, rather than the driver, who got the glory. However, one millionaire enthusiast raised a monument to himself, his charioteer, the chariot and the horses, too, with all names duly inscribed for posterity. Another winner, Lichas of Sparta, became so excited that he rushed to the finish line and tied a victory ribbon around his charioteer's perspiring brow. For that impropriety, Lichas found himself seized and whipped by the umpires. Were the officials themselves always beyond reproach? One Troilus of Elis saw his chariot come home first when he himself was in an enviable position: the judges' box. This brought cries of rage, followed by a decree that umpires would not be permitted to enter chariots of their own in future meets.

Since the rules failed to limit the number of chariots one might enter, this was one event in which rich people had the edge. A notorious chariot victor was Alcibiades, the pupil of Socrates who later became the stormy petrel of the Peloponnesian War. He once sought public office on the grounds of having brought a high honor to Athens: his chariots had placed first, second and fourth at Olympia. But his peers decided, to his chagrin, that this was no proof of leadership

and left him to find other ways of advancing his career.

After the chariot race, flat races filled out the second morning at Olympia. At one time the hippodrome also witnessed trotting races and even mule-cart races, but these were discontinued within a century. Pindar, the greatest poet connected with Olympia, must have found the mule-cart event especially galling. He earned his living by composing odes to Olympic victors, and just how does one immortalize a mule driver? Pindar tried:

> *O Thou who delightest in all high deeds,*
> *Accept these garlands Olympian*
> *For thy mule cart and thy tireless hoofs. . . .*

Near the hippodrome stood a statue of a mare, in bronze, riderless and alone. The inscription named her "Aura, of Corinth," and declared her personally an Olympic champion. It seems that Aura's jockey fell off at the starting gate. She trotted swiftly on without him, outdistanced the entire field, sprinted down the homestretch, crossed the finish line all by herself and stopped, proudly swishing her tail. The judges not only confirmed Aura's triumph but also decreed special honors for her.

In the reign of the Pharaoh Psammetichus, Elis sent an embassy requesting Egypt's sages to suggest improvements for the Olympic Games. Like many civilized people before and since, strangely enough, the Egyptians felt that competitive athletics were rather beneath the dignity of a gentleman. The honor and prestige of Elis would be best served, they counseled, if the state were to confine its role in the Games to umpiring only. After carefully considering this advice, the citizens rejected it. They had proved themselves fair umpires even when their own sons were involved. So they manfully refused to bar future generations of Eleans from the strains and joys of competition. This decision, so alien to Egyptian thinking, nicely illustrates the Hellenic spirit of committal, strife and justice, too.

It turned out especially well for a boy named Hysmon, who was raised within strolling distance of Olympia. Hysmon had already resolved to grow up to be an Olympic champion when some crippling illness similar to polio seized him. Bedridden for years, he persisted in his seemingly impossible plan. By sheer grit, exercise and the grace of his gods, he slowly climbed from crippledom to excellence. Hysmon became the most renowned pentathlon champion in history. The pentathlon, of course, was a five-sport event, ancestor to our own still more punishing decathlon. Comprising wrestling, discus, javelin, footrace and broad jump, it called for the best-rounded development and skill of any classic contest.

The afternoon of the second day at Olympia was taken up with Hysmon's specialty. This event presents certain mysteries, especially regarding some of the sports that were peculiar to it: discus, javelin and broad jump. How did the discus come to be, for example, and why did it crop up in pagan tales of accidental deaths? Possibly those two questions have a single answer: the discus may have begun as a Stone Age weapon, which sport preserved into the historic period. As for the javelin, it remained a weapon throughout classical times. Greek art shows many huntsmen and warriors with pairs of light javelins in hand. Roman soldiers used them, too. For the arena the Greeks equipped their javelins with a 12- to 18-inch thong that was wrapped around the shaft near the center of gravity. In following through on one's throw, the forefinger remained in the loop of the thong until the last moment. This gave considerable added leverage, besides imparting a steadying spin to the javelin as the thong unwound. Philostratus, the Lemnian Sophist, observed that long forefingers made for long throws. But it was also claimed that outside the arena, in situations where aim outweighed distance, the thong device proved ineffective.

Hysmon's statue at Olympia represented him with "jumping weights" in his hands. These weights were only one oddity of ancient broad jumping. The use of flute music was another, and the fabulous Olympic jumping record was a third. The weights resembled medium-heavy dumbbells, except for their elliptical doughnut shapes. The jumpers used to swing them back on the approach and sharply forward on the takeoff. They did add distance: up to 10 feet, according to modern English experimenters. Equally important, since ancient regulations called for a clean two-point landing, was the fact that the outstretched weights helped the jumper to maintain balance at the difficult moment when his heels hit the ground.

As to the flute, it is anybody's guess why this instrument should have been brought in to accompany the broad jump.



But we know, particularly from the evidence of vase paintings, that it was. Plutarch remarks that in the city of Argos the flute was used to accompany wrestling matches as well. Might not rhythm be the clue? In classic wrestling one makes a convulsive effort to throw one's opponent through the air. In jumping one makes a similar effort against oneself, as it were. One hurls one's own body. The effort must come at the right moment; rhythm of approach is the essential secret of both sports, and the flute might help establish the rhythm.

The so-called broad-jump record comes from a line in the Greek Anthology—a collection of brief poems that covers much the same period as the ancient Olympics themselves. A poet in the Anthology credits the jumper Phayllus with a fantastic 55 feet, or twice the present record of 27 feet 4¼ inches. How could such a boast have been swallowed down the years? It has been suggested, as one answer, that springboards were allowed. If so, Phayllus' fabulous flight turns credible. Besides, the report that he broke a leg in the process nicely fits the springboard theory.

continued

Yet one can easily dismiss the whole as fable. We have no more actual evidence for Phayllus' record than we do for an obvious exercise in poetic license—also in the Greek Anthology—to the effect that the wrestler Milo once carried a 4-year-old bull all the way around the arena at Olympia, and ate it the same day!

The third morning at Olympia began with a long procession to the altar of Zeus, followed by ritual sacrifice of a whole herd of oxen. The gods received the smoke of this feast, the aroma wafting upward to them from burning fat and bones. The meat itself, however, was saved for the hungry athletes and for victory banquets. In the afternoon, boys' events took place: footracing, wrestling and boxing. It sometimes happened that fathers and sons both won championships at the same Olympics, but only Diagoras of Rhodes and his sons are known to have scored a triple win. In 465 B.C., Diagoras took the boxing crown, while his eldest son won in the pankration and his younger son vanquished all comers in the boys' boxing. When the children carried their father around the arena on their shoulders, many people wept. Flowers pelted down upon the trio. At the exit some spoilsport elbowed close to Diagoras and rasped, "You'll never get any closer to heaven than this. Why not die?" As it happened, Diagoras had a lot to live for still. His sons won again in later Olympics, and his grandsons carried on the family tradition of triumph. But by far the most intriguing of all was the way his favorite daughter earned her own unique and thoroughly feminine success at Olympia.

Callipatira was her name, and her exploit was something unheard of, never to be repeated in the entire history of the Games. It came about because her husband died young, leaving their athletically brilliant son in her care. Sailing from Rhodes to Olympia not long afterward, she entered the child in the boys' boxing. Girl children may sometimes have been admitted to Olympia as spectators, but women were solemnly and superstitiously kept away. Callipatira, however, clipped her hair short, flattened her bosom as best she could, draped a manly robe about herself and stepped boldly into the arena disguised as her son's trainer. With her own eyes, she saw him beat every opponent. She saw him crowned with olive. But in the excitement of the moment Callipatira jumped up to embrace her boy and, as luck would have it, the hem of her robe caught under the bench where she had been sitting. The garment ripped free; she stood exposed. The sight created pandemonium in the crowd and consternation in the judges' box. One might have supposed that, of all those men, not one had seen a woman before. According to the rulebook, she would have to die.

Well, she had fulfilled her husband's final wish. The boy had conquered. She was calm. With bloodstained fists Callipatira's son gently returned the robe to her shoulders. She stood straight amid the shouting, proud even at bay. Now each person present began to sense her courage. The jeers slowly changed to shouts of praise. Amid acclaim, Callipatira was allowed to go away free, in stately fashion, honored as though a departing guest. But the judges decreed that in the future all trainers, like the athletes themselves, must enter the arena in the nude.

The fourth day at Olympia began, just before sunrise, with the so-called "long race" of slightly under three miles. The contestants used to pray to Apollo, the sun god, for what is more light-footed than the sun? The sun, Scripture says, "delighteth as a strong man to run a race." Indeed, there was a classical myth to the effect that Apollo himself once ran at Olympia. The sun god barely defeated Hermes, god of messengers and thieves, on that primal morning.

Although the Greeks had water clocks and sand clocks for the hours, they seem not to have known how to time brief intervals. There was no classical equivalent of the stopwatch. Lacking precise records, we cannot tell how speedy the Greek runners were. Their fabulous endurance, however, is attested. Herodotus tells how the Athenian patriot Pheidippides ran from Athens to Sparta in two days. The distance covered was about 150 miles, partly over high mountains. At the final mountain pass, when he was in a condition of euphoria and incipient exhaustion, Pheidippides had a vision of Pan, the goat-footed wilderness god. Pan, he reported, expressed friendship for the people of Athens and asked to be remembered in their prayers. Not long afterward, by way of honoring Pan's request, the Athenians built a chapel for the god on the Acropolis. But the immediate aim of Pheidippides' run, as everybody knows, had been to enlist the help of Sparta against the invading Persians at Marathon. The Spartans responded sluggishly; they reached Marathon after the battle. Pheidippides himself, meanwhile, had run back again to fight. And it was he who brought the news of glorious victory from Marathon to Athens, a final run of slightly over 20 miles. Gasping out a word at Athens' gates—"Rejoice!"—happy Pheidippides fell dead.

The modern Olympic marathon race honors his memory. The ancient Games included no event of such a length, although the Greeks plainly enjoyed and excelled at cross-country running. According to Eusebius (the antiquarian bishop of Caesarea), an Argive champion who took the long-race crown at Olympia one morning "announced his own victory at home the same night." If the statement is to be taken at face value, he covered more than a hundred miles of mountain trails—right across Arcadia to Argos—in a matter of 15 hours! But perhaps the truth is different: he may have sent a homing pigeon instead. Aelian tells us that the wrestler Taurosthenes, from the island of Aegina, thought of that device, and others must have used it on occasion.

After the long race came a dash of about 400 yards, or down the length of the stadium and back. The race began at a line of limestone slabs incised with shallow parallel grooves six or seven inches apart. Instead of starting off their hands, as modern runners do, the contestants stood leaning slightly forward, with the balls of their feet in the grooves. False starts were punished with a whipping.

continued

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by **BILL BRYAN**

St. Peter at Second, the Rest in Left Field

Contrary to the nostalgic notions of many middle-aged men, a kid can mix adults and baseball satisfactorily, provided he selects the right adults. Take my own case, for instance. The adults involved were a matter of circumstance rather than selection—and rather special circumstance, at that—but they made my introduction to the game a thing of joy forever. Indeed, baseball was never again to be the bright and pleasurable thing they showed me.

"They" were the members of the inmates' team at a large mental hospital in Massachusetts. My father was superintendent of the institution, and we lived in an apartment in the administration building.

The hospital itself was a wonderful place for a boy. It had sprawling buildings, carpenter and blacksmith shops, a vegetable and dairy farm and vast grounds. Its only drawback was an absence of other children, but this was off-

continued

set by the many parole patients who had the run of the grounds. These people, who were very kind to me, were for years my chief playmates and friends.

Because I had been born and brought up in a mental institution, and because I was very young, I found nothing troublesome or awkward about such friends. It never bothered me that they sometimes did strange things or had a way of letting conversations slide into confusion. For one thing, I had been taught to accept such things without comment. For another, I shared the universal child's belief that adults are inclined to be an incomprehensible lot anyway.

The baseball field was located at the edge of the hospital dump, adjacent to the salvage yard. Here the patients' team practiced and played its games with neighboring state institutions, and here I got my first taste of baseball.

At the start I was the mascot, resplendent in a baggy gray flannel uniform that the sewing room had made for me. Later I graduated to shagging flies in the outfield during practice. The team members spent a great deal of time playing catch with me, pitching to me underhand and just talking with me. They were my heroes, and I was their principal rooter.

My particular favorites, the ones I remember most clearly, were Miles Larsen, the catcher; Jimmy McAvoy, the second baseman; Benny Nichols, who played third; and Mr. Wakefield, the woefully inept right fielder. It was the stocky, tunned Miles who made a serious attempt to teach me something about baseball, a game he loved and played very well. I treasured Jimmy for his friendliness and for the fact that he later taught me to play tennis. Benny was a frequent companion of mine, with whom I once built a raft despite the fact that we were miles away from any water. But it was Mr. Wakefield who, although not much of a doer, was the most satisfactory of all. He had once worked for Lloyd's of London and had a wide repertoire of marine disaster stories that he told very well. Baseball in this company had a great many fringe benefits.

The game itself, as played by the team, was not for the purist. This was not the cold brilliance of the Yankees, but the wild, whirling sort of play that would lift the heart of an old Brooklyn Dodger fan. Pound his catcher's mitt and exhort as he might, Miles was never able to keep the team on its toes for very long at a time. The rapidly deteriorating situation was a specialty of the house.

Not that the team could not play reasonably competent ball on occasion. It was just that infielders had a way of suddenly turning their backs and talking to themselves or to someone whom only they saw, while line drives and grounders whistled past unnoticed. Or, bemused by the parabolic beauty of a Texas leaguer, the entire infield would stand entranced and watch the ball drop unattended to the ground. It was extremely chancy to hazard a guess as to what the team might do in any given situation, and far more fly balls were lost in reverie than in the sun.

Particularly trying to the serious Miles was Jimmy's inattention at second base. As a grounder drilled past the bag, it would be discovered that he had strolled over to chat with the shortstop. Jimmy was a tall, cadaverous ex-letter carrier who suffered from the delusion that he was St. Peter. There was nothing militant about the delusion. He had merely preempted the title, and his right to it was accepted by all of us.

"The ball, damn it, St. Peter, *the ball*," Miles would howl, tearing off his mask.

Coming to with a start, Jimmy would wave apologetically, shout, "Sorry," and lope off into center field. Usually he collided with the base runner, who had nearly reached second while Miles was trying to attract Jimmy's attention. (To this day, when the real St. Peter is mentioned I have a vision of a lank, graying figure in baseball uniform and high sneakers, scrabbling around in the uncut grass of the outfield.)

Miles, who had delusions of persecution and talked incessantly of what "they" would do if you did not keep a close eye on them, was further incensed by the frequent lapses of Benny at third. Benny was a dignified Negro with a dazzling display of gold teeth, who had been a lay preacher on the outside. He flatly refused to wear the team uniform and added to Miles's anguish by playing in vest and shirtsleeves, a derby hat squarely on his head. His look of elegance was completed by a neat necktie knotted firmly at the type of high boiled collar affected by both Benny and Herbert Hoover.

Benny's defensive weakness stemmed



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largely from the fact that he heard voices. Apparently they spoke chiefly of religious matters, and Benny answered them, loudly, clearly and sometimes heatedly. Often he would be in the midst of conversation with his ghostly advisors when a ground ball would come his way. Without a pause in his conversation, Benny would field the ball but would fail to complete the play. Instead, he would walk back to third, gesturing with the ball to emphasize some point in his theological discourse.

Jimmy used to argue with the overwrought Miles on the bench about this. He pointed out, with the sweet forbearance to be expected of St. Peter, that if Benny hadn't fielded the ball so capably it would have been a double or a triple. Anyway, Benny was always forgiven since he was the team's best hitter, although his base running left a lot to be desired. Even Miles defended Benny's refusal to slide into second on the grounds that a hook slide by a man in a derby and a Herbert Hoover collar would be ridiculous.

Frequently when we were at bat I would perch myself on the bench beside Mr. Wakefield and get him to tell me of the *Mary Celeste* or some other maritime epic. This he would do, gravely and yet entertainingly. He was a rotund, pinkish gnome with scholarly spectacles and a tonsure rimmed by fluffy gray hair. How he came to be on the team, or why he should have chosen to, I have no idea, but he was accepted by his teammates, whom he treated with a quaint, distant courtesy. No one ever thought of calling him anything but Mr. Wakefield, and even Miles seldom chided him for his athletic deficiencies.

When it came time for our side to take up defensive positions I would trot out to right field with Mr. Wakefield so that we might continue the story in progress. Nobody objected to this arrangement, since it was generally conceded that the situation in that position was past help anyway.

As the game progressed Mr. Wakefield invoked pictures of lashing seas and the shriek of typhoons. Stove-in lifeboats,

continued





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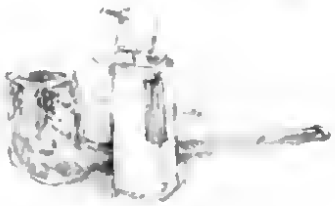
tall heroics and the niceties of maritime salvage law were what we dealt with in right field. Occasionally a long fly ball would lift in our direction, disrupting the flow of the narrative. Mr. Wakefield and I would wait for the ball to land. If it was any distance away, I would run for it, since he was rather portly and short of breath. After he had returned it in the general direction of the infield with a wobbling, uncertain throw, we would settle down to the story again where we had left it. It seemed a fair division of labor. I never learned much about playing the outfield from Mr. Wakefield, but I'll bet I would have known what



to do with an abandoned barkentine if I had stumbled across one.

Eventually, of course, all this was forsaken for the interminable ball games that went on at grammar school. Things were never the same. In addition to the fact that I was a miserably incompetent ballplayer, the game itself seemed to lack flavor. Even the endless arguments had a dismal predictability about them. Naturally I became embroiled in them and was crushed to discover that you could get hit for an expression of opinion. The worst was when someone shouted at an opponent, "Gwan, you're crazy." The word was one we never used at home, and I equated even listening to it with a sort of disloyalty. I longed for another diamond and Miles, St. Peter and Benny. But mostly I guess I missed Mr. Wakefield. As far as I was concerned, a lot had gone out of baseball. END

A W.1 man chooses his smoking accessories from Alfred Dunhill Ltd., suppliers of smokers' requisites to Buckingham Palace. The complete selection of Dunhill smoking accessories is available at both Filene's and Bloomingdale's. Two of many Dunhill pipes, all



handcrafted of the finest of pipemaker's woods, are shown here. The shell briar above is $25; the root briar below, which acquires rich colors when sea-



soned, just as a meerschaum does, is $35. The Dunhill Rollagas lighter, $30 in silverplate, $35 in goldplate, has an adjustable flame, making it suitable for lighting pipes as well as cigarettes.

Whether you wear "turn-ups," the London, W.1 term for trouser cuffs, or not (and many men do not have cuffs on their new, slim trousers) the space between trouser bottoms and shoes is important in fashion. Unfortunately, the wrong sock is often the failing of otherwise well-dressed men. Allen Solly has been knitting the right sock in a factory in Nottingham since 1744. Today's fashion is for this 7 x 3 rib design, knit of pure wool that is completely washable. These hose have reinforced toes and heels and come in black, navy, brown and dark gray. Half-hose are $2.50, anklet length (not shown) are $2.25.



The Burberry Walking coat with its famous flared shape (the rain runs off the coat away from your pants leg) is the most imitated raincoat in the world. No one, however, has been able to copy Burberry's own superbly weatherproof yarn-dyed cotton gabardine, which is the real reason for the success of this coat. The weatherproofing, set in the yarn as well as the weave, resists even dry cleaning. Even the good-looking plaid lining is weatherproof. Other niceties include one-piece



raglan sleeves designed for water-shedding, and a balmacaan collar that stands up against the storm or sits handsomely on the neck. "Burberry" is part of the W.1 man's basic vocabulary and is even a synonym for rainwear in Webster's International Dictionary. The Walking Burberry is about $60 at Filene's and Bloomingdale's.

The blazer takes its name from the British custom of wearing one's military or club insignia "emblazoned" on the chest. It is an indispensable part of today's leisure wardrobe. The style in favor in W.1 country is double-breasted and shaped, as is this one, of 10-ounce worsted wool, by Daks. It is $100.



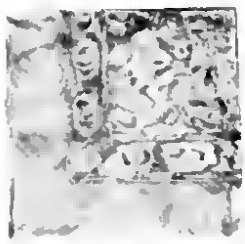
Atkinsons Royal Irish Poplin ties have been made by hand in Belfast since 1820. No tie fabric makes such a neat four-in-hand knot and bounces back, unwrinkled, when hung on a rack as Irish poplin. The poplin, a blend of 50% wool and 50% silk, is yarn-dyed in subtle colorings, then handwoven in stripes unusual for their distinction. Each tie has a label certifying that it is of Royal Irish Poplin. They are $5 at Filene's and Bloomingdale's.



LONDON W.1

AT FILENE'S–BOSTON AND BLOOMINGDALE'S–NEW YORK CITY





On Savile Row as on Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street the maxim that a well-dressed man does not wear a white shirt before 5 p.m. extends today to the white pocket handkerchief as well. The correct daytime accessory, for either suit, blazer or sport jacket, is a silk square by Liberty of London, most famous silk printers in the world. The 18-inch squares, handblocked in a wide variety of colors and patterns, can also be worn knotted around the neck with sport shirts. They are $4 each.

The official British Ryder Cup Team shirt, full-fashioned by Pringle of Scotland of fine Merino wool, is a W.1 favorite for casual wear as well as for golf. The long-sleeve version, in scarlet, slate blue, black, gray or beige is $14.

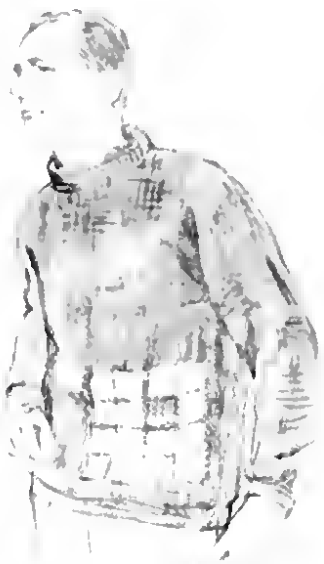


The London, W.1 philosophy of dress, illustrated on these pages, has enthusiastic devotees all over the world. British Overseas Airways Corporation, BOAC, can don its morning coat and striped trousers and take a well deserved bow on this score. With London now only half a working day away from the Eastern seaboard of America, many a clothes-conscious American male has flown by BOAC to London and beyond. For that sort of man to visit London, W.1 is to become a convert to the London, W.1 look. Since their jets have reduced the Atlantic Ocean to pond size, BOAC has played a missionary role in millions of such conversions. BOAC to London is quick. BOAC to London is quiet. (Don't Rolls Royce engines always perform in quiet surroundings?) BOAC is comfortable. The food, the drink and the other attentions of the staff are comfortably managed with the sure hand of the best British gentleman's gentleman. BOAC has hosts as well as hostesses.



Here's a new trans-Atlantic fashion note for jet-minded Americans. London, W.1 bound early in 1965, BOAC will launch the BOAC VC10, the triumphantly swift, newest intercontinental fanjet to leave the designers' drawing boards. All four engines are mounted at the rear of the fuselage, giving the BOAC VC10 an unusually sleek profile as well as unprecedentedly quiet operation—the noise is left behind. Thanks to BOAC, London, W.1 is comfortably closer than ever.





The long neglected art of hand-crocheting has been revived by the W.1 firm of Crochetta to create a group of highly individual bulky sweaters. Each Mondrian-like design is crocheted into only a few sweaters. This one has a black ground, white and red squares. This and other similar designs are at Bloomingdale's and Filene's, each $40.

The square-end knit tie which goes so well with the new bold stripes of W.1 town shirts, with checked cotton country shirts, and with the international look of fitted blazers and sport jackets is now available in a new lustrous knit of 100% alpaca. Michelsons



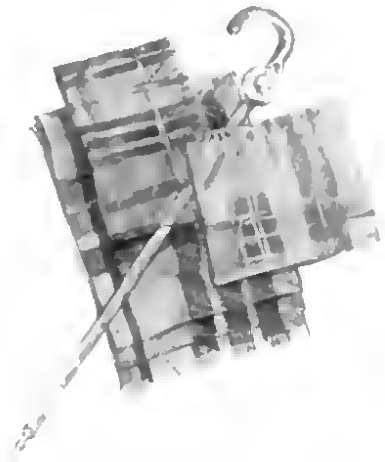
makes them in heather green, heather blue, scarlet, royal blue, navy, gold, black and wine. They are about $5.

LONDON W.1

BLOOMINGDALE'S—NEW YORK CITY AND AT FILENE'S—BOSTON



Aquascutum's Kingsway trench coat is a fine example of English military tailoring as interpreted in London, W1. It has all of the reinforcing and protective details that give the Kingsway military swagger and make it the perfect coat for the fall spectator season: throat latch, cuff cinches, double yoke and removable epaulets. Altogether, there are 26 working buttons. The fabric is yarn-dyed cotton twill, permanently waterproofed with Aquascutum's Aqua 5 process. The Kingsway, lined with a windowpane checked cotton, is $90 at **Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston.**



Of all the patterns man weaves into cloth, none has the romance, the color, the historical attachments of the tartans of Scotland. And since kilts and trews are only at home in Scotland on Scotsmen, the best way for Americans to wear tartans is in scarfs, ties, sportshirts, as the London, W.1 man wears them nowadays. These scarves by Johnston of Elgin are especially handsome and warm, blended as they are of 70% cashmere and 30% wool. They are about $8 each.



The warm glow of pewter is an indispensable part of the atmosphere of W.1 clubs and bachelor flats. Many of the most valued pieces speak of the convivial hours earlier men-about-town spent in pubs and taverns. The men's stores at both Bloomingdale's and Filene's have unusually fine collections of one-of-a-kind 18th and 19th century pewter, such as this pint cider tankard, which is $32.50. The splendid wassail cup has a glass bottom, so that you can keep an eye peeled on carousing friends while drinking yourself. It is $79.50.

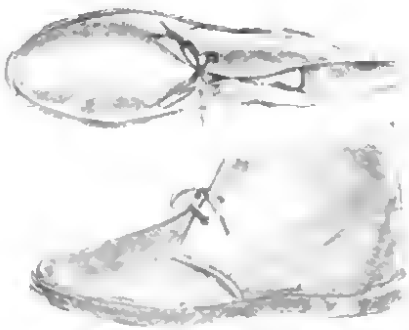
The authentic patterns of the handknit fisherman sweaters, made for generations by the famous knitting wives of coastal Northumberland and the Island of Guernsey, have been exactly duplicated by Women's Home Industries, a group of cottage handcrafters in England. This sweater, with high crew neck, a cabled and diamond design, is particularly favored by English yachtsmen at Cowes. It comes in off white, sailing blue and wine and is $40.



Bloomingdale's and Filene's are "experts at imports," just as the British are "experts at exports." This fall, when the flavor of Britain is the most important influence in men's apparel, these two stores bring the style and elegance of London, W.1 to Boston and New York City.

LONDON W.1.

PRESENTED BY



The trimmed-down boot look in shoes is a currently popular style for both town and country wear by the men of W.1. It goes well with the cuffless trimmed-down trouser leg of tweed suits and odd trousers. Clarks of England, famous for its suede Desert Boot, now brings out its first model in polished leather in a good-looking gun case brown. The Malayan plantation-crepe sole has edges blacked by hand. It goes well with the blazer and slacks combination popular for W.1 weekends. The price is $15 a pair.



This fall-weight sport shirt is made of half wool, half cotton, a washable blend that gives warmth without weight. To this, Stephens Brothers Ltd. has added the good looks of authentic Scottish tartans. The shirt, which comes with a buttondown or regular collar, is $11.

FILENE'S & BLOOMINGDALE'S

BOSTON NEW YORK CITY



*"**My nickname used to be 'Champ'** . . . I used to be the pitcher of our softball team. I used to play basketball and ski. And I was quite a swimmer—up until I got arthritis. I've had arthritis since I was 14 and it's become part of me. Sometimes I try to forget about it, but the minute you put me in a hospital and I'm here month after month—so many long discouraging nights that I sit and stare out the window—this is when I wonder, 'What's the use?' I'd like to get back into some work I could achieve in. Maybe it would be some work where I could help others who need help. And maybe, someday, I could think of marriage. But now I sit in the hospital and wonder, 'Why is this such a long stretch?' I hope I don't have to come back."

**from an interview with a Boston teacher, an arthritis victim*

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administered on the spot. The tension must have been great, because, as the Athenian hero Themistocles remarked, "It's better to be whipped than left at the post."

Judging by numerous vase paintings of the subject, Greek running style was the same as ours. However, the champions generally seem to have been less lean in classical times than today. Being part-time warriors, the runners of Greece had reason to develop and discipline their whole bodies—not just legs and lungs.

At Olympia the 400-yard dash was followed by a sprint the length of the stadium, or about 200 yards. Athletically, this was considered the high point of the whole festival. Homer had reserved the adjective "swift-footed" for his greatest hero, Achilles. The Greeks traditionally honored runners above all other athletes. In fact, they even went so far as to name each Olympics for the fastest person present—that is, for the winner of the climactic sprint. His name and fame passed instantly, yet permanently, into history.

No wonder Greek cities heaped special honors upon their swiftest heroes. And not honors only: the practical rewards, too, could be great. Plato, in his Myth of Er, fancied the soul of Atalanta choosing to enter the body of an athlete for sweet reward's sake. In the year 412 B.C. the champion sprinter Exaenetus was welcomed home to his city with the equivalent of a ticker-tape parade. Three hundred leading citizens greeted him outside the gates. Forming a triumphal procession of flower-wreathed chariots, they escorted him along a winding way through cheering throngs to city hall. There, in lieu of a vulgar cash settlement, the mayor pronounced Exaenetus immune from taxation for the rest of his natural life, a substantial gift, since individual taxes on people of substance could amount to such considerable levies as one year's salary for the crew of a warship.

"Nothing gets riches," said the comic playwright Aristophanes, "like contests in music and athletics." It was bad luck if a contestant's home town happened to be poor or insignificant, but then he might switch. Thus Stotades of Crete changed his allegiance to the hustling merchant city of Ephesus in Ionia. The Cretans, by way of locking the barn door too late, banished swift Stotades. Again, Astylus of Crotona removed himself to a sports-mad tyrant's court in luxurious Syracuse. Back home his old admirers bitterly pulled down the statue they had raised to Astylus and turned his former town house into a public privy. For high-stepping arrogance, the sprinter Eubotas beat them all. He turned up at Olympia with a life-size bronze statue of himself in his baggage. Never before, and never again, did an Olympic champion dedicate his own monument on the very day he won.

The footraces finished in the morning, and the afternoon of the fourth day at Olympia was given over to so-called "heavy" sports: wrestling, boxing, pankration. These represented an ascending order of violence. The wrestling, to start with, was clean-cut and even elegant. It permitted no torture holds and required no going to the mat. The object was to throw one's opponent to the ground, while keeping one's own feet, three times out of five. Surviving representations show the standard throws one might expect: cross hip, headlock, body press, heave, flying mare. The referee is right there in the pictures, too—and he carries a long, knobby stick with which to punish infractions.

Although weight lifting was not one of the events in the ancient Olympic Games, wrestlers used to practice it for fun. A 315-pound boulder has been found within the sacred precinct, bearing a 6th century B.C. inscription that says in effect: "Byhon, with one hand, threw me over his head." A sandstone block weighing 960 pounds that was discovered on the island of Santorin has carved into it this boast: "Eumastas, son of Critobulus, lifted me from the ground."

Milo, the most renowned wrestler in history, made himself strong by lifting a bull calf. He kept on lifting the same beast every day. The calf became a bull. Milo could lift it still—or so the ancient authorities relate. No doubt Greek bulls of that time were smaller than our own.

continued

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A favorite stunt of Milo's was to hold a pomegranate outstretched while daring all comers to take it away from him. No one could, but the wonder was that the fruit itself remained whole and unbruised in the steel edge of Milo's delicate grip. Again, he used to play king of the mountain while balancing on a greased discus—and he could not be pushed off. Philostratus describes Milo's statue at Olympia as showing him balanced on a discus and holding a pomegranate.

Milo met his doom in a totally unlooked-for match. He was alone in his orchard, wedging open the trunk of a growing olive tree in order to make a graft. Unluckily, his wedges slipped under the mallet. Without a thought, Milo thrust his hands into the slit of the tree to hold it open. But the tree shut on his fingers. He stood gripped in agony, alone, like a wild animal awaiting the trapper. Night descended upon his property and with it came drifting, pair by pair, the serious eyes of wolves. There was no last-minute rescue.

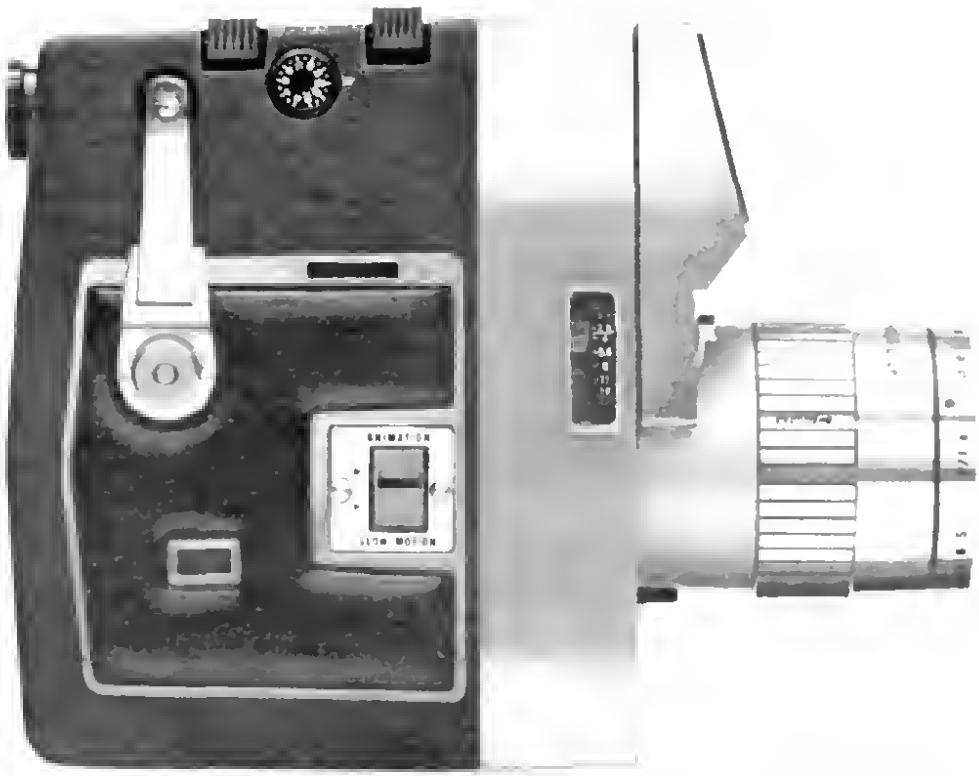
Boxing matches followed the wrestling at Olympia. The boxers' hero, legendary Polydeuces, had sailed with Jason to find the Golden Fleece. In the midst of their adventures, on the Black Sea shore, a barbarous giant named Amycus challenged Polydeuces to a bout. The epic, *The Voyage of the Argo*, describes what happened next: "The mingled din of knuckles knocking upon horribly grating teeth and jaws resembled the incessant pounding in a shipyard were planks are being joined and hammered home on the reluctant bolts." Amycus windmilled effectively at times, but failed to connect with his most crushing swings. Cool Polydeuces feinted, dodged and finally killed his man outright with a short left jab to the temple.

Was classical boxing actually a sort of mortal strife? Not quite so bad as that, but consider: Greek athletes bound each fist in some 12 feet of rawhide thong. To these already harsh weapons the Romans later added the *cestus*, metal fittings like brass knuckles, only sharper-edged. The rules permitted hitting a downed man. Under such conditions it seems certain that death visited the ancient ring far more frequently than it does ours. Ancient victory urns show Greek boxers bellying up to each other, rather sway-backed, with their fists cocked at eye level. The rules prohibited all blows below the neck. Why? No one knows. The purpose may have been to make the sport less dangerous, but this appears unlikely. So far as we can learn, the Greeks never, even in the earliest days of boxing, permitted body blows. There were no rounds and no rest periods, nor any point system. Each bout continued until one of the contestants either fell unconscious or raised a hand to signify his own defeat. This surrender system created a special problem for Spartan athletes because, according to their most hallowed belief, a Spartan never surrendered. Clearly, the only way for Sparta to preserve her legend at Olympia lay in forbidding her sons to enter the boxing (and pankration) matches there. When the blood and teeth began to fly, these most warlike of the Greeks just looked on. One pictures them standing at ringside, proud, pained and pale with frustration.

If some oldtime champions learned their trade in the military, others came to it straight from forge and farm. The most dramatic example in ancient lore was Glaucus, who discovered his destiny by accident at home. His father's plowshare had fallen out of its haft. Glaucus, who was then 16 or so, unthinkingly drove it in tight once more with the side of his fist. His father looked on, dumfounded for a moment, then said, "Forget the work. I'm training you for Olympia!" But boxing skill takes years to acquire. In his first Olympic contest Glaucus fought clumsily. He was cut, bleeding badly and about to fall when his father shouted: "Mend the plow, son!" Dutifully, Glaucus threw the chopping, sidearm blow he had used on the plow, and his opponent crumpled in a heap. The boy grew up to become the most famous pugilist of ancient times.

Boxing seems to have come naturally to the Greeks, but not to the Romans. When they conquered Greece and came to dominate Olympia, the sport degenerated. The introduction of the cestus—almost a gladiator's weapon—reduced the give-and-take aspect of boxing to

continued



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a bare minimum. One punch could easily end a match, so contenders learned to circle and wait, circle and wait, perhaps for hours, looking for openings. One especially elegant fighter named Hippomachus was said to have taken three Olympic crowns in a row without suffering a single blow himself. Believe it or not, a certain Melancomas topped that feat. Melancomas, a favorite of the Emperor Titus, disdained attack. He would not exert himself so much as to try a slap on the wrist. But he kept his head down, his wits about him and his guard well up—all day and far into the night if need be. According to Dio Chrysostom, all of Melancomas' opponents surrendered finally from sheer exhaustion!

Then we have a satiric epitaph written by the poet Lucilius, which Dudley Fitts translated:

> *To Apis the Boxer*
> *His grateful opponents have erected*
> *This statue*
> *Honoring him*
> *Who never by any chance hurt one of them*

After the boxing at Olympia came the fierce pankration, which means literally "all-powers." This amounted to nothing less than bare-handed combat, with few restrictions, among them being biting and gouging the eyes. In practice it involved a good deal of fistfighting and torture holds on the ground. The elbow to the throat and the knee to the groin were standard. Seizing and breaking fingers was a common tactic. Some pankratiasts were even said to break open flesh and tear out entrails with their fingernails. The wonder is that eager athletes kept entering this event. Galen, the Greek anatomist, was not the only one to warn against the likely consequences: lameness, toothlessness, blindness, addled brains, premature old age. But there will always be a certain sort of hero who rushes to meet the most extreme possible tests of his own courage and endurance.

It was in 564 B.C. that a pankratiast named Arrichion found himself thrown, half strangled, pummeled and kicked in rib-caving style. Since he would not give up, the torment went on and on. Eventually, clutching through skyrockets of pain, Arrichion managed to find and hold the foot that was kicking him. Summoning his last strength, he twisted mightily. The ankle snapped; the foot dangled grotesquely out of its socket. Howling, Arrichion's opponent surrendered. And at that very moment Arrichion himself, with a happy sigh, tumbled over dead. Upon his crunched remains the victory garland of wild olive was reverently laid.

Another indomitable pankratiast, Timanthes, possessed a huge, stiff bow like the legendary weapon of Odysseus. Nobody else could bend it. To keep in training, he himself would string the bow every day. Then, little by little, age fell upon Timanthes. His close-cropped beard turned the color of sea salt. Blue veins swelled along the backs of his marble-hard hands. The day came when the great bow would no longer bend, even for him. Timanthes lowered his head and strode off into the forest. In imitation of the dying Herakles, perhaps, he uprooted trees to build a funeral pyre. And that same afternoon, stretched out upon the pyre, Timanthes deliberately burned himself to death.

These men really lived and died as related here. They were not mad but supremely self-willed, and steeped in pagan precedent.

In 480 B.C., while Thermopylae was being held against Persia far to the northeast, the Olympic Games proceeded on schedule. That year the pankratiast Theagenes dominated the scene. His powers were such that people seriously took him for a latter-day son of Herakles. His mother, they whispered, had been a priestess of the demigod and had lain with him in his temple. Herakles was said to have proved his passionately physical bent in boyhood by braining his own music tutor with a stool. Theagenes himself made a less lethal demonstration at the age of 9. Taking a fancy to a sacred bronze statue in the square of his native town, he wrenched it up from its pedestal and carried it proudly home. Soon a mob appeared, bent on stoning the child for this outrage. The

continued



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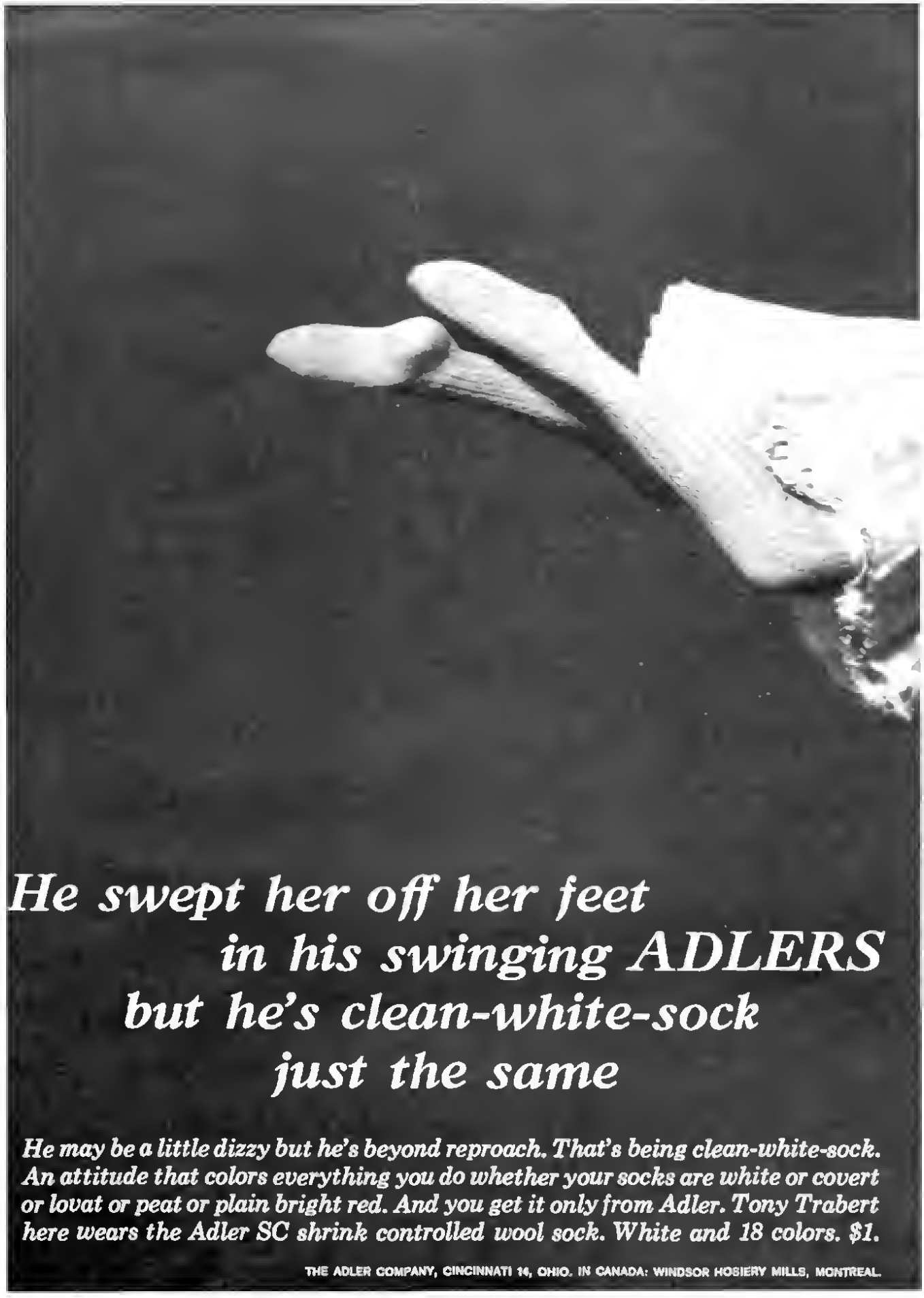
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only thing that saved him was a [illegible] bet laid by a local sage who loudly insisted that Theagenes could never lug the statue back to its appointed place. When the crowd saw the boy perform this feat their fury turned to warm admiration. They sensed they had a winner, and began grooming him for Olympia.

In time the dark grandeur of the early Olympic pankration matches gave way to something slightly more brisk and calculated. This can be seen in the boast of an egotistical pankratiast named Asclepiades, whom Roman emperors honored. "I never declined a match, never entered a protest, never fought a draw nor broke off a bout. Nowhere did I demean myself for the sake of a local prince, nor did I consent to try carnival-type fights. But in every meet where I entered my name I was approved in the preliminary trials and crowned in the actual ring." It sounds fine. What rather spoils his brag, however, is the fact that Asclepiades retired at an unripe 25, "owing to the jealousy and dangers that beset me."

In the cool dusk after the *pankration* came the final athletic event of the Olympics. This was a 400-yard race run by athletes wearing helmets and carrying heavy shields. In the early days of the Olympics the runners also wore "greaves" iron shin guards. This race must have been a test of brawn and willpower as much as fleetness. It had, of course, a warlike overtone: the classical moves and ethics of battle required fast advances, and also permitted hasty retreat so long as one did not throw away one's shield. So a Spartan mother, for example, sending her son to war would say: "Come back carrying your shield or else carried [as a casualty] on it!" Not that all Greeks were so austere. In the mid-7th century B.C. an Ionian pirate and poet named Archilochus blithely proclaimed another viewpoint, which Sir William Marris translated:

A perfect shield bedecks some
Thracian now;
I had no choice, I left it in a wood.
Ah, well, I saved my skin, so let
it go!
A new one's just as good.

The fifth and last day of the Olympics was given over to ceremonies and celebrations of which we know little. A great banquet for the victors was held on the final night. With the dawn, the thousands upon thousands of tents were struck and folded and the crowd dispersed.

To all this purposefulness and pageantry one of the stories of how the Olympic Games began stands as a curious epilogue. The mainland of Greece south of the Gulf of Corinth was called "Pelops' Island" in memory of the hero of this legend and remains Peloponnesus to this day. Pelops won control of it, the Greeks explained, in a race at Olympia. His rival was Oenomaus, tyrant of Elis and horror of the Greek world. The Princess Hippodamia, Oenomaus' lovely daughter, had attracted numerous suitors, and to each one of them the king had offered what seemed a sporting challenge. "Take my daughter up on your chariot," the king used to suggest, smiling gently. "Head for Corinth; my people will be lining the roadside to cheer you both on. As for myself, I will sacrifice a ram to Zeus and then I'll come after you, spear in hand. If I catch you before you reach the border. . . "

Oenomaus' chariot team, of course, was the fastest in the land. He overtook and killed no less than 13 young hopefuls, one by one, upon the Corinth road. It must have been depressing for the princess, riding home with her bloody-handed parent time after time. Then Pelops came, and in his turn accepted the cruel challenge. But Pelops secretly tampered with the fastenings of the king's chariot wheels. So when the king rode madly after him, the wheels broke loose. Oenomaus was dragged to death by his own swift steeds. Pelops married grateful Hippodamia and ascended the throne, ruling far and wide.

But Pelops was apparently not wholly at ease with his success, and it was to appease the savage Oenomaus' ghost that he established the Olympic Games. The Olympics—worldwide example of sportsmanship and fair play—were therefore founded upon a fixed, fatal race. Or so the ancient Greeks unblushingly maintained. END



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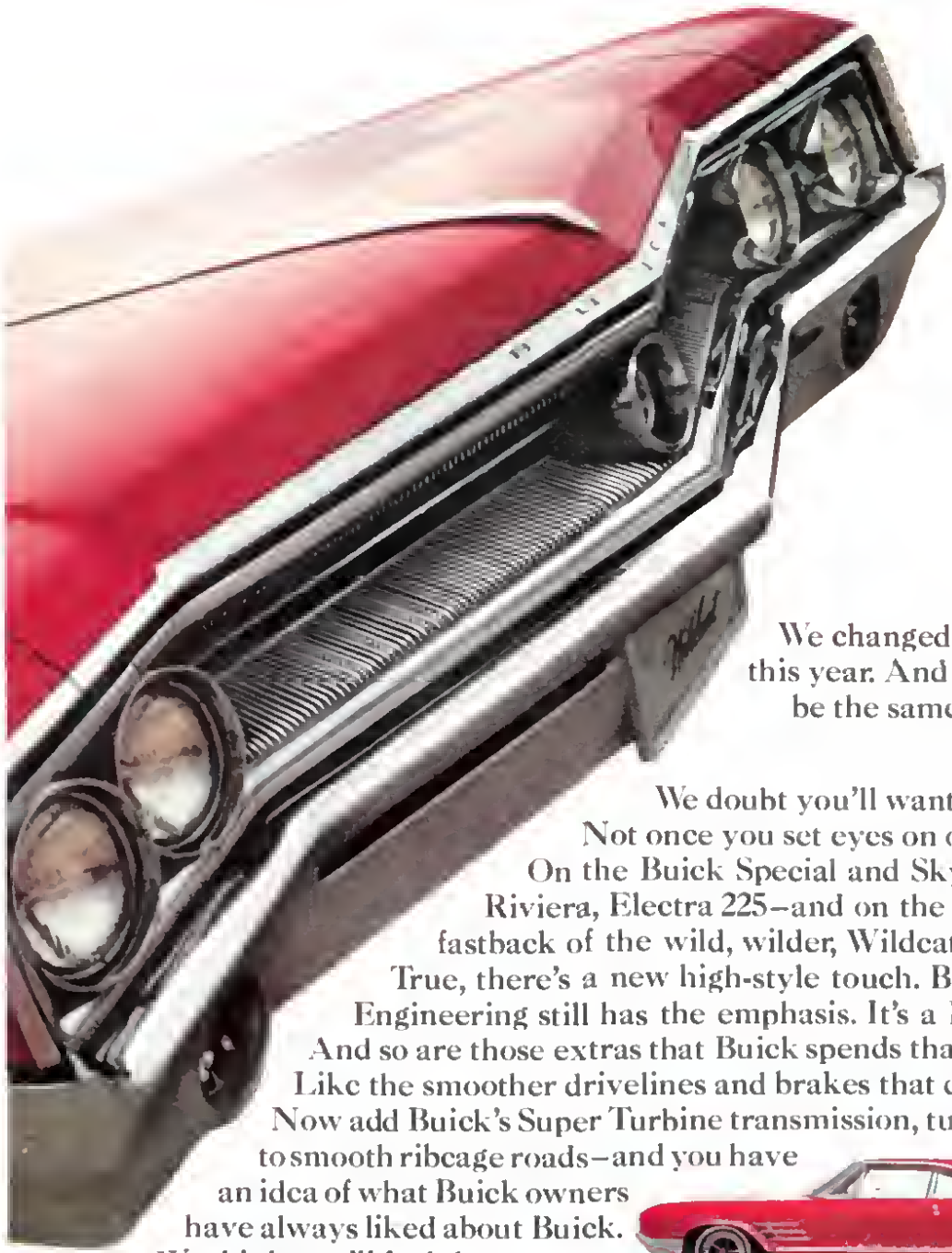
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE After NEW YORK swept back-to-back twi-night doubleheaders from the Indians and opened up a four-game lead, all the Yanks' Manager Yogi Berra would say was: "Yeah, I think we got a pretty good chance to win the pennant." But Yogi is a bad liar; it was written all over his face that he knew the flag was in the bag. And why not? The Yankees won seven of seven last week with the same kind of solid all-round play that characterized all those pennant winners from New York in past years. They hit nine homers, had a .313 team BA, and fielded superbly. But it was the pitching that showed the most improvement, with Pedro Ramos (three saves) leading a revived bullpen and rookie Mel Stottlemyre pitching two more wins and getting some hits too. Mel went 5 for 5 in his two-hit shutout of the Senators. In extending its victory string to 11, New York ran up the longest winning streak of the major league season. And at just about the perfect time. The CHICAGO White Sox (4–1) tried to keep pace, but the Yanks were moving too fast. The Sox' only loss was 1–0, and the pitching was excellent in every game, particularly by lefty Gary Peters, who got his 19th and 20th victories of the season. Two losses to the DETROIT Tigers (5–1), who virtually guaranteed themselves a fourth-place finish, dropped BALTIMORE (3–3) for the count. The Orioles lost those key games to the Tigers on the same two days the Yanks were sweeping the doubleheaders from the Indians, and that cost Manager Hank Bauer's team three big games in the standings. One bright spot for the Birds was long-haired Rookie Wally Bunker (18–5), who moved within range of a 20-win season with two more victories. The LOS ANGELES Angels' (4–2) Dean Chance scored his 20th win on his 11th shutout and fifth 1–0 victory of the year. In all, the Angels' staff threw three scoreless games to more than make up for weak hitting that produced just 15 runs. The MINNESOTA Twins (2–3) were the victims of two of those Los Angeles shutouts and wasted strong pitching from Jim Kaat and Mudcat Grant, which prevented them from taking over sole possession of sixth place from sagging CLEVELAND (1–7). The Indians, who just the week before were within easy range of fourth place, found the Yanks too hard to handle and then failed to rebound against the Orioles. Even rookie whiz Luis Tiant, who had won nine of his first 11 decisions, lost twice. The tail-enders, BOSTON, WASHINGTON and KANSAS CITY, all lost four out of five and were firmly committed to eighth-, ninth- and 10th-place finishes, respectively. The Athletics may yet finish with a won-lost record as poor as the National League's Mets.

NATIONAL LEAGUE For six wonderful weeks the PHILADELPHIA Phillies (1–6) looked like the surest and earliest winner the National League, which prides itself on its annual tight pennant race, had produced in years. Then last week (see page 26), the third-place CINCINNATI Reds (7–0) came to town and turned Philadelphia's wonderful world upside down. While local writers spread fear across the sports pages and fans became sick with anguish, the Phils dropped three straight to the Reds and three more to the Braves, cutting their lead as of last Saturday night to just half a game. The Reds, with their best sustained hitting of the year to support their always tight pitching, looked ready to move right past the Phils. Cincinnati's batters, led by Marty Keough (.438) and Frank Robinson (.360), hit at a .283 clip, and the pitchers allowed just 14 runs all week, with long-dormant John Tsitouris coming up with two wins, including a 1–0 shutout in opener of the crucial Phillies' series. Two losses in seven games cost the ST. LOUIS Cardinals second place, but they still moved up on the Phils almost as fast as the Reds did and trailed the leaders by 1½ games at week's end. The Cards used two wins from Curt Simmons and strong hitting from Bill White (.400), Lou Brock (.355) and Mike Shannon (.320) in their upward surge. Even the SAN FRANCISCO Giants (4–1), who have looked down and out for weeks since Willie Mays's slump began, seemed to be back in contention. Willie was still far below par, but the Giants' pitching was up—allowing just nine runs for the week with Juan Marichal winning his 20th game of the season on a one-run five-hitter. Although the Reds started the Phils' decline, it was the MILWAUKEE Braves (5–1) who applied the crusher at Connie Mack Stadium. Rookie Pitcher Wade Blasingame, with three wins for the week, won two of them at Philadelphia, and Rico Carty drove in three runs with a bases-loaded ninth-inning triple in a 6–4 come-from-behind victory over the Phillies. The Braves cinched a fifth-place share of the World Series money ahead of the PITTSBURGH Pirates (1–6) and the LOS ANGELES Dodgers (1–4), who could not score and lost. The Pittsburgh hitting was fair (.247 team average), but it did not produce many runs (just 18 for the week); the Dodgers hit an embarrassing .238. Three of the Dodgers' losses came against the CHICAGO Cubs (3–2), who swept a series from Los Angeles on Ron Santo's clutch hitting and tight pitching from Cal Koonce (a 1–0 shutout) and Larry Jackson, who won his 22nd game of the year. The HOUSTON Colt .45s (2–3) received strong performances from Bob Bruce, a 10-strikeout two-hitter, and Ken Johnson, a four-hitter, for their wins. Although NEW YORK could win just one game in six, it was all the Mets needed to match the best season of their brief history (51 wins).



ROGER MARIS: BELTING AWAY THE BOOS

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Ever since 1961, when he hit 61 home runs, the fans have been booing Yankee slugger Roger Maris. Some of the jeers may have been deserved, but most seem to have come as a matter of routine from those who were convinced that Maris was no good simply because he has not been able to come near duplicating his flame feat. So accustomed has Roger become to the hoots of the crowd that they rarely bother him anymore, and one night last week he thinks they even helped him. Two fans sitting behind the Yankee dugout had been yelling at Maris all evening, and they turned it on full blast as he stepped up to bat in the seventh inning with the Yankees trailing 5–2. Maris promptly stroked a two-run homer. Two innings later with the score tied 5–5 and Maris coming up again, the two men had some more ill-chosen words and gestures for him. As Maris went to bat, Catcher Elston Howard leaned off the bench and yelled, "Keep it up, fellas. Maybe you'll bother him as much as you did last time." They did, and Maris hit another home run to give the Yanks their 10th straight win. After that second homer, Roger gave a sweeping tip of the helmet to his two critics and blew them a kiss. "They were just two drunken louses," he said later. Maris was too busy getting hits to worry about boos—it was his hitting that led the Yankees in their streak. A .333 batter during the week, he raised his average from .270 to almost .290 during the Yankees' surge.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—ROCHESTER the top Oriole farm team defeated Syracuse (Tigers) four games to two to win the International League's Governor's Cup. The Red Wings, who finished fourth in the regular season, had eliminated Jacksonville (Cardinals), the II pennant winner, in the semifinals. SAN DIEGO (Reds) won the Pacific Coast League playoffs from Arkansas (Phillies) four games to three.

BILLIARDS Salesman ARTHUR CRANFIELD JR. of Syracuse, N.Y. celebrated his 47th birthday by upsetting Defending Champion Luther Lassiter of Elizabeth City, N.C., 1,200–730 in a six-block challenge match for the world professional pocket-billiard title in New York City. The left-handed Cranfield, who was runner-up to Lassiter at the world tournament last March, took the first five 200-point blocks in the three-day match and also had the three highest runs—123, 112 and 85.

BOXING—More than 24,000 packed Mexico City's El Toreo bullring to watch southpaw VICENTE SALDIVAR, a 21-year-old native of Mexico City, win the world featherweight title with a 12th-round TKO over Champion Sugar Ramos. It was Saldivar's 19th knockout, and his 24th victory against one loss since he turned pro in 1961.

"He kept coming back and I couldn't punish him enough," said Welterweight Champion EMILE GRIFFITH of New York after winning a 15-round decision from fiery British Champion Brian Curtis in a Wembley, England title fight. Griffith knocked Curtis down three times, but the plucky Welshman finished the fight on his feet, while Griffith had to be carried to his dressing room with leg cramps.

DOG RACING—LADY HOLIDAY ($7.90), a red brindle owned by Mrs. J. A. Smith, led all the way to win the $8,000 Multnomah Kennel Club Derby in Portland, Ore.

FOOTBALL NFL Rookie Bruce Gossett kicked three field goals and rookie Bill Munson (*page 97*) completed nine of 18 passes for 170 yards and a touchdown as undefeated LOS ANGELES rolled over Minnesota 22–13. Terry Baker, who replaced the injured Dick Bass at halfback in the second half, gained 61 yards in nine carries and caught a pass from Munson for 11 more yards. BALTIMORE followed up its victory over the Packers with a 52–0 rout of the champion Chicago Bears (it was the worst defeat the Bears had suffered in their 45 years). Raymond Berry started the scoring by catching a 36-yard touchdown pass from Johnny Unitas (who completed 11 of 13 for 247 yards and three TDs), and rookie Joe Don Looney finished it with a 58-yard run. ST. LOUIS remained undefeated by easily beating San Francisco 23–13 on Jim Burson's 68-yard punt return for a touchdown and Jim Bakken's three long field goals (40, 40 and 33 yards). Frank Ryan tossed three touchdown passes in the second half—24 yards to Paul Warfield, 40 to Jim Brown and 12 to Gary Collins—to lead unbeaten CLEVELAND to a 28–20 come-from-behind victory over Philadelphia, and PITTSBURGH defeated Dallas 23–17 as Ed Brown completed three TD passes. NEW YORK won its first game when rookie Quarterback Gary Wood plunged one yard for a touchdown with 39 seconds remaining to defeat winless Washington 13–10. The Redskins had led 10–0 at halftime, but Y. A. Tittle (hurting from bruised ribs) came off the bench in the second half to set up two field goals and the winning TD with his passing.

AFL BUFFALO won its third straight game and San Diego dropped its second in a row as the Bills overpowered the sluggish Chargers 30–3 (*page 32*). BOSTON also took its third in a row by defeating New York 26–10 on the strength of two oldsters. Babe Parilli heaved two 59-yard TD passes and Gino Capelletti booted four field goals (42, 26, 41 and 42 yards) plus two extra points. Len Dawson threw two long touchdown passes (56 yards to Abner Haynes and 39 to Frank Jackson) and ran for another as he led KANSAS CITY past Oakland 21–9. Red-headed rookie George Blanda, HOUSTON relief quarterback, made two touchdowns in the first four minutes of the game and two more in the last 11 seconds of the first half to overwhelm Denver 38–17. Blanda passed for two TDs, plunged three yards for another and kicked a 43-yard field goal plus four extra points.

GOLF—Arizona State Senior CAROL SORENSON, 21, of Janesville, Wis., became the fifth American since 1893 to win the British Women's Amateur title when she defeated Bridget Jackson of England 1 up on the 37th hole of the final in Sandwich, England. Miss Sorenson, a member of the victorious U.S. Curtis Cup team, had lost her singles match with Mac Jackson in the cup competition four weeks earlier.

Returning to the circuit after a month's layoff with a stomach ulcer, MICKEY WRIGHT edged Shirley Englehorn by one stroke to win the $11,000 Visalia, Calif. Open. The victory, Miss Wright's ninth of the season, boosted her earnings to $21,020—tops on the LPGA tour.

Californian BILLY CASPER scored the PGA circuit's lowest 72-hole total of the season—265 on rounds of 68, 67, 66 and 64—to take the $40,000 Greater Seattle Open by two strokes over Mason Rudolph, in Seattle.

Competing in the USGA Senior Women's Championship for the first time, MRS. ALLISON CHOATE of Rye, N.Y. shot a two-round total of 157 (76-81) to defeat former winner Mrs. Edwin H. Vare Jr. of Bryn Mawr, Pa. by two strokes, in Harrison, N.Y.

HARNESS RACING—Donald MacFarlane's VICAR HANOVER ($1.60), guided by Billy Haughton, beat Tamarack Farms' Combat Time by three-quarters of a length in the final heat to win the $66,591 Little Brown Jug at the Delaware County Fair Grounds in Delaware, Ohio (*page 100*).

Castleton Farm's DARTMOUTH ($20.30), driven by Stanley Dancer, defeated Asrec by a nose when the little Hambletonian winner broke stride at the finish of the $78,223 Dexter Cup Trot for 3-year-olds at Roosevelt Raceway. The 2:08 4/5 clocking for Dartmouth matched the world record for a mile and 1/16 over a half-mile track.

Stanley Dancer drove NOBLE VICTORY to a 2¾-length triumph over Egyptian Candor in the $50,428 Westbury Futurity Trot at Roosevelt for the colt's 12th win in 13 starts.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Henry C. Phipps's BOLD LAD ($2.40), Braulio Baeza up, equaled the Aqueduct track record of 1:16 for 6½ furlongs as he cruised to victory by 1¼ lengths over Native Charger in the $138,640 Futurity.

MOTOR SPORTS Hoosier A. J. FOYT became big-car racing's senior career winner when he edged Rodger Ward by less than 10 seconds to take the Hoosier Hundred dirt-track race at the Indiana State Fairgrounds, Indianapolis. It gave him a record 26 USAC championship-race victories (his ninth this year) and tossed him ahead of Ward, who has 25 career wins.

SOCCER In a playoff game that went 30 minutes into overtime, INTERNAZIONALE OF MILAN defeated Independiente of Buenos Aires 1–0 for the World Championship Cup in Madrid. Inter had lost the first game of the Final 1–0 in Buenos Aires, but took the second 2–0 in Milan.

SOFTBALL After eight days of double elimination play among 20 teams from the U.S. and Canada, DETROIT won a playoff game 1–0 from Levittown, N.Y. to gain the men's world championship (last pitch in Stanislaus, Calif.). Levittown, led by the pitching of 46-year-old Herb Dudley, had shut out Detroit 1–0 to force the playoff, but Dudley was the loser in the final when Detroit Pitcher Bonnie Jones scored the only run himself in the eighth inning. The Chevrolets (11–1 Boutiliers champions the past two years) were eliminated earlier in the tournament.

SWIMMING Six world records were set by U.S. Olympic team members in an Olympic warmup meet in Los Angeles. SHARON FINNERAN, 18, Los Angeles, Calif., women's 800-meter freestyle in 9:16.9. CATHY FERGUSON, 16, Burbank, Calif., women's 200-meter backstroke in 2:27.4; GINNY DUNKEL, 17, West Orange, N.J., women's 100-meter backstroke (in leadoff leg of a 400-meter medley relay) in 1:08.3; women's 400-meter medley relay team (Cathy Ferguson, Cynthia Gorette, Kathe Ellis, Martha Randall) 4:34.6; women's 400-meter freestyle relay team (Lynne Allsup, Kathy Seidel, Erika Becker, Terri Stuckley) 4:07.6; and men's 800-meter freestyle relay team (Bill Mettler, Mike Wall, Dave Lyons, Don Schollander) 8:01.8.

TENNIS—AUSTRALIA regained the Davis Cup by defeating the U.S. 3–2 in Cleveland (*page 40*).

TRACK & FIELD Russian GEORGI KLIMOV, 30, who failed to make his country's Olympic team, broke two world walking records in one race at a Central Army Club meet in Moscow. Klimov covered 30 miles in 4:00:46.8 and 50 kilometers in 4:09:56.4, lowering by 4:10 and 4:06 the previous records—both set by Italy's Abdon Pamich in 1961.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4 W... 27 ... 28
...th 30, 31 ... 32, 33
Ne... 43 ... 44, 45 ... 46
R... ... 47
—Henry ... 48, 53 ... 49, 52
...ed B. Hunter of Midland 50, 51, 56 ... Buck Stop 54, 55 ... 70 ... Jim Sheahan 73 ... 91 ... 97 ... Ge...ge ... 100, 102 ... Robert Talbott II 127 ... 128 ... Studios AP Jim Vin... Orange Journal

FACES IN THE CROWD



Second Lieut. **DONALD NAPOLI**, 23, a weapons controller at Sioux City, Iowa AFB who learned chess as a child in East Lansing, Mich., won five matches, drew one and lost none to win the Air Force World-Wide Chess Tournament in Albuquerque, N. Mex.



ARTIS PRICE of Mundelein, Ill. and her husband Harry, a dentist, became the first members of one family to win national water skiing titles, when she took the 1964 women's overall championship and he gained his third straight men's overall title, in Webster, Mass.



LOUIS STALSWORTH, 17, a senior at Long Branch, N.J. High who in August set a U.S. high school record of 5:28:45 for the 50-kilometer walk at a Kings Point, N.Y. meet, became the youngest ever to win the National AAU Junior championship, in Columbia, Mo.



JOE WEBB, 37, of Searcy, Ark., who has been a trainer of Tennessee walking horses the past 20 years, rode his best pupil, *Perfection's Carbon Copy*, to the Grand Championship at the Tennessee Walking Horse National Celebration in Shelbyville, Tenn.



SONNY DAVIS, 29, a 6-foot-3, 220-pound rodeo competitor from Kenna, N. Mex., was named Outstanding Cowboy at the Pendleton (Ore.) Roundup, with first place in calf-roping (including a Pendleton record of 10.2 in one round) and second in steer roping.



LARRY CAPUNE, 22, a surfer from Balboa Island, Calif. and a student at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa, Calif., fulfilled a boyhood ambition when he paddled his surfboard from San Francisco to Newport Beach 446 miles in 18 days (he went ashore nights).

1936. Jesse Owens was winning 4 gold medals at the Olympic Games. New England Life was in its [illegible]st year.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CORRECTIONS AND AMENDMENTS

Sirs:

Your college football issue (Sept. 21) was a masterpiece of writing and research—and as entertaining as it was informative.

However, you completely ignored mention of a charter member of the Western Athletic Conference—Brigham Young.

JON P. WARDRIP

Lancaster, Pa.

Sirs:

I'm distressed. No word of an Oklahoma Collegiate Athletic Conference school.

Northeastern State College in Tahlequah, Okla., for instance, finished last season undefeated and

TOM J. PEAVLER

Yates Center, Kans.

Sirs:

Southerners are grateful for your cover of Auburn's Jimmy Sidle, and the story, *And Auburn Runs the Most.* But why let geographical boundaries decide who has good teams? More interconference play will not only reduce friction among the various conference divisions, it should strengthen our other athletic teams at the Pan American Games and the Olympics.

EDMUND DOLLAR

Bainbridge, Ga.

Sirs:

SI is right when it refers to the late George Wilson as the University of Washington's first All-America football player (Sept. 21), of course, but it wrongly identifies him as the present Detroit Lions' coach, who went to Northwestern, I believe. Nobody who lived on the Pacific Coast in the '20s could have made an error of this sort. Wilson was a world-famous figure there then, even if little known east of the Rockies. I believe he was famous even before college—he went to Everett (Wash.) High School, whose teams played an annual intersectional championship game with Oak Park, Ill.—Ernest Hemingway's old school. (Bob Zuppke, the great University of Illinois coach who developed Red Grange, was, incidentally, the coach of those Oak Park teams and the friend and mentor of Hemingway.)

Wilson was boyish-looking, short, squarish and very fast. He led Washington to the Rose Bowl in 1924. In 1925, when Stanford was led by the invincible Ernie Nevers, Wilson carried Washington to a 13–0 victory over Stanford. For years Wilson had a sort of monopoly of all Seattle sportswriters: no other name was mentioned.

ROBERT L. TROUTMAN

Seattle

Sirs:

George Wilson was his name, all right, but Washington's first All-America had been a lonely San Francisco dock worker in recent years. He died last December. He was as great as Thorpe, Nevers and Grange.

JIM KIPPEN

San Francisco

Sirs:

Your report on Southern Illinois University states that, among other pass receivers, the school is counting on Harry Bobbitt. Unfortunately, Bobbitt died of pulmonary embolism this past summer.

BILL SCHRAGER

Evansville, Ind.

VIVA LA DIFFERENCE

Sirs:

The sale to CBS of the New York Yankees could be the most damaging blow ever dealt the sport. I compliment you 100% on your article, *A Sad Day for Baseball* (Sept. 21).

I am glad to see that someone else in this world is smart enough to see the dangers of such a sale. To say there is no difference between Mickey Mantle and Jackie Gleason is to say that there is no difference between the population of New York and Ridotto, Iowa (pop. 6).

AROLN J. SCHOFF

Nevada, Iowa

Sirs:

Your magazine has done much good for boxing, and now your position on the Yankee-CBS deal could save baseball. Any competent U.S. Representative or Senator who may aspire to national recognition could get it by investigating this deal.

Personally, I have supported the Twins since they arrived here. But now I don't believe I can anymore, because Calvin Griffith, president of the Twins, didn't vote against CBS. I will not support those who are selling out the American League.

R. J. GERDE

Minneapolis

JACK IN THE PULPIT

Sirs:

Sounds and Hounds of a Texas Wolf Hunt (Sept. 14) was fine, but talk about puns! "The family that preys together stays together," indeed!

I picture Jack Olsen strutting around your halls, his thumbs hooked in his suspenders, taking bows.

RON ELKINO

West Boylston, Mass.

● Exactly.—ED.

HEART PROGRAM

Sirs:

I enjoyed your September 21 article, *A Leg Up on a Good Heart.* My pupils in the sixth grade are simply amazed at the type of workout Dr. Thomas K. Cureton of the University of Illinois conducted at the health conference in Burlington, Vt.

DANIEL P. SEVERINO

Somerville, Mass.

Sirs:

As you know, lack of exercise may well be the cause of coronary artery disease. Baltimore and Washington now have programs to help the middle-aged man exercise.

In August we in Baltimore decided to see if the citizens would respond to exercise of this type. We held a three-race program consisting of a 10-mile race for the best runners in the area, a 2½-mile teen-age race and a 2½-mile "Run for Your Life."

Forty-two runners ranging in age from 10 to 67 years old entered. Every starter finished the race, and we had the largest crowd watching a distance race in many a year—400 people.

GABE MIRKIN, M.D.
OSCAR MEEHLING
GEORGE BROWN

Baltimore

JOLLY GREEN GIANTS

Sirs:

Your article on the Green Bay Packers (*Green Bay Blocks to Win*, Sept. 7) was one of the finest ever printed about the gloryless workhorses of the team. It was about time for someone to give the football lineman recognition.

DAN GREGIER

Butte, Mont.

Sirs:

So Paul Hornung, the Golden Boy, returns to the scene of the crime (*Shining Hour for Golden Boy*, Sept. 21). It is nice to see that he now leads a very simple life, and is nice to his mother. Why, however, is it necessary to praise him for doing something that is expected of him? Have you forgotten already how seriously he endangered the integrity of the National Football League back in 1962?

EDGAR M. FRIEO

Ames, Iowa

Sirs:

Hooray and Oh, joy! Paul Hornung is back, and I'm cheering for the Packers again. Thanks for the cute story.

LINDA WILLIAMS

Chicago

continued



Hearts are gay in MEXICO

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Mexico has all this and more, much more. So come to relax, have fun, join the *frolic* at a *colorful* village fiesta, skin dive in warm, clear waters or simply laze on a beach. Your travel agent will fill you in on marvelous Mexico.



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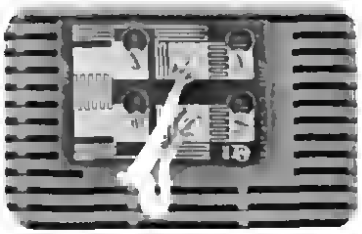
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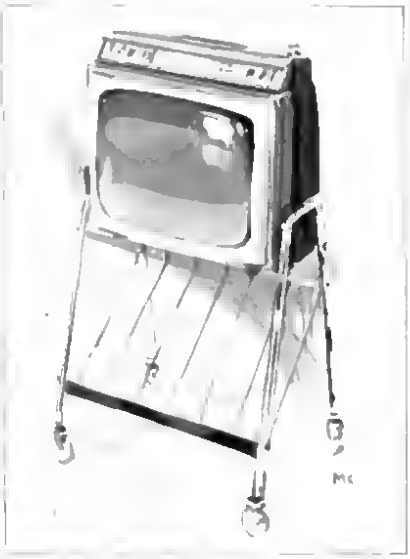
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19TH HOLE

SOVENIR HUNT

Sirs:

Now that another baseball season is about to go into cold storage along with its memories, its crumpled scorecards, its hastily scrawled autographs and its endless arguments, I thought you people might be interested in a survey I made in one department of souvenir hunting, getting an autographed baseball.

I was experimenting with the 20 major league clubs. I wrote a lengthy letter to each team's publicity director asking how I might obtain a personally autographed baseball for my daughter Robin, who really wanted one. I offered to pay any of the costs involved, but I requested that the ball be personally signed and not just facsimile or rubber-stamped. The results, I think, are quite interesting.

I obtained 10 balls in all. Two of them (one from the Baltimore Orioles and one from the Chicago White Sox) were sent without charge and included a pleasant note. Four teams (the New York Yankees and Mets, the Cleveland Indians and the Pittsburgh Pirates) said that if I would send the ball, they would have the players sign it—which they did.

Four teams (the Los Angeles Dodgers, San Francisco Giants, Boston Red Sox and Houston Colt 45s) asked me to send them from 53 to 55 to cover the cost of the ball and mailing—which was certainly reasonable. The Dodgers and Red Sox went on to explain that they donated receipts from the sale of these balls to charity—which is an excellent idea and should be commended.

Six teams answered that only facsimile reproductions were available and enclosed their price schedules.

Four of the teams that I wrote (Los Angeles Angels, Cincinnati Reds, Chicago Cubs and Kansas City Athletics) didn't have the courtesy even to acknowledge receiving my original letter and two letters that I sent subsequently.

This latter list of nonrephers interested me. The Athletics have had such poor public response to their stadium, their proposed moves and trades that I figured they would at least acknowledge my letter. The Angels can afford $200,000 bonuses but are not interested in investing a 5¢ stamp for a better public image.

I wish I could say that my poll showed that nice guys finish first, but one of the more pleasant answers I received, along with a signed ball, was from Tom Meany of the New York Mets! One positive conclusion I drew from all this is that there are some ball clubs who care about their fans and who are interested in developing new young customers and rooters for the future. And there are some who don't.

RONALD P. FENDRICK

North Hills, Pa.

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